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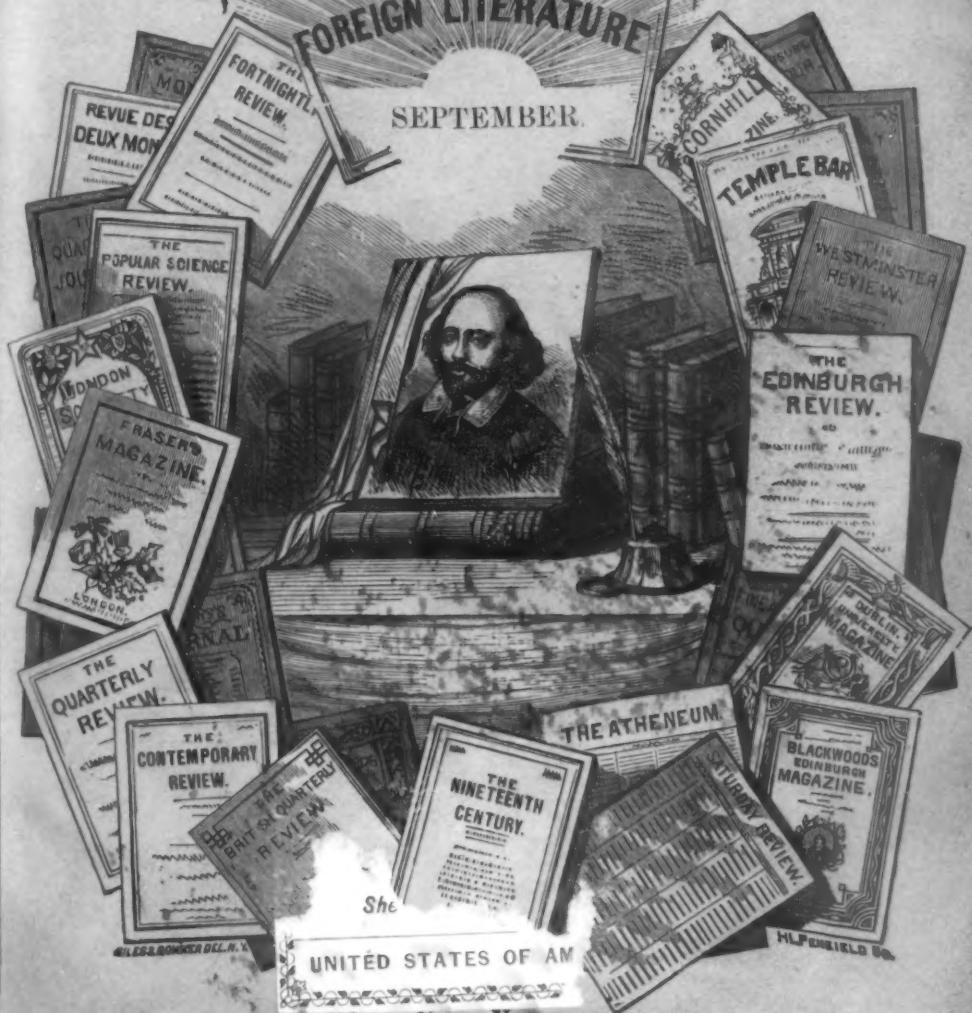
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SEPTEMBER.



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CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. CARLYLE'S LIFE AND REMINISCENCES.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 289
II. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND FORCE. By the Right Honorable Viscount BURY.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 303
III. FRENCH PRISONS AND CONVICT ESTABLISHMENTS.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 317
IV. A DESERTED GARDEN.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 326
V. WAGNER.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 330
VI. A TOURIST'S NOTES.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i> 340
VII. ÆSTHETIC POETRY: DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI. By Principal SHARP.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 341
VIII. THE "LADY MAUD." By the author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." Chaps. XI., XII., and XIII.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> 352
IX. THE CHINESE: THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 374
X. A SONG FOR WOMEN. By A. MATHESON.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 380
XI. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARIBALDI. By his Aide-de-camp, ALBERTO MARIO.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 381
XII. FROM FISH TO REPTILE.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 392
XIII. DR. JOHN BROWN. By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.....	<i>Good Words</i> 404
XIV. THE GREAT AFRICAN MYSTERY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 409
XV. ORIENTAL PATRIOTISM.....	<i>London Spectator</i> 422
XVI. NIGHT.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 424
XVII. LITERARY NOTICES.....	425
Eliane—Natural Religion—Leaflets from Standard Authors—In Memoriam: Ralph Waldo Emerson—The Land of the Bey: being Impressions of Tunis under the French.	
XVIII. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	428
XIX. SCIENCE AND ART.....	429
A Weather Compass—Art and Literature—Treeless Regions—Earthquakes in 1881.	
XX. MISCELLANY.....	431
Unpublished Byron Papers—Courtship among the Choctaws—Japanese Literature—Napoleon III. and his Extravagance—Voices of the Sea.	

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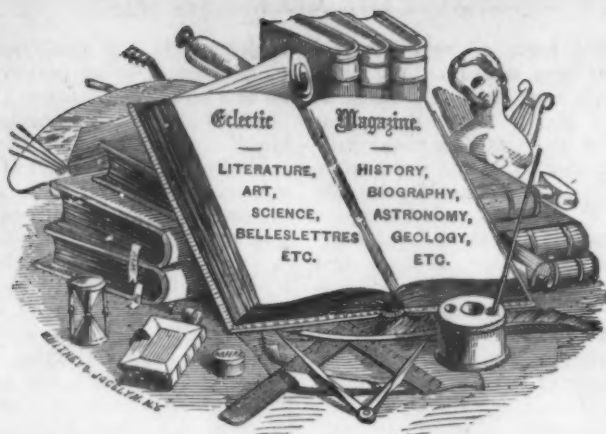


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Eclectic Magazine

OF

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SEPTEMBER, 1882.

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plete in 63 vols.

CARLYLE'S LIFE AND REMINISCENCES.*

THE two volumes which Mr. Froude has lately given to the world comprise only the first forty years of Carlyle's life, and carry the account of his literary career no further than the publication of "Sartor Resartus." The length of biographies has become a social evil of the first magnitude, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Contrast the discursive diffuseness of these two volumes with Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, and we have the measure of the difference between the master and his pupil. Printing a variety of selected materials for a biography, in preference to executing a completed picture of a life, can scarcely be called a work of art. Fairness and fidelity are the only virtues which such

a work requires; and these have been fully displayed. Carlyle was as anxious as Cromwell before him to be painted as he was (when the hour and the man came), with all his blotches and scars, or, as Mr. Froude calls them in somewhat barbarous English, his angularities and peculiarities. He has left behind him accordingly diaries, correspondence and reminiscences, which taken together form an autobiography, genuine as far as it goes, if not complete.

Like the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, these autobiographical remains disarm hostility and challenge strict judicial fairness, by the very completeness of their confessions and self-surrender. The same sacrifices to candor which Carlyle has made with regard to all the incidents and shortcomings of his own life, he has uniformly extended throughout to his contemporaries, and to all who have been from time to time in a long career deserving of his notice.

* "Thomas Carlyle." By J. A. Froude. (2 vols.) London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1882. "Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle." Edited by J. A. Froude. (2 vols.) London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1881.

Accordingly a fund of racy personal anecdote has been stored up, the copyright in which must be as profitable as the Greville Memorials to those concerned in one sense, as it is to the British public in another. In a word, while the "prickly aspects," as Mr. Froude calls them, of Carlyle's own career are set forth, both by himself and his biographer, with exemplary fairness and fidelity, the same spirit of complete candor and fairness is observed with regard to the aspects, more or less prickly, in which Carlyle's contemporaries, friends and acquaintances appeared to himself.

No one will exclaim with Carlyle, on reading these works, "How delicate, decent, is English biography, bless its mealy mouth!" But at the same time we are not disposed to take up the cudgels in favor of those numerous individuals who have, as the saying is, "received pain" from a disclosure, often in a forcible manner, of what Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle, as the case may be, may have thought of them or their relatives. Their wounds, however deep, may be left to the slow but certain action of time, and a spirit of doubtless just self-esteem. Even with regard to Professor Wilson and De Quincey, whose reputations are in a special manner connected with this Magazine, we make no exception. Their characters and fame are unaffected by the observations now, for the first time, printed concerning them. If the posthumous criticisms are, as Mr. Froude delicately puts it, more just than flattering, it is no libel on the robust common-sense which doubtless was the sole passport to personal acquaintance with the Carlyles, to hope and believe that those criticisms will one and all confer benefit as well as distinction on their startled victims. We know from Miss Caroline Fox's *Reminiscences* that "My fat-faced friend, thou art a d—d lie," was the cheery sort of message which Carlyle longed to deliver to some of his contemporaries during his life, and if he postponed it to a later period, the disclosure doubtless has been wisely adapted to do them good, while, of course, it betrays that exclusive regard for truth and fact which is the striking feature of Carlyle's character. Mr. Froude tells us that he doubted the prudence of printing one of Mrs. Carlyle's

criticisms, in her forthcoming letters, on an eminent living person. "It will do him no harm," retorted Carlyle, "to know what a sensible woman thought of him."

Undoubtedly the effect of this disinterested appreciation of the rude virtues of perfect frankness and candor, all the way round, is to beget a similar spirit in others. And accordingly an outcry against Carlyle's life and characteristics followed the appearance of his "*Reminiscences*." But that sort of thing necessarily has its reaction. When all is said and done with, the fact remains that no bones have been broken; and the Sage of Chelsea remains just as he was before, one of the most striking personages of the nineteenth century, unique in his mental and personal characteristics; but, as his editor tells us, one who would not (vol. ii. p. 471) condescend to the conventional politenesses which remove the friction between man and man. He has laid bare his life and career, from the motive that, as the public would necessarily demand to know them, he desired that they should know the truth without concealment. And the wise decision for those who are interested in the subject to make, is to turn resolutely from the cries of those whose self-love has been, we would fain hope, not irremediably upset, and just endeavor to estimate aright the remarkable man before us—his life, character, and work—with the aid of his own "*Reminiscences*," and such materials as the diligence and judgment of his editor have yet vouchsafed to us.

Now, approaching the subject in that spirit, the very first question is, What was Carlyle's work? Mr. Froude says in his preface that Carlyle was a teacher and a prophet in the Jewish sense of the word; and, like Isaiah and Jeremiah, believed that he had a special message to deliver to the present age. What was that message? Again (vol. ii. p. 470) Mr. Froude alludes to "an influence so vast over successive generations of thinkers." What was that influence? What was the state of national thought at the time that Carlyle's influence began to be felt? What was the nature and direction of that influence? How and to what extent did it make itself felt? What has been the result, and

how is that result traceable to him? These are questions the answer to which ought, in our humble judgment, to have been more apparent on the face of these volumes than it is; and if Mr. Froude will condescend to accept a suggestion, we hope that in some future volume he will discuss, not in vague generalities, but in closely reasoned detail, questions, upon the answer to which depends whether the fame of his hero is to be lasting or ephemeral. Suppose, for instance, that ubiquitous individual, an intelligent foreigner, unacquainted with recent English history and literature, or an Anglicized Hindu, anxious to display his familiarity with the inner life of English history in a competitive examination, turned to Mr. Froude's book, what answer would he find? Suppose further, if it be not profanation, that that fascinating figure of the nineteenth century, a "thoughtful" Liberal, fully equipped in mind and manners, and craving for more light, desired to measure the exact degree in which Carlyle's influence had favored or thwarted the spread of genuine Liberal principles, what answer would he find in this book of Mr. Froude's? He tells us (preface, p. xv.) that an "adequate estimate of Carlyle's work in this world is not at present possible," but the context shows that what he means is, that the truth of the message and the value of the work must be tested by time. Granted, but the questions remain: True or false, what was the message? Valuable or worthless, what was the work?

The real value of Mr. Froude's work in these volumes—most of which, owing to the plan which he has adopted, is scissors and paste, directed by a presumably judicious selection—must be tested, as it seems to us, by the answers which it gives, or attempts to give, to these questions. As regards the message, the reader should turn to the first chapter of the second volume. There he will find that Goethe discerned that Carlyle had an originating principle of conviction—that is, he could develop the force that lay in him unassisted by other men. At the age of thirty-three he became master of his powers, and by thirty-nine (vol. ii. p. 469) his training was over, and thenceforward his life was in his works. Carlyle was confident all

through his life, and this confidence explains his whole career, that he had a special message, or a "poor message," as he sometimes called it, to deliver; and his own appreciation of the truth and value of this message lay in the remarkable declaration that he had not come to destroy the law and the prophets, but only to fulfil them. He was a profound disbeliever in miracles, and therefore none need be looked for as embellishing or authenticating his mission. Yet on p. 470 his editor credits him with one of portentous comprehensiveness—viz., that he had, during the whole thirty-nine years (!) comprised in this book, "been fighting with poverty, with dyspepsia, with intellectual temptations, with obstruction from his fellow-mortals." If so, he must have begun miraculously early, and an infancy of portentous significance fitly preceded his message. But, strange to say, Mr. Froude's case is, that the message never got itself fairly delivered at all. It related to Carlyle's religion; and when the editor comes to explain it, he has to fall back (vol. ii. p. 2) on private conversations with himself and two unfinished and unpublished fragments which Carlyle threw away as inadequately expressing his thoughts, and apparently only saved from destruction because Mr. Froude assured him that he (Froude) saw a meaning in them. No doubt, as Goethe says, and as Carlyle was given to repeating, the highest is inexpressible. But it does not follow that the inexpressible is necessarily the highest. Unless the hero or his biographer can present us with some clear and definite idea upon this subject, we must irreverently con a passage which we find in "Reminiscences," vol. ii. p. 204: "And what is it good for? Fools, get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me: and it is the only way."

Reading this first chapter of the second volume, which contains the result of the editor's conversation and the unpublished fragments, the gist of Carlyle's religious teaching is as follows: He was a Calvinist without the theology. He had been bred in a Calvinistic home, and was by nature firmly and ardently religious. His conviction was intense

as to the broad fact of the divine government of the universe, and as to the divine origin of a moral law—the right reading of which was essential to human welfare, the revelation of which lay through experienced fact—and generally as to the spiritual truth of religion. He flung away the whole of miracle and the supernatural; it is as certain as mathematics, he said, that no such thing ever has been or can be. The natural was far more truly wonderful than the supernatural, and all historical religions were *bond fide* human efforts to explain human duty. On the other hand, he rejected scepticism as to right and wrong, and as to man's responsibility to his Maker. He rejected also the materialistic theory of things—that intellect is a phenomenon of matter, that conscience is the growth of social convenience; he would have nothing to say to utilitarian ethics. It is unnecessary to pursue this into further detail. It is the Christian religion *minus* its theology, miracles, and eschatology. Carlyle said that the fragments contained his real conviction which lay at the bottom of all his thoughts about man and man's doings in the world—a truth which he was specially sent to insist upon. Yet, according to the biographer, he could never get his convictions completely expressed. Their governing idea appears to be that like as man's conceptions of the physical universe were shown by Galileo to be illusions, so his spiritual conceptions may be shown to be identical in kind—viz., errors of the inner instead of the outer eyesight. The divine remains unchanged, the human conceptions of it alter as circumstances and knowledge vary. There does not seem to be at the present day any character of deep originality about this. Goethe's religion was very much the same. That Carlyle held his opinions with a fervor which may be described as intense, that he enforced them with the hard striking which was characteristic of his family, that relatively to his surroundings and education and the spirit of his time they were a novelty, may be quite true. He first taught his countrymen to appreciate Goethe, and spread the influence of German literature. Perhaps we are indebted to his influence that the wide chasm which separates

freethinkers from orthodox believers on the Continent is not nearly so conspicuous at home. Revelation through experienced fact, and not through miracle; the moral teaching rather than the dogmas of Christianity; the uniform recognition of the divine in nature, rather than belief founded on the supernatural—are far healthier characteristics of free thought than the scornful rejection, root and branch, of an ancient religion and its influence, which is so widely recommended abroad, but only occasionally advocated at home. If Carlyle gave the decisive impulse to this development of English thought, the manner in which he did so, and the proof of it, should be rescued from oblivion by his biographer. Secularism may have temporarily flourished under some of our leading thinkers; it had no quarter from Carlyle, and both his posthumous works and Miss Caroline Fox's *Reminiscences* show that Mill rejected the dogmatic unbelief of his father, and would gladly have imbibed from Carlyle some definite conviction, but could never get further than acquiescence in the probability of divine law and government.

Even in Mr. Froude's "Lights and Shadows," with which he closes his account of Carlyle's training, there is the same indefiniteness as to Carlyle's work and purpose and mission. The statement that "he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning" conveys no more meaning than the editor's assurance that in Carlyle "the sense of having a mission was the growth of the actual presence in him of the necessary powers. Certain associations, certain aspects of human life and duty, had forced themselves upon him as truths of immeasurable consequence which the world was forgetting. He was a *vates*, a seer. He perceived things which others did not see, and which it was his business to force them to see. He regarded himself as being charged actually and really with a message which he was to deliver to mankind, and like other prophets, he was straitened till his work was accomplished," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. But why in the name of all that is wonderful does not the editor "condescend to particulars," and tell us in few words what it was that Carlyle was seeing all this time, and what are these

truths of immeasurable consequence? In the preface (p. xv.) there is a passage as follows: that Carlyle "has told us that our most cherished ideas of political liberty, with their kindred corollaries, are mere illusions, and that the progress which has seemed to go along with them is a progress toward anarchy and social dissolution." If this was the real purport of the message, the subject ought to receive further and better elucidation at the hands of the biographer than he has yet given to it. If Carlyle's reputation depends upon the truth of this prophecy being tested by time, it must rise on the ruins of his country, and a future generation will be too much absorbed in their own affairs to care much for the fame of the prophet.

But if Mr. Froude has not himself given us the means of judging of Carlyle's "work in the world," as he frequently calls it, and has left the reader to judge of it for himself mainly from tradition and the knowledge of his books, he has nevertheless given us the materials for judging Carlyle's character in the process of development, and the effect produced upon his earlier contemporaries by his genius before it was recognized by the public at large. The world in the later years of his life saw and felt his genius, but they were imperfectly acquainted with his character. In the earlier years his friends were witnesses of both, as are the readers of his works and reminiscences. The effect of this biography is very much to restore and justify the earlier opinion of his friends and acquaintances, which, so far as we can collect it, appears to have been more balanced than the extravagant eulogy of his later admirers, or the angry detraction provoked by his "Reminiscences." Mr. Froude fairly claims for him a character (preface, p. viii.) of "unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose, and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye." But he draws at the same time a picture of failings and infirmities, both of temper and disposition, which though somewhat toned down from the high coloring imparted by remorse and irritability to his "Reminiscences," has nevertheless some striking tints. The eye is not fatigued by the contemplation of a dead

level of virtue, corresponding to some inspired message. There are some redeeming vices which stand out in bold relief, attract one by their piquancy, and to any reader with a didactic turn of mind, and an eye to a literary career, may give occasion for many salutary warnings. As regards the early development of Carlyle's talents and character, and their effect upon his early contemporaries, the light which this book throws upon these points would appear to be as follows.

There do not seem to have been any precocious displays of genius, nor was any "experiment" made in his education, of the kind from which John Stuart Mill suffered all his life. Notwithstanding the *res angusta domi*, it was decided that Tom should go to Edinburgh University, where, however, he learned little. In Latin and the classical field generally he was, as he says himself, "truly as nothing." Quite late in life he alludes to "omnibi," with nothing in the context to show (as must, however, have been the case) that it was a joke. It was not much better with philosophy; in mathematics he made real progress, but carried off no prizes. He displayed among his friends superior judgment, an abhorrence of all affectation, at least in others, a power of effective speech, far too sarcastic for so young a man; and all foretold future greatness to him of one kind or another. The young lady (Margaret Gordon, the original of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus"), who rejected his hand, wrote to him at the age of twenty-three, "Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners." At twenty-six he transacted his conversion (p. 101), as our author puts it; "authentically took the Devil by the nose," as he put it himself; in other words, "began to achieve the conviction, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed." Speculation was the business in hand, contemplating man's place in the infinities. Schoolmastering, lecturing, the law, classical literature, were all thrown aside—"light, if light there was, could be looked for only in the writers of his own era" (p. 130). There was, per-

haps, no one of his age (twenty-nine) in Scotland who knew so much or had seen so little. He had read enormously—history, poetry, philosophy; the whole range of modern literature—French, German, and English—was more familiar to him, perhaps, than to any man living of his own age (p. 216). His memory was so vigorous and retentive that in his reminiscences forty years after the fact it plays no involuntary freaks. Scenes and persons remain as if photographed, precisely as they are to be found in his contemporaries' letters. "Nothing is changed. The images stand as they were first printed; the judgments are unmodified, and are often repeated in the same words." Goethe early noticed, and applauded his powers. On receipt of his translation of "Wilhelm Meister," Goethe expressed his interest in the work and its author, which deepened into regard and admiration when the "Life of Schiller" reached his hands. His letter in answer to a gift of the latter work delighted Carlyle, as well as an inquiry addressed to him by Goethe as to the authorship, which Carlyle could claim for himself, of a certain article upon German literature. Further, Goethe used the expression, so much relied on by Mr. Froude (p. 431) in vindicating his hero's title to originality, that Carlyle was resting on an original foundation, and was so happily constituted that he could develop out of himself the requirements of what was good and beautiful—out of himself, not out of contact with others.

Carlyle was long before he established any position with his publishers. The "German Literature," which attracted the admiration of Goethe, could not find a publisher who would so much as look at it. The "Teufelsdröckh" was sent back from London, having created nothing but astonished dislike. Great as were his gifts and powers, they were unmarketable. But nevertheless literary men, prophets with messages, must live. He taught with authority, but every element was absent from his works which would command popularity. Desperate as were the straits to which Carlyle's finances were reduced, he found the means of contributing largely to his brother John's education. His devotion to his blood relations was evidently

deep and lasting. Jeffrey regarded him as under the influence (p. 126) of a curious but most reprehensible vanity, which would not and could not land him anywhere but in poverty and disappointment, while all the time the world was ready and eager to open its arms and lavish its liberality upon him if he would but consent to walk in its ways and be like other men. He "had a book in him which would cause ears to tingle"—in fact, "Sartor Resartus" was growing in his mind, based upon the ideas of Goethe and Kant. The clothes philosophy gave him the form of his new book. His own history, inward and outward, furnished substance. The idea was that certain institutions, religious creeds, were only the *clothes* in which human creatures covered their nakedness, and enabled men to live in harmony and decency; but they changed with the times, grew old, varied with the habits of life, and were the outward indications for the time being of the inward and spiritual nature.

The impulse which eventually sent him out into the world, away from Craigenputtock, is expressed in these scornful sentences (p. 144):

"What are your Whigs and Lord Advocates and Lord Chancellors, and the whole host of unspeakably gabbling parliamenteers and pulpiteers and pamphleteers, if a man suspect that there is fire enough in his belly to burn up the entire creation of such? These all build on mechanism; one spark of dynamism, of inspiration, were it the poorest soul, is stronger than them all."

Yet the unfortunate "Sartor Resartus," with all its dynamism and inspiration, could not find a publisher (p. 347), and was eventually cut to pieces, and produced limb by limb in *Fraser's Magazine*. No one (p. 363) could tell what to make of it. The writer was considered a literary maniac, and the unlucky editor was dreading the ruin of his magazine—one of his oldest subscribers threatening (p. 430) that is there was any more of that d—d stuff he would, etc., etc. From that time forward (p. 370) all editors gave him the cold shoulder till the appearance of his "French Revolution." Mill always boasted that one of the three chief successes of his life had been that he secured a hearing for this work. The world, till that book appeared, settled

down into the view taken of him at Edinburgh, that fine talents were being thrown away—that what he had to say was extravagant nonsense.

Jeffrey did all in his power at one time to aid Carlyle, and finding it impossible to induce him to accept pecuniary assistance, roused his ire by helping his brother. "If only," says either Jeffrey or the biographer (p. 151), "he would not be so unpracticable and so arrogant. If only he could be persuaded that he was not an inspired being, and destined to be the founder of a new religion! But a solitary life and a bad stomach had so spoilt him, all but the heart, that he despaired of being able to mend him." "Macaulay and several others" (p. 153), "who had laughed at his 'Signs of the Times,' had been struck with its force and originality. If he would but give himself fair play, if he could but believe that men might differ from him without being in damnable error, he would make his way to the front without difficulty."

The following is the matured opinion of Mr. Froude as to the real excellence of the man in later life, who impressed his earlier contemporaries in the way which we have just described. We extract it as the best descriptive passage in the book before us:

"His power of speech, unequalled, so far as my experience goes, by that of any other man, had begun to open itself. 'Carlyle first, and all the rest nowhere,' was the description of him by one of the best judges in London, when speaking of the great talkers of the day. His vast reading, his minute observation, his miraculously retentive memory, gave him something to say on every subject which could be raised. What he took into his mind was dissolved and recrystallized into original combinations of his own. His writing, too, was as fluent as his speech. His early letters—even the most exquisitely finished sentences of them—are in an even and beautiful hand, without erasure or alteration of a phrase. Words flowed from him with a completeness of form which no effort could improve. When he was excited, it was like the eruption of a volcano, thunder and lightning, hot stones and smoke and ashes. He had a natural tendency to exaggeration, and although at such times his extraordinary metaphors and flashes of Titanesque humor made him always worth listening to, he was at his best when talking of history or poetry or biography, or of some contemporary person or incident which had either touched his sympathy or amused his delicate sense of absurdity. His laugh was from his whole nature, voice, eyes,

and even his whole body. And there was never any malice in it. His own definition of humor—'a genial sympathy with the under side'—was the definition also of his own feeling about all things and all persons when it was himself that was speaking, and not what he called the devil that was occasionally in possession. In the long years that I was intimate with him, I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being. His language was sometimes like the rolling of a great cathedral organ, sometimes like the softest flute notes, sad or playful as the mood or the subject might be; and you listened—threw in perhaps an occasional word to show that you went along with him, but you were simply charmed and listened on without caring to interrupt. Interruption indeed would answer little purpose, for Carlyle did not bear contradiction any better than Johnson. Contradiction would make him angry and unreasonable. He gave you a full picture of what was in his own mind, and you took it away with you and reflected on it."

Although in these volumes, and in the "Reminiscences," there are, as we said before, ample materials for judging of Carlyle's character and the mode in which it was developed, the reader is left very much to his own devices in forming a judgment, as he is with regard to Carlyle's message and work. At the close of the book the "lights and shadows" are discussed. With regard to the characteristics there set forth, we are wholly dissatisfied, after giving it our best consideration, with Mr. Froude's estimate of them and of their consequences. We think he underestimates the gravity of the faults and wholly exaggerates the consequences, at least as regards Mrs. Carlyle, which he attributes to them. The subject is worth close consideration or none at all. If Carlyle had this incomprehensible and inexpressible message to deliver, it would naturally be developed quite as much by his life as by his works. But without in the least disparaging the virtue of that complete subjection of his whole life and prospects to whatever he may have regarded as his ruling purpose, it is quite clear that no effort at all was made to recast his own character, temper, and habits in accordance with those views of duty which he was perpetually inculcating upon others. The consequence was, that he combined some very heroic qualities and conduct with habitual disregard of some of the plainest and most commonplace of human

duties. It is in the nature of stern self-renunciation, in pursuance of fixed purpose, to beget want of sympathy with others. In Carlyle's case there was a detachment and concentration of self so marked, that he is represented both by himself and his biographer as having, contrary we think to the evidence when fairly considered, sacrificed, while extremely vocal himself as to all his own ailments and discomforts, not merely the happiness but even the health of his wife; and he appears on all occasions as expressing, even if he did not feel, the most unbounded antipathy to all whom he could regard as rivals. Setting aside his deep devotion and generous attachment to his blood relations, his appreciation and love of others seem to have always been of that posthumous sort which does not attain full development till the object of them is laid in the grave, while the stronger passions of scorn, animosity, and contempt appear to have been indulged without stint.

Some of these main incidents in Carlyle's life are worth attention. They may have resulted, as Mr. Froude puts it (vol. i. p. 50), from "genius in the process of developing, combined with an irritable nervous system, and a fiercely impatient temper;" but they none the less disclose faults of the gravest character, which there was no adequate attempt made to combat with. Every outlet into practical life was barred by his impracticable temper; his entrance into literature as a professional pursuit was impeded for years by the defiant temper which he carried into his very style. The temper of the man raised or augmented the difficulties which his genius had to surmount. No doubt schoolmastering was a most uncongenial occupation, teaching stupid boys arithmetic. We are not surprised that he kicked the schoolmaster functions over in two years as intolerable. Hunger no doubt drove him to it; a rival school was started, which drew off the pupils and spoilt the dignity of his retreat. Thrown on the world and his own resources, his thrifty habits were his best refuge. His powers of conciliation are shown in his own statement, that vinegar was his reception wherever he passed his fellow-creatures. He became a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, betook

himself in desperation to the legal profession, but was soon disgusted with it. "Reticence" (vol. i. p. 78) "about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. Dyspepsia had him by the throat. Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint. His mother had early described him as 'gey ill to live wi';" and while in great things he was the most considerate and generous of men, in trifles he was most intolerably irritable." Or to quote another passage (vol. i. p. 118), "Indeed, as a rule, all serious trials he endured as nobly as man could do. When his temper failed, it was when some metaphorical gnat was buzzing about his ears;" but this, from the nature of things and of life, was frequent, and the results strike one as insufferable. "When dyspepsia" (p. 183) "was upon him he spared no one, least of all those who were nearest and dearest to him. Penitence, however, sincere as it might be, was never followed by amendment, even to the very end of his life."

Eventually Irving obtained for him that tutorship in the Buller family which has become celebrated, and to which Carlyle was indebted for a liberal income at a crisis in his life, which might have led to penury and want. What is more, his services and himself were fully appreciated, both by the pupil and by the family. Charles Buller was, as Froude says (vol. ii. p. 216), "the only person of distinction and promise with whom he came into contact that he heartily admired." He was therefore at once freed from all money anxieties, and could and did help his brothers. Naturally Mrs. Buller was "one of the most fascinating, refined women he had ever seen." The house was "more and more a kind of home" to him; and the connection continued to be an agreeable one for some time. Yet he was always quarrelling with his lot. He was (p. 191) "uneasy, restless with dyspepsia and intellectual fever." He laid the blame on his position, and soon meditated throwing up his engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Buller did all they could, but "their good resolutions and enactments require to be executed by a pack

of lazy, careless, and irregular waiting men and women." He saw every ailment and every discomfort through the lens of his imagination, and his extraordinary faculty of vigorous statement reacted upon and confirmed his exaggerated impressions. If Edinburgh lodgings were uncomfortable, he complained of "stenches and horrors more than tongue can tell;" to be condemned, hanged, and quartered, would involve less torment (p. 193) than he had endured in that fatal city. He "bullyragged the sluttish harlots of the place," and so on. If a watchman's voice disturbed him, he longed to cut his throat (p. 20); "his voice was loud, hideous, and ear and soul piercing, resembling the voices of ten thousand gibcats all molten into one terrific peal." And as for Mrs. Buller's household management, he concluded eventually that he could never recover or retain his health under it. "Nothing therefore remains for me but to leave it. This kind of life is next to absolute starvation, only slower in its agony." When he left it, he had entirely forgotten the sense of relief and satisfaction with which he had entered on the engagement. "The shifting and trotting about which Mrs. Buller managed with so total a disregard to my feelings (!), joined to the cold and selfish style of the lady's general proceedings," etc., etc. "I feel glad that I have done with them: their family was ruining my body and mind. I was selling the very quintessence of my spirit for £200 a year. Adieu, therefore, to ancient dames of quality, that flaunting, painting, patching, nervous, vaporish, jiggling, skimming, scolding race of mortals. Their clothes are silk, their manners courtly, their hearts are *kipper*." This is in a letter to his mother, under the sense of annoyance of his engagement having been terminated; written in cold blood, after time for reflection. The editor may well add, "Poor Mrs. Buller! a year back 'one of the most fascinating women he had ever met.' She was about forty, and probably had never flaunted, painted, or patched in her life." It takes a great deal of dyspepsia and genius to excuse in the slightest degree the ingratitude and injustice of the whole tone and temper displayed by Carlyle, at the time a re-

sponsible being of twenty-nine. On the other hand, there is a passage in "Sartor Resartus," penned only six years after this outburst for the consolation of the intelligent reader of that work, under similar circumstances of dissatisfaction: "I tell thee, blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity; of what thou *fanciest*" (the italics are not ours) "those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp." And again, in another passage of the same work, we find a further illustration of the varying character of Carlyle's wisdom, according as it was intended for his own or his neighbors' consumption: "What is this that ever since earliest years thou hast been fretting, and fuming, and lamenting, and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word; is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? . . . Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after something to eat; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*, open thy *Goethe*."

The passages in which Carlyle criticises one by one the best literary names of his day, and describes the impressions which they made upon him, have been frequently quoted, and are, as might be expected, far from complimentary. All through his life he appears to have preferred a dead lion to a living one. Dyspepsia colored his views mainly of the living. We will merely give here his general impression of London literary men, expressed, of course, in that spirit of veracity, sincerity, and measured accuracy of statement which he was always impressing upon others:

"Literary men! The devil in his own good time take all such literary men. One sterling fellow like Schiller, or even old Johnson, would take half-a-dozen such creatures by the nape of the neck between his finger and thumb and carry them forth to the nearest common sink. Save Allan Cunningham, our honest Nithsdale peasant, there is not one *man* among them.

In short, it does not seem worth while to spend five-and-forty shillings weekly for the privilege of being near such penmen."

And again (vol. ii. p. 186) :

"They are the devil's own vermin, whom the devil in his own good time will snare and successively eat. The creature (—) called again : the most insignificant *haddock* in nature—a dirty, greasy, Cockney apprentice, altogether empty and *non extant* except, &c., and the completest outfit of innocent blank self-conceit I ever in life chanced to witness. He is a blown bladder, from which no substance is to be sought. God be with him !"

The facile power of vigorous statement is a great snare to even the strongest intellects. It is impossible to suppose that Carlyle really meant a tithe of what he from time to time said in these letters and observations which Mr. Froude has published. Everything and everybody came under his ban ; but if in every case right terrible is the curse, no one, from Irving's baby to George Eliot herself, not excepting Wilson and De Quincey, is a penny the worse. Wounded vanity has often something to do with it : witness the curious reminiscence of the expedition to the Staffordshire coal-mines, where Airey, then recently a senior wrangler, is the honored guest, and Carlyle, an unknown youth, has to bring up the rear with the "foot licker," as he contemptuously calls Airey's friend. Long years afterward the whole incident rankles in his memory ; and the unfortunate "foot licker" is the scape-goat who bears with him into the wilderness of time all the sins of those who failed to accord to Carlyle the post of honor. Jealousy was one of Carlyle's most serious failings, and it is displayed on behalf of his wife as well as himself. "Not all the Sands and Eliots," he explains (Rem. vol. ii. p. 250) "and babbling cohue of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman." No doubt there is plenty of talent and genius in the world which never seeks public recognition. But their possessors should be foremost to appreciate those who succeed in obtaining it, even though their own path in life has led to other equally satisfactory but less conspicuous triumphs. It is interesting also to note Carlyle's estimate of a book

which achieved a more world-wide and enduring fame than any of his own—viz., "Darwin on the Origin of Species." "Wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind. Never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought on it."

The reminiscences, so far as they were biographical of Mrs. Carlyle and expressive of Carlyle's remorse for his small contribution to their joint stock of married happiness, created a storm of indignation against his memory. They have elevated his married life to the dignity of a literary problem. The wives of literary men of eminence run, it seems to us, great risk of enduring through life all the suffering which that *irritable genus* of mankind know so well how to inflict, and of enduring after death an apotheosis calculated to make any woman of refined and sensitive character stir in her grave. Some ten years ago all the descriptive energy of the English language was brought into play in Mill's Autobiography for the purpose of doing honor to his wife and step-daughter. It is interesting to note with regard to the former that Carlyle regarded her as "a very will-o'-wispish iridescence of a creature" (Rem., vol., ii. p. 117), whom Mrs. Carlyle speedily taught her proper place ; with regard to the latter, the London School Board and even the Irish Ladies' Land League, can form their own, and perhaps a correcter estimate. Carlyle, however, was far more happily placed. There cannot be a second opinion as to the loyalty and self-devotion, the talents and spirit, which Mrs. Carlyle's life, so far as it is yet disclosed, exhibited throughout.

It seems to us a great literary blunder, not fair to Carlyle's memory, to have published those reminiscences, written while the old man was under the influence of grief and remorse, in the early days of his loss. If we are challenged to express an opinion upon this literary problem, we must say the remorse was greatly exaggerated. The married relations were exactly what might have been anticipated. They display all Carlyle's virtues and all his many and grave faults. But Mrs. Carlyle was no victim. She knew exactly what she undertook. She had all, and

more than all, the satisfaction which she expected. The letters in this work of Mr. Froude's show a high degree of mutual respect and affection. Self-sacrifice was the life which she undertook, cheerfully carried through, and probably would have been the last person advisedly and deliberately to have complained of. Carlyle's exactions no doubt were extreme. She shared his aspirations, but little else. While he was absorbed in his work, and extremely irritable as to every ailment or discomfort, her life was devoted to shield him in every possible way, the husband, with true masculine insensibility, accepting everything in the isolation of selfish thoughtlessness for her. But they neither of them started in married life with happiness for their goal. They would have spurned the notion. High ideals, high conquests in the realms of speculation, complete self-renunciation (*enstagen*), were the ends in view; and in such a race it requires no prophet to foretell that the suffering will belong to the woman and the triumph to the man. Both were true to their bargain, and in spite of much struggle and of selfish isolation on the one side, repaid by extreme devotion on the other, both achieved satisfaction and sense of success, and are entitled, in respect of their relation to one another, to the respect and not the censure of their critics. But as far as results go, the picture is not attractive. It requires to be lighted up by the brilliancy of Carlyle's subsequent fame. On the other hand, neither of them was intended for happiness, in the ordinary meaning of the term. One was physically too weak and suffering and ailing; the other too ungovernable in his temper, his scorn, and his dyspepsia.

Mr. Froude seems to adopt the view that Mrs. Carlyle was wronged, and so considered herself. He quotes her expression in the late evening of her laborious life: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, and I am miserable." The marriage does not seem in the correspondence to have been wholly for ambition, and the misery was due, we fear, to many and painful causes. Besides, it is not in the power of epigram to sum up the results of a life. The other expression to a

friend—"never marry a man of genius"—conveys sound practical advice, how sound the readers of this book will have no difficulty in deciding; but, after all, it is only a limitation upon a general maxim, which always commands approbation, though it seldom obtains obedience.

The marriage was resolved upon after years of acquaintance, friendship, and correspondence, in spite of the hostility and objections of Mrs. Welsh. There was no pretence of concealment as to Carlyle's views. He offered poverty, and claimed the divine right of genius to be selfish; and Miss Welsh, with her eyes open, took him on those terms. He was to surrender himself to his work and aspirations; she to the drudgery and duties of a peasant's wife. She made one effort at a compromise, and induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them, and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle would have none of it. Miss Welsh must take him, his ascertained poverty and unascertained genius, or leave him. As for Mrs. Welsh, his view of her and of living with her is expressed, probably toned down, in the "Reminiscences" (vol. ii. p. 120). She was "far too sensitive; her beauty, too, had brought flatteries, conceits perhaps; she was of very variable humor, flew off and on upon slight reasons, and was not easy to live with for one wiser than herself, though very easy for one more foolish, if especially a touch of hypocrisy and perfect admiration were superadded." So Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by very properly insisting that "two households could not live as if they were one, and he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was all his own;" and very improperly adding, that "the moment he was master of a house, the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders." In fact, Carlyle sacrificed himself and all other prospects in life to what he considered to be his work and his mission; and he married, meaning to sacrifice his wife also, and she knew it. Mrs. Welsh abandoned all further opposition to the marriage, and decided to give up her house at Haddington. Thereupon, in spite of

nauseous intruders, it occurred to Carlyle that the house would do for himself; but Miss Welsh, though she had elected to descend in the social scale, firmly refused to do so on the scene of her early life, or to live where her familiar friends would be the nauseous intruders. There was no room for misunderstanding in all this. The correspondence shows that the relations between them ripened after marriage into very warm affection. But it was clearly a life, on the one side, of great exaction; on the other, of brave submission to the hardships of a chosen lot.

Mrs. Carlyle no doubt reckoned upon more companionship and sympathy than she got. If she was prepared to have the door slammed against nauseous intruders, she did not expect to be taken to Craigenputtock and have the door slammed against her. But genius and dyspepsia, it appears, require abundant solitude. Carlyle (vol. i. p. 265) sat alone, walked alone, generally rode alone. It was necessary for him, sometime or other in the day, to discharge in talk the volume of thought which oppressed him. But it was in vehement soliloquy, to which his wife listened with admiration perhaps, but admiration dulled by the constant repetition of the dose, and without relief or comfort from it.

In the "Reminiscences" there is an account of her listening to her husband expatiating about the battle of Mollwitz at a time when she lay convinced she was dying. Often, says Carlyle (*Rem.*, vol. ii. p. 226)—

"I have thought how miserable my books must have been to her, and how, though they were none of her choosing, and had come upon her like ill weather or ill health, she at no instant, never once, I do believe, made the least complaint at me or my behavior (often bad, or at least thoughtless and weak) under them."

Turn the picture, and see what the wife contributed. In the language of repentance, which, as Mr. Froude tells us never led to amendment (*Rem.*, vol. ii. p. 151)—

"Strange how she made the desert bloom for herself and me there; what a fairy palace she had made of that wild moorland home of the poor man! In my life I have seen no human intelligence that so genuinely pervaded every fibre of the human existence it belonged to. From the baking of a loaf, or the

darning of a stocking, up to comporting herself in the highest scenes or the most intricate emergencies, all was insight, veracity, graceful success, if you could judge it, fidelity to the fact given."

Again (p. 173)—

"She flickered round me like perpetual radiance, and, in spite of my gloom and my misdoings, would at no moment cease to love me."

But in spite of Carlyle's remorse and other testimony, there is enough in the general description of their mutual relations, and in their letters to one another during occasional absences, to preclude the notion of this being an ill-assorted or unhappy marriage. It was nothing of the kind. It was one of trial and hardship to the wife, who had, in her ill health and physical sufferings, abundant source of misery. But she was successful. She carried out triumphantly the objects of her existence. She had unmistakably her husband's respect, and all the sympathy of which such a remarkably egoistic and querulous man was capable. If it turned out to be less than she expected or was entitled to, she was probably the last woman to repine or to consider her life on that account a failure. Another circumstance which seems opposed to the theory that Mrs. Carlyle was sacrificed in the way that critics impute, is her affection for all her husband's family, the peasant parents, brothers and sisters. They belonged to a class different from her own. Carlyle seemed to take it for granted that it was impossible that Mrs. Welsh could endure their society. There could not have been any real tie between the daughter and her adopted family, except that which grew out of her sympathy with her husband in his strong family affections, and their regard for one who had bravely undertaken what they knew to be a thorny task. The correspondence and other evidence show that the terms were cordial, and full of respect and mutual regard, and are inconsistent with any growing discontent with her lot, and her treatment by her husband. The "Reminiscences" have exaggerated matters. They are wanting in dignity and reticence and self-restraint. But they are characteristic in their terse and outspoken expression of passing emotion. Remorse pinched and irritat-

ed him, like his dyspepsia, his bores, or any other discomfort; and, *more suo*, he was extremely irritable under it.

As he has chosen to lay bare their mutual relations, which are disfigured by all his failings and characteristics, his memory must take the consequences. Mrs. Carlyle bears off all the honors due to that habitual self-renunciation and devotion to the duties nearest at hand, which her husband incessantly preached, but did not in the minor details of life in any way practise. He disarms, to some extent, the severity of censure by candidly confessing that he threw the reins on the back of his natural impulses to irritability and self-absorption. But as far as we can judge, she commanded his respect and admiration, and such sympathy as he was capable of rendering. That is more than can be said of others, however worthy or distinguished, who crossed his path. He never had any occupation which compelled him to measure himself with his fellow-men. Those high ideals on which he nourished his mind were not favorable to the growth of everyday durable commonplace morality. They did not influence his temper or disposition, or inspire his conduct of the minutiae of life. At the best, they influenced his theoretic conviction. Scorn grew apace from want of the checks which contact with his fellow-men in the struggles of life would have imposed. But there is no trace of his pronounced spirit of detraction, and his tendency to strong vigorous invective, ever being directed against his wife. The worst with which, in the extreme of late and ineffectual regret, he charged himself with, was negligence and omission. It is easy to exaggerate censure upon this topic, but we think that Carlyle made a much better husband than any one could have expected, and that the evidence of his grave faults of character lies mostly outside those four walls from which all nauseous intruders were warned during his life, although with sad inconsistency, they have been invited, after his death, to peer into every nook and cranny, which during life were so jealously guarded.

The following passage, in which Mr. Froude describes the relations between them when circumstances are favorable,

seems to us a fair one, and though it evidently implies that there was also another version to be given, it is necessary to be borne in mind by those who wish to solve the "literary problem" rightly (vol., ii. p. 49):

"When Carlyle was in good spirits, his wife had a pleasant time with him. 'Ill to live wi,' impatient, irritable over little things, that he always was: but he was charming too. No conversation, in my experience, ever equalled his; and unless the evil spirit had possession of him, even his invectives, when they burst out, piled themselves into metaphors so extravagant that they ended in convulsions of laughter with his whole body and mind, and then all was well again. Their Spanish studies together were delightful to both. His writings were growing better and better. She—the most severe and watchful of critics, who never praised where praise was not deserved—was happy in the fulfilment of her prophecies; and her hardest work was a delight to her, when she could spare her husband's mind an anxiety or his stomach an indigestion."

We take leave of these volumes, which are only an instalment, with the feeling that Mr. Froude holds in his hand the reputation and dignity of his hero, and that as far as he has gone at present he has not sustained his task. The blotches and scars are, both in the reminiscences and the correspondence, brought out with such bold relief that the duty of doing justice to Carlyle's genius and achievements, of interpreting his true position in the world of letters and thought, is one which his biographer must execute in no half-hearted or perfunctory manner, if he would escape the imputation of treason to his memory. Heroism of either mind or character does not predominate, as far as the biographer has brought us at present. If we analyze the general impression which these volumes are calculated to produce, it is hard to say whether it is one in which good or evil predominates. There is no doubt strong testimony to his talents and genius on the part of his early contemporaries, but it is not uniform. The intellect was as wayward as the temper. Lord Jeffrey was a man of experience and superficial insight, and he had many opportunities of knowing Carlyle. His judgment, whatever it may have been worth, was on the whole very unfavorable. That Carlyle eventually succeeded does not falsify the judgment; he succeeded in spite of huge

failings, owing to the force and genius that were in him. The faults are so conspicuous that the force and the genius and the general scope of his work and achievement ought to be adequately represented. It is useless to talk of forked lightning and inspired messages and prophetic missions. The biographer should descend from these airy elevations, and vindicate to posterity in sober prose the place which Carlyle achieved among the living. If he does so, successfully and vividly, we believe that in the impression which it will produce, the good ought to outweigh the evil much more decisively than it does in the present outcome of the biographer's labors.

Mr. Froude, we think, makes the twofold error of putting forward an exaggerated claim and then inadequately sustaining it. He claims that Carlyle was the bearer of a divine message, the truth of which must be tested by events in future ages; that he exercised a directing influence over successive generations of men; that, in fact, he was an epoch-making man. In order to sustain this lofty claim, he gives no clear idea of the message, and no proof of the influence. Nor does he give any clear idea of Carlyle's mental characteristics, nor any review of the result and character of his works. The view which we have of Carlyle, apart from this book of Mr. Froude's, is that he is a man all whose greatness comes out in his literary work; that that is stamped with extraordinary force, and if not with originality, with an original way of enforcing and developing the ideas which he had assimilated. It breathes throughout the spirit of a man who was possessed to an extraordinary degree of that quality which is described by the oft-misused word *faith*; an overmastering, constant sense of the divine principle in man, and of his natural affinity with truth, reality, and right. The force of his conviction that man's real relations are with the infinite, and that his temporal circumstances are the accidents of his existence, incapable of satisfying him, determines the character of everything he wrote. It is the highest praise which can be accorded to a writer, to say that no one can study him without finding himself sensibly

benefited and improved. Carlyle is, we believe, entitled to this praise, and his biographer would find it an easier and more useful task to demonstrate it than to declare without demonstration that he virtually created an epoch and brought a divine message. Now that these books have been given to the world, it requires no devil's advocate to insist on Carlyle's failings. They are unhappily more patent and more vivid than his virtues. What we want to draw attention to is, that Carlyle held a pre-eminent place among his contemporaries for the greater part of an unusually long life; that he did solid, durable work; that he had sound heroic qualities; that he was an exemplar of some very definite form of greatness, though by no means of all greatness; and that that form should be clearly delineated. Except in the case of such men as Bacon, Newton, and Darwin, and those who effect great discoveries, changing or materially affecting human destiny, a man's influence is an intangible thing, very difficult for posterity at least to estimate. It is otherwise with his character and his work; and it is with these that the biographer of Carlyle ought principally to concern himself. Mr. Froude closes his second volume with the sentence, "He had wrought himself into a personality which all were to be compelled to admire, and in whom a few recognized, like Goethe, the advent of a new moral force, the effects of which it was impossible to predict." This is Mr. Froude's description of Carlyle as he presented himself to the world of London in 1834. Let him vindicate it, now that Carlyle's career is closed. Let him bring out, in spite of reminiscences and autobiographical confessions, the real qualities which were the source of Carlyle's greatness, and which so far outweigh his faults as to command admiration in spite of them. And with regard to the moral force, let him recover it and preserve it for the benefit of successive generations. It will not be done by putting forward vague and exaggerated claims; or by presenting us with other people's complimentary expressions, after the fashion of third-rate novelists, who, feeling that they cannot draw their heroine, make the inferior characters in their plot converse and exclaim

about her merits. The way to succeed in giving to the world a clear idea of the nature, extent, and direction of this new moral force, and if possible to estimate how it acted and what it effected, is the way that Carlyle himself recommended—"Get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me: and it is the only way." We trust that in the interests of biography, of truth,

and of posterity, Mr. Froude may in his later volumes prove himself equal to the occasion; and may, besides giving us most interesting and entertaining materials, contribute effectively to the formation of a sound public judgment upon a career which is of singular interest, alike for its successes and its failures, its virtues and its faults.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND FORCE.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT BURY.

IN July, 1877, the *Quarterly Review* had an article of mine on "Electricity as applied in Peace and War," to which I refer here because it forms a convenient landmark. Though it was written but five years ago, and was intended to give in a popular form an account of electrical science as it then existed, it is quite curious to remark how completely recent inventions have left its statements in arrear. Not only have rapid advances been made in the science itself by the labors of philosophers and the contrivances of inventors, but popular knowledge of the subject has increased. The newspaper and the popular lecturer have taken it up, and instilled it into us, so to speak, with our tea and toast at breakfast. The article contains no mention of the telephone or of the phonograph, which to-day are household words. It speaks throughout of voltaic electricity as the form with which the world was principally concerned. The very nomenclature of the science, which I took some pains to expound, is as archaic as Chaucer's English. The name of at least one standard, and the capacity of a second, have been altered. A great philosopher whose patronymic was then used as the designation of an electrical measure has given place to another. The measure to which "Weber" stood sponsor has been divided into two, and his old place in the text-books knows him no more. In fact, electrical science is in a state of rapid and violent change. It is developing with a rapidity which almost seems to rival that of the imponderable agent

with which it deals; and the fact that electricians have nothing, amid all these changes, to unlearn, and nothing to retract, speaks volumes for the care and skill of its first leaders and workers.

Nowadays every one knows something in a general way about the telephone. Five years ago the telephone was just heard of as a scientific toy; now every great office in London, and in a hundred cities besides, is in telephonic communication with its correspondents. In 1877, again, the electric light, though well known in theory, and actually used for lighthouse work, or for some grand illuminations, had not yet begun to be utilized as a source of domestic supply. As railroads took possession of the land at the beginning of this century, so did electricity in the last few years. The telegraph system spread itself over both hemispheres and under every sea. Just at the moment when that was becoming complete, and competing lines, in default of new continents to conquer, were beginning to quarrel among themselves, a new revolution occurred; the world suddenly learned that electricity could be applied to an infinity of purposes undreamt of before. It was shown to be as strong as it was swift and delicate. It will drive a printing machine or a railway train; it will work an elevator for lifting heavy weights. But what it has gained in strength it has not lost in delicacy. It will by means of a little instrument no larger than an apple keep a sewing machine going; it can be applied to a pen, which writes as fast as a skilful penman can guide it, a copy from

which a thousand impressions can be obtained; it is, indeed, so sensitive that it will discover the whereabouts of a bullet in a wound.

Every one knows nowadays that to maintain a current of electricity a continuous electrode or electrical conductor is required between the opposite poles of the generating battery. The simplest form in which a circuit can be established is to plunge a couple of strips of dissimilar metals into a tumbler of acidulated water. If two strips of copper and zinc are so immersed, and are connected by a wire outside the glass, the acid begins to eat the zinc, and a current of electricity forces its way from the zinc, through the acidulated water, to the copper, and thence along the connecting wire back to the zinc again. Here we have in its simplest form a complete electrical system. The most intricate network of telegraphs, the most complete plan of street lighting, only differs from it in the necessary complication of its details. Those who are unskilled in electricity will do well at this point to encounter the strange terminology of the science, and learn a few necessary names and definitions. The arrangement within the glass is an element or cell. A number of such cells coupled together is a battery. The two ends of zinc and copper which project outside the glass are the battery poles. The metal blade attacked by the acid (in this case the zinc) is the negative pole. The one not attacked is the positive pole. The outside wires are called indifferently leads, conductors, or electrodes. The acidulated water which attacks the zinc is called the electrolyte. The burning or consumption of zinc is electrolysis.

The current, in forcing its way from the zinc to the copper, encounters electrical "resistance" in the electrolyte, and the joint resistance of zinc, electrolyte, and copper is known as the intrapolar or internal resistance of the battery. In like manner the retardation caused by the external wires, and the lamps, instruments, and resistances inserted in the circuit is known as its extrapolar or exterior resistance. All details of the most elaborate systems group themselves under these heads. The whole system over which a current

passes is called a circuit. A closed circuit, when the way is continuous throughout, however many interpolations of extraneous resistances it may contain; an open circuit when either by design or by accident the continuity of the conductor is destroyed.

By electrical resistance is meant the opposition offered by every constituent part of the circuit to the passage of a current. There is first the resistance of the generating battery itself; in a chemical battery the acidulated water, or electrolyte, offers a very high resistance; then come the resistance of the leading wires, and in addition the resistance of every constituent portion of the circuit, be it electric machine, resistance coil, electro-magnet, telegraph machine, or the carbons of a series of electric lights: in fact, any retardation of the current, caused by material impediment or by work to be performed, is known by the name of resistance, which can be tested and measured; but whatever obstacles a current may have to encounter, its way must be continuous and unbroken by the smallest interval. It will be seen from this that resistance is merely a relative term. Every substance can be electrified, some with greater and some with less difficulty. The metals, for instance, such as german silver and copper, can be electrified almost instantaneously. Other substances—glass, carbon, shellac, and gutta percha—take a very long time, and require persistent electric excitation to become so. Generally speaking, substances which can be very easily electrified are known as conductors, and those which are slowly electrified are called insulators. Neither term is strictly accurate. It is only a question of degree. Even the best conductor offers a certain amount of retardation; and the worst conductor known is permeable in time, and does not afford perfect insulation. To be sure the limits of variation in this respect are wide enough. An uncovered wire of copper will allow a current to move along it at the rate of 288,000 miles a second, and it would take minutes and perhaps hours to creep over an inch or two of gutta percha. Still, as a mathematical fact, neither insulators nor conductors are perfect. The two properties are reciprocals. If we take 100 as the

standard of conductivity or absolute non-resistance, pure copper wire would show, perhaps, 96 or 98 of conductivity and 4 or 2 of resistance. Gutta percha, at the other end of the scale, might show less than 1 of conductivity and more than 99 of resistance. I have not at hand the exact figures, but these will serve as an illustration of the meaning. The mathematical formula known as Ohm's fundamental law states electrical resistance to be inversely proportional to the strength of the current.* An illustration of this is seen in the case of a lightning conductor. A small copper wire will carry away a moderate current without disturbance, because the current and the resistance of the wire have some manageable relation to each other. But, if a flash of lightning were to pass along the same wire, it would fuse the wire; because, although the resistance would be the same, the proportion borne by the electro-motive force of the lightning to the conductivity of the wire, would have no manageable relation to the current. On the same principle a piece of carbon introduced into a circuit stops the passage of a feeble current, being a bad conductor. It, however, allows a strong current to pass; but, before doing so, it offers such vigorous resistance that the energy necessary to overcome the resistance is sufficient to heat the carbon white hot, or, if there be a break in the carbon, to cause an electric arc at the point of fracture. This is the principle of the electric light.

The next point offered for consideration by the simple circuit which I have described, is the electro-motive force. In the case of chemical electricity, the electro-motive force depends upon the difference of activity with which the zinc and the copper are attacked by the dilute acid. In the case of electro-magnetism, of which I shall have a good deal to say further on, electro-motive force depends, within certain limits, upon the degree of rapidity with which the armature coils are made to rotate in the magnetic field. But in either case electro-motive force is due to what, in

electric parlance, is known as difference of potential, that is, to the anxiety of electricity to force its way from one pole of a battery to the other.

Before saying anything about measurements, it may be charitable to warn those who have been, perhaps fruitlessly, poring over electrical books that certain technical terms used in the science have lately changed their significance. This will, no doubt, eventually be an advantage to the student, as it will introduce greater neatness and precision; but the intermediate effect is bewildering; because the same word stands for two or more different ideas. Electricity being, like heat or light, a mode of motion, its manifestation is usually spoken of conventionally as a current. Probably there is no such thing; the force obeys certain laws, and acts in particular ways, but it does not flow bodily from place to place as a current does. It follows rather the analogy of light-undulations or sound-waves. Sir William Thomson and others who have devoted themselves to the investigation of electrical phenomena avow themselves at fault; they do not know what electricity is; but whatever it is, the earth contains a practically inexhaustible supply of it, and portions of it can be separated from the main body. The portion so separated has a tendency to escape and recombine. In doing so it exerts energy; in other words, it performs work, which may be directed, utilized, or measured. Force may be exerted, either to produce motion in bodies at rest, or to oppose resistance to moving bodies; in either case it does a definite amount of work, which may be measured and compared with a standard. In mechanics such a standard is found in the force which is required to raise a weight of one pound to the height of one foot. For electrical purposes the foot-pound would not be sufficiently refined; but a standard has been devised on the same principle, which supposes an electrical force which is capable of raising one gramme in weight through one metre of height in one second of time. This standard has been named an absolute unit. In measuring a force it is not necessary to inquire whether it is employed in promoting motion or in resisting it. So that the strength of a current, the resistance

* Ohm's law. $I = \frac{E}{R}$ where I is the intensity of the current, E the electro-motive force, and R the resistance.

of a wire to the passage of a current, or the quantity of electricity passing in a given time through a given circuit, can all be expressed in terms of the absolute unit. It still remained to invent measures which should be accurate multiples of the unit, and to find appropriate names for the measures. A man calling for a pint of wine does not calculate the cubic contents of his bottle; he compares the quantity he buys with a standard pint, and in like manner a cask is said to contain a certain number of quarts. Electricians, when first confronted with the necessity of weighing and measuring, had to invent names by which they could designate in absolute units a certain definite amount of resistance, quantity of current, electro-motive force, intensity of current.

A committee of the British Association have the honor of establishing the first series of standards. They hit upon the happy thought of calling the new measures by the names of distinguished electricians. The standard of resistance—that is, the opposition offered by any substance to the passage of electricity through or across it—they called an Ohm. It corresponds to the resistance of an iron wire four millimetres in diameter and about a hundred metres in length. Certified copies of this standard, consisting of coils of platinum silver wire, each of which opposes one or some definite number of Ohm's resistance to the passage of a current, are now everywhere obtainable. They are known by the name of resistance coils, and are marked with the number of Ohm's resistance which they offer. They are arranged in boxes, and are so connected that a current can readily be passed through any amount of resistance which may be required for the purpose of comparison. At the present moment all electrical resistances are habitually measured in ohms, as liquids are by the pint or ribbons by the yard.

The unit of electro-motive force has had assigned to it the name of Volta, the great electrician of Bologna. A volt is, roughly speaking, a force equal to that form of electric battery called a Daniells cell; but there is no real standard of it. A Daniells cell is accurate enough for practical purposes, though it is really 1.079, or a little more than a volt.

Ampère, the French electrician, has lately been honored by having his name conferred on the standard measure of "intensity." An Ampère designates that property of a current which was formerly roughly known as a Weber; but "quantity" was also included under the term Weber. This property has now a name of its own, and is called a Coulomb. It is the quantity of electricity which is forced through the resistance of one ohm, by a current with the intensity of one ampère, in one second. The old Weber has thus disappeared, and has been replaced by these two correlative measures, the Ampère and the Coulomb. This change is hardly a year old, and all electrical books published before that date necessarily confound the two, and use the old term Weber for either measure indifferently.

I fear to weary the reader with these details; the excuse is that, although received into the daily speech of electricians, these changes are not yet found in text-books. There is also another matter which, if the reader takes the trouble to note it well, will save him an infinity of trouble, and that is the significance of the words "tension," "intensity," and "electro-motive force." The words are often employed as if they were convertible terms, whereas they are, or ought to be, quite distinct. I have seen them figure in different senses on the same page. Ohm's law, given above, is

E
expressed by the formula $I = \frac{E}{R}$.

In other words, I , the intensity of a given current, is equal to E , the electro-motive force of the battery or generating machine, divided by R , the total resistance of the circuit. This is simple enough. But tension is used sometimes as an equivalent of " E " in Ohm's formula, and sometimes as synonymous with " I ," which is the product of E divided by R . Either of these quantities may, in any circuit, vary indefinitely. You may join up a thousand Daniells cells together so as to produce a battery that would strike a man dead; you may work a dynamo machine at a speed which would produce effects if possible more terrible; or, on the other hand, you may obtain from your battery a current that would not hurt a baby. Then, for re

sistance, you may have a thick wire which would be no appreciable impediment to the passage of a current, or you may place in the current fifty lamps, which would offer to it tremendous opposition. As either of these quantities varies, so does the intensity vary. It is, therefore, very annoying to a reader to find his author using one term as if it was the synonym of the other. The confusion is aided by the fact that the French use the word *tension* in the sense of intensity, whereas, more often than not, English writers use *tension* to express difference of potential, the "E" of Ohm's formula. It would be well if the word *tension* were discarded altogether; but, as it has not yet been discarded, the reader is warned, when he meets the word, to consider carefully in which of its two senses his author wishes it to be understood.

I have hitherto spoken of a circuit in its simplest form. It is now time to mention what is known as electric induction. That is the remarkable property by virtue of which currents and magnets act and react on each other. If the conducting wire in any circuit is wound round a bar of soft iron, you turn the soft iron into an electro-magnet. If in like manner there is inserted in the circuit a spiral of wire surrounding a magnetized needle, on the passage of the current the needle will be deflected. This phenomenon, with due mechanical arrangements for its accomplishment, is the ordinary electric telegraph.

When a second close circuit consisting of a spiral of wire with its ends joined together is presented to an electro-magnet in the main circuit, and rapidly withdrawn again, two currents will be induced in the spiral, one on the approach of the magnet, and another on its withdrawal. These currents will be in opposite directions. These are known as induced or secondary currents. They are the basis upon which the whole foundation of electro-magnetism is founded. If you employ machinery instead of chemical agency, and alternately present and tear away from the influence of a magnet a closed spiral wire, the same result will follow as when the operation was performed by the chemical battery, except that, in this case, a series of short currents (some hundreds

in a second) will pass every time the magnet is presented or withdrawn, instead of the continuous current which was produced by the chemical battery.

Ersted, very early in the present century, discovered by accident the power exercised by a current on a magnet in its neighborhood. He was holding the mariner's compass in his hand, and accidentally approached it to a wire through which a current was passing. By a brilliant effort of inductive reasoning, he at once came to the conclusion that the magnet was deflected in consequence of the nearness of the current overcoming for the moment the directing force of the earth's magnetism; and it flashed across his mind that the reason why the magnet itself points to the north was owing to the directing force of currents passing east and west round the earth. The idea, thus started, developed into electro-magnetism. The theory of Ersted was confirmed in a remarkable manner by an experiment devised by Professor Barlow. I believe it is not so generally known as its ingenuity and importance deserve. He wound a copper spiral wire round a hollow globe of wood in such a manner as to make the coils coincide with the parallels of latitude. He then covered the sphere and its spiral wire with the pictured gores of a terrestrial globe in such a way as to bring the poles of the electro-magnet spiral into the same position as the observed magnetic poles. The globe thus arranged was then placed under a delicately suspended needle, and electro-magnetic currents were caused to circulate in the spiral wire beneath the surface. The needle so suspended exhibited, under the influence of the spiral currents, all the phenomena of variation exhibited by the compass needle on the actual globe. I think the story is told in Sir William Snow Harris's "Magnetism." It sufficiently establishes the accuracy of the opinion that the movements of the compass needle are due to currents of terrestrial magnetism. The point is one of extreme importance, because it led Arago to observe shortly afterward that a current surrounding a bar of soft iron would magnetize the bar; and Faraday drew the further conclusion that the converse was also true, and that a magnet would produce a cur-

rent if presented to a closed spiral circuit. The theoretical inference drawn by Faraday was afterward proved, by actual experiment, to be a fact. Subsequent steps in electro-magnetism were, after these discoveries, mere questions of time and patience; and it was a matter of detail to discover the means by which such currents might be collected, intensified, and utilized. Such then was the condition of electrical science, when a couple of years ago circumstances turned the attention of the whole body of inventors to electro-magnetism. No positively new discovery was made; all the principles involved in the elaborate systems of electric lighting which have lately attracted so much attention had already been made known by Faraday; and Gramme, following in the footsteps of Pacinotti, had constructed machines which are in every essential particular the same as the dynamo-electric machines of to-day; but though the principle was established, and the machines of Gramme, Ladd, Siemens, and many others, were in occasional use, and were indeed somewhat extensively employed in physical laboratories and for medical purposes, the attention of electricians seemed to be mainly concentrated on devising improvements in voltaic electricity. But a great change suddenly occurred. Chemical electricity supplies a current, highly manageable and useful, but not of sufficient strength to perform rough work or efficiently maintain the electric light. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that zinc is so expensive that the production of a current by means of zinc combustion sufficiently powerful to perform heavy work was economically impossible, and practically was not attempted. But the problem of utilizing electricity in the every-day requirements of life as a motive power, and as a source of light, has now every chance of being solved. Engines moved by electricity are constructed, and light, brilliant and beautiful, is produced in abundance. What remains is a mere question of cost; and the ingenuity of a thousand workers is busily employed in reducing that to a minimum. A little while ago it seemed as if voltaic electricity would be retained at least for telegraphic purposes, for which it seemed to be specially adapted;

but even in this respect it is doubtful whether it will not be superseded. Already some of the principal American telegraph lines employ dynamic instead of voltaic batteries for their daily work; and it seems probable that, in combination with some form of storage (of which Planté, Faure, and Sellon have shown the possibility), electro-magnetism will carry all before it.

The newspapers have familiarized us all with the name of dynamo-electric machines. The quaint English habit of abbreviation which turns a cabriolet into a cab, and an omnibus into a bus, has induced the public to shorten the term into dynamo. It is expressive and convenient; but it is as well to say that, although all dynamos are developments of electro-dynamics, it by no means follows that all electro-dynamic machines are dynamos. The latter phrase has by common consent been applied to those machines in which the electric power is generated by the mutual interaction of electro-magnets, while the larger term includes every development of electric force, however generated or applied.

Faraday's experiments proved that a magnet thrust into the coils of a spiral wire caused a current in the spiral if the latter consisted of a close circuit, a term already explained. The Gramme machine, or rather the armature or generating part, which is the distinctive feature of the Gramme machine, showed how Faraday's discovery could be most conveniently utilized. A Gramme armature, also called a Gramme ring, in its simplest form, is a wheel of soft iron wound round its periphery with a coil of insulated wire. The periphery of the wheel, if cut and straightened out, would be nothing more than a bar wound round with wire. According to Faraday's experiment, if that bar were a magnet, and it were rapidly thrust in and out of its encircling coil, an induction current would pass through the wire at each entrance or withdrawal of the bar. By bending the ends of the magnet into the shape of a wheel, and rotating the wheel on its axle within the poles of a fixed horseshoe magnet, the same result is obtained. The poles being fixed in space, the effect on the rotating coil is the same as if it stood still and had a magnet rapidly thrust into it. All mod-

ern dynamos are modifications of this arrangement.

Mr. Edison, in his pamphlet on his electric lighting system, writes as follows : " The Edison dynamo consists of a powerful electro-magnet, between the poles of which revolves an armature or inducing coil. By the revolution of this coil of wire an electric current is generated and tapped off by copper-wire brushes, which press against the armature." Nothing can be more accurate ; but it applies not only to Edison's system, but to every system that is now before the public. Substitute for Edison's name the name of Siemens, Brush, Lontin, or Gramme, the same description would apply without the alteration of a word ; and this is the reason why the patents by which each system is protected will be so difficult to uphold. The difference between one system and another is merely one of detail and not of principle, and—except to one who patiently examines the mode of winding, the size of wire, and other minute details—one dynamo appears exactly like another ; and, the central idea being common to all, it is difficult to imagine how any patent for the mere details of performing it can be successfully maintained. The essential part of each machine is common to all. There is the steam engine or gas engine, which by means of a band on its driving wheel rotates the armature. There are the great masses of iron wound round with insulated wire which form the electro-magnets, within whose field the armature rotates. There is the axle on which the armature revolves, and through which the ends of the coils that encircle the armature are led to the collecting commutators and brushes. There is the outside circuit, consisting of mains and distributing wires which depart from one pole and return to the other pole of the generating machine.

Within that external circuit any kind of resistance may of course be interpolated, and here there is endless field for ingenuity. But the main point to be remembered is that, in essential particulars, each machine resembles the other, and that it is only in details that there is room for variation. It would be useless, and indeed impossible, to describe in any detail the various dynamo

machines employed in the many systems now before the public without having recourse to diagrams. But it may, perhaps, be possible to take two typical machines, and to make intelligible the nature of the difference between them.

I will select, for example, the Edison and the Brush. In every circuit, when a current is passing, a uniform intensity of pressure is exerted at every point of the circuit, whether in the interior of the generating coils or in the outside conductors. The system elaborated by Edison proceeds upon the main idea that the whole resistance, both intrapolar and extrapolar, shall be almost entirely concentrated in the lamps themselves. To attain this end, both the generating armature and the external mains are formed of very thick wires, or bars of copper, which present hardly any resistance to the passage of the current. The external mains are also bars of copper, laid side by side in a tube ; but they are insulated from one another, and are never allowed to touch. At the generating end they are united by the armature coils. But beyond the poles, wherever it is intended to insert a light in the circuit, a bridge of thin wire is carried from one main to the other, and in it is inserted the lamp. The mains being of thick, and the bridge between them of thin wire, the resistance is practically concentrated in the thin wires leading to the lights. The crown of the arc, so to speak, of each thin wire bridge is formed of the filament of carbon in an exhausted glass receiver, which constitutes the lamp. If one lamp only is in circuit, that lamp encounters the whole intensity of the current ; but if, instead of one bridge surmounted by a lamp, fifty bridges surmounted by lamps are built from wire to wire of the mains, the pressure which was before concentrated in one lamp is now divided among fifty, and the resistance of the circuit is diminished in proportion to the number of lamps added to the circuit. The normal pressure of an Edison's circuit is thus kept down as low as 110 or 120 volts.

The Edison machine may thus be looked upon as the type of an engine of low resistance. The Brush, on the other hand, may be taken as the type of an engine of high resistance. The wires

with which the Brush armature is wound are fine in comparison with those of Edison, and not only that, they greatly exceed in length the bars of which Edison's armature is formed. The extrapolar wires, are, likewise, much thinner than Edison's mains, so that the total resistance of a Brush circuit is greatly in excess of that required by one on Edison's system; and, in accordance with Ohm's law, a greater electro-motive force—*i.e.* a greater rapidity of rotation of the armature required to maintain the necessary intensity. The pressure at which a Brush dynamo is usually worked is something like 800 volts.

The Brush machine resembles that of Edison in that its armature is of a circular shape. It differs, however, from the Edison ring in the arrangement of the coils of wire with which it is wound, as well as the way in which the several coils are connected with one another. But the most characteristic feature of the Brush machine is in the peculiar construction of the armature ring itself. It is of cast iron, grooved out by a series of deep concentric grooves, the object of which is, partly to reduce the mass and lessen the weight, and partly to ventilate the ring and carry away the heat generated by the working of the machine. For a similar reason, the periphery of the ring is grooved out so deeply as almost to sever it; and thus, although the cross section of the ring is generally rectangular, it is so cut up by grooves as to present the appearance of a skeleton rather than a solid ring. On this ring the bobbins are wound in such a manner that, after leaving one coil, the wire proceeds direct to the coil diametrically opposite to it in the ring. The loose ends of all the bobbins are passed through the shafts of the machine, and are connected at its extremity to insulated rings of brass, which surround the axle, where the currents are collected by suitably placed copper brushes or plates.

The commutator cannot be described without diagrams. It is sufficient to say that it contains an arrangement by which each pair of coils is, in succession, cut out of the circuit as they pass the neutral portion of the magnetic field. Two purposes are thus served. Each coil has in each revolution a period of rest equal

to one-fourth of a revolution, and the current passes through it only seventy-five per cent of the time the machine is running. To this is due, in a great measure, the very small development of heat in the machine. In the Brush machine, as well as in the later forms of the Gramme, and the ordinary Siemens machine, the whole of the current from the armature is transmitted through the field magnet coils, which thus form, with respect to the armature, a portion of the external circuit. The currents received by the commutators are conveyed from the brushes by wide strips of copper to the poles of the machine, whence they pass into the external circuit in the usual way, and return to the opposite pole.

Most of the dynamo-electric machines now made bear a family resemblance to these. They all exhibit ingenious modifications, and they all are adapted by careful mathematical calculation to the class of work they have to perform. It would be vain to attempt, with Edison's generator, to light a series of Jablochkoff's candles. The result would be merely equivalent to placing a non-conductor in the circuit—the initial intensity of the current would be insufficient to overcome the resistance. It would be equally vain to apply a Brush machine with its current of high intensity to work Edison's or Swan's incandescent light.

There is one consideration which ought to be mentioned, *i.e.* currents of high intensity are necessarily dangerous to life. A man might take hold of the two conducting mains of an Edison machine without further inconvenience than a sharp shock; whereas a similar misadventure in the case of a machine such as is usually employed to work Jablochkoff's lights, would be productive of fatal results. Many persons will, no doubt, remember the accident which happened on board the Czar's yacht *Livadia* on her voyage from the Clyde to Brest, when an unfortunate seaman placed himself in the path of the current and was instantaneously killed. A similar accident occurred, not long ago, at Hatfield, and one in a music hall at Birmingham. The reason of this is the high electro-motive force which is required for the Brush and other machines as

compared with the low pressure of Edison.

The resistance offered by a human body differs enormously in amount in different cases. It may, however, be taken at an average of 1500 ohms. The whole resistance of an Edison circuit bears but a very small proportion to that amount, and therefore it might almost be sufficient to say that if a human being short-circuited an Edison machine, that is, offered his body as an alternative conductor, the greater part of the current would pass by the line of smaller resistance—*i.e.* through the lamps and wires; while a small portion of it only would be shunted through the man's body. But this would not be the whole truth. The fact is that, when a current of high electro-motive force is passing, some law which has not hitherto been fully investigated comes into play. If a circuit with low resistance is bridged over with a shunt of high resistance, and the electro-motive force is moderate in strength, all the current will pass the main circuit, and but little by the shunt. But, if the electro-motive force is gradually increased, there comes a time—electricians have not exactly decided when that point is reached—when the whole current will abandon the main circuit and go through the shunt. Thus with an Edison or a Brush machine, the former, working at 110 or 120 volts, would not send a strong shock through a man who touched the leading wires. The Brush, working at 800 volts, would kill him, because the boundary line has been passed which governs the law of shunts at lower potentials. It has been decided that it would not be safe, under any circumstances, to allow a current with higher electro-motive force than 150 volts to go into any house. How the Brush and other systems of high tension intend to manage this I do not know.* But the fact remains that anything above 150 volts is considered dangerous to human life.

Perhaps I have said enough about ma-

* Since this was in type I hear that it was said before the House of Commons Committee, which has not yet published the evidence taken, that they intend to rely upon storage batteries, a form of battery which the reader will find discussed further on in this paper.

chines for generating electricity; it is time to turn to the light itself. Nothing can be more variable than the cost price of electric lighting. It may, according to circumstances, be ten times as much as gas, or very considerably less than gas. In factories which already possess steam or hydraulic power, a few horse-power to drive a dynamo can easily be spared; and, in this case, the expense is almost confined to the first cost of the machine and lamps and the combustion of the carbon, if the voltaic arc is employed. But if, on the contrary, it is necessary to set up a steam-engine for the purpose of driving a single machine and feeding a single centre, the expense is infinitely greater than that of gas. The various companies which have been lately formed, or such of them as survive the payment of their promoters' fees, will no doubt eventually bring electricity to our doors, and then all that we shall have to do will be to settle upon the lamps we prefer, the company we shall patronize, unless, that is, the vestries take up the matter—from which may heaven defend us.

It can hardly be denied that gas in comparison with electricity is itself inefficient both in light-giving power and in economy. I have seen it stated that ninety-five per cent of the materials forming gas are expended in heat and wasted in other ways for every five per cent that went directly to give light. Professor Meier tells us in his recent translation of Hospitalier's modern applications of electricity:*

By direct combustion of four cubic metres of gas, 640 candles at the most can be obtained. By expending the same quantity of gas in an "Otto" engine, the force of four horse-power would be produced, which, transformed into electricity by a Gramme machine and into light by a Serrin's regulator, would produce 4800 candles of light with one hundred and fifty times less heat.

A great many methods of electric lighting have been recently tried, but there remain at present only two general methods—that by the voltaic arc, worked by regulators and candles, and that by incandescence, where materials of high resistance, such as carbon, platinum, and iridium, are raised to a very high temperature by the passage of the

* P. 264.

current. There is a large number of what are called arc lights, in all of which the brilliance is produced by gas raised to a very high temperature and by particles of carbon detached from the electrodes, which at the moment the voltaic arc is produced are slightly separated from each other. An immense amount of ingenuity has been expended on endeavoring to discover modes of regulating the adjustment of the carbons in order to preserve them always at equal distances from each other, notwithstanding their gradual combustion. In most of the arc lamps the light is produced between carbon points placed end to end, and by delicate adjusting machinery which will also keep the points at a convenient distance. But electric candles have also been invented. These are apparatus in which the carbons are placed parallel to each other. They differ from the lamps through the complete absence of any mechanism, and the simplicity arising from this arrangement is said to constitute a considerable advantage.

Almost all the earlier regulators have one defect. They do not allow of two apparatus being placed in the same circuit without incurring the danger of the extinction of one entailing the extinction of all. But quite recently means have been devised which renders the regulators mounted for tension in the same circuit independent of one another. Lontin and Siemens are said to have been the first to adopt the principle of shunting the current from one light to another, which is now generally adopted. The principle is this: that the current on arriving at the lamp has two roads offered to it; one road is the main circuit through the carbons of the lamp, and the other is a fine wire leading round the lamp. In the fine wire is a solenoid, which becomes magnetic when a current passes it, and so sucks into its vortex a magnet bearing a lever which is attached to the lamp-carbon. When too strong a current passes through the lamp, part of it overflows through the shunt, magnetizes the solenoid, and, by means of the lever, drags the carbon into its place. There are very many variations on this plan; all, or most of them, patented. By a contrivance of this kind in the Brush system, the extinction of one lamp is pre-

vented from affecting others; the current, passing through the high resistance wire of the solenoid, magnetizes a small electro-magnet, which pulls up an armature, and throws the lamp out of the circuit.

Among the candles, that of Jablochhoff is perhaps the best known. Pencils of carbon are placed alongside of one another, separated by an insulating substance capable of being consumed at the same time as the carbons. Kaolin used to be employed; now some other substance is used—lime, mixed with an ingredient the name of which I have forgotten. The electric current passes through the whole length of the carbons, and an arc is produced between the two extremities. Jablochhoff's candles were formerly worked with the Alliance machines; but he now employs Gramme's machines, with alternating currents. The reason of this is that the positive carbon wastes more quickly than the negative, and in order to keep the two points of equal length it is necessary to alternate the currents rapidly from one carbon to the other. This system presents the defect that the candles are arranged, as it is called, in series, and that if one is extinguished the continuity of the circuit is broken and the whole are extinguished.

For houses it is probable that we shall find the system of incandescence most generally adopted; but by far the larger number of lamps lately exhibited have been those in which the electric current is passed through a filament of carbon in a little globe exhausted of air. The essential point in this system is that the carbon selected should be almost a non-conductor, and nearly infusible. Burning *in vacuo* there is no combustion, it can thus become luminous without being destroyed. The substances which are most commonly used are platinum and pure carbon.

I believe that Swan and Edison both claim to have constructed the first incandescent carbon lamp. Edison's latest form consists of a glass chamber shaped like a cylinder with rounded ends, and having fixed within it a filament of carbonized bamboo. It is stated that the carbon filament will endure for about 1000 hours' continuous burning; but

I do not know that the statement has been verified. Any one who has seen it can bear witness that it glows with a calm golden light very restful to the eye, and, in fact, much more agreeable than the perfectly white light of some of its rivals. Swan's lamp is also a carbon filament in a glass receiver. It gives a light whiter and more brilliant than Edison's, judging only by the eye. I do not know where to put my hand upon the statement, but I remember to have read in *Engineering* that Swan was certainly the first to perfect a thread of carbon such as is employed in his lamp, as well as in those of Edison and Lane Fox. Swan's system of lighting does not include a special generator of his own. He uses, sometimes Faure's accumulator, and sometimes Siemens's or Brush's machines. Particularly good results are said to be obtained by the alternating machines of De Méritens. The use of this machine is indicated by the fact that with continuous currents of great intensity the carbons sometimes break off at the positive pole. Lane Fox's is a similar lamp. The luminous conductor consists of a slight cotton thread, baked in a hermetically sealed vessel at white heat. Carbons prepared in this manner offer an enormous resistance, and are consequently exceedingly brilliant. Maxim's lamp, similar in construction to the others, is illuminated with a filament of carbonized cardboard. All these systems are patented; but whether a bit of bamboo and a thread of cotton differ sufficiently from a strip of brown paper to allow of a patent being successfully maintained for their adoption, is a question which inventors and shareholders must be permitted to solve.

A few pages back I hazarded the opinion that the various systems of electric lighting will only become practically useful if some way of economically storing electricity is devised; and here we come in contact with one of the innumerable forms assumed by the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy.

By storage of electricity is meant the accumulation of energy in such a form that it shall be available for the production of electric currents and for the electric transmission of power. But this must not be mistaken for the stor-

age of electricity itself. In electric secondary batteries, such as those made by Planté, Faure, and Sellon, electric currents are made to do a certain kind of work; work can again be reproduced in the form of electrical currents; but the work done, is, in the first instance, chemical rather than electrical. Whatever may be the nature of the work, the result is the same—namely, that Faure's or Sellon's accumulator can be made to return in the form of electricity a great portion of the energy which has been expended upon it.

To make this clear it is necessary to touch upon two points which have not hitherto been mentioned—viz, the nature of polarization in batteries, and the reversibility of the voltaic battery. Professor Sylvanus Thompson tells us that Clerk Maxwell, one of our most distinguished electricians, was asked, not long before his death, what in his opinion was the greatest discovery made by science in his time. His answer was, "the reversibility of the Gramme machine." Maxwell saw in that discovery the solution of the problem of the transmission of electric force to a distance. I shall have occasion to speak of it further on. I mention it here to note that the parallel and still more recent discovery of the reversibility of the voltaic battery is one of almost equal importance; for if the reversibility of the Gramme machine has solved for us the problem of the electric transmission of power, the reversibility of the action of the voltaic cell has solved for us the problem of the electrical storage of energy. Both these discoveries are instances of the great law enunciated by Newton, that to every action there is an equal and contrary reaction. The chemical work of an electric battery is to produce currents by consuming zinc and acid. These materials are the fuels of the electric current, just as coal and coke are the fuels of steam power. The work of the electrolyte in a cell is to separate and tear apart the atomic constituents of the zinc; in other words, to do work in opposition to the chemical tendency of those atoms to combine. But while this is being done, the tendency of the zinc to reunite manifests itself by resistance to the action of the acid; and this resistance produces a counter electro-motive force, known

to electricians under the name of polarization. The current excited by the electrolyte is in one direction; the polarization current is in the opposite direction. The result is a gradual enfeebling or degradation of the electric energy of the cell, which tends gradually to bring electrical action to rest. The great difficulty with batteries has, therefore, been to get rid of polarization.

In a zinc-copper voltaic cell, in which a current is passing, zinc is dissolved; but if we take such a cell, and by means of some superior electro-motive force drive the currents back through the cell, the whole action will be reversed. Copper will be dissolved and zinc will be deposited. The copper in dissolving will help the process by giving part of the necessary energy, and the currents, instead of dissolving the zinc, give us back pure zinc. Faure's accumulator is based on this principle. It takes advantage of the "equal and contrary reaction," as it occurs in an electric battery. When the current from a dynamo machine charges an accumulator it not only pumps currents into the cell, but pumps back into its former state the fuel which has been consumed therein; to do so with effect the electro-motive force of the charging current must be rather greater than the opposing electro-motive force of polarization. The charging power of the current is not increased by increasing the electro-motive force much beyond this value, because in that case work is wasted in producing local heat, which is detrimental to the power of the cell. It follows that the storage should be effected slowly and by not too great electro-motive force.

The history of secondary storage batteries is briefly this: in ordinary voltaic batteries a current proceeds from the zinc to the copper. Zinc is decomposed, and polarization, *i.e.* the chemical tendency of the zinc to recombine, is set up. The electro-motive force necessary to produce a current must, therefore, be sufficient to overcome the polarization or chemical tendency of the zinc to recombine, before any current can be established in the circuit; but in 1860 it occurred to M. Planté to construct a receiving battery in which, instead of getting rid of polarization currents, he

should utilize them for work. He used lead plates; but they were not ready for immediate action, as two clean lead plates give no current of their own. They required long and careful preparation. A current was sent through the cell; the separated oxygen and hydrogen gases in the water bubbled up to the surface, leaving an adherent film on the lead. The plate of lead by which the current enters was then further attacked by the oxygen, and became covered by a thin layer of peroxide of lead. This film is powerfully electro-negative toward metallic lead and toward the film of hydrogen on the opposite plate. The cell thus commenced was carefully nursed for a long period of time, or, to use M. Planté's own words was assiduously "formed" by continually adding coatings of brown peroxide by means of the charging current. Pursuing this course for some months he obtained an extremely powerful, but not a very lasting, battery. I need not pursue further the history of M. Planté's invention, it was only the precursor of that of M. Faure. In 1880 that gentleman conceived the idea of constructing a secondary battery, in which the tedious process of formation by Planté's process should be avoided. He commenced where Planté ended, by coating lead plates with peroxide of lead without the intermediate action of a battery current; he thus saved much of the time that was wasted in forming a Planté cell. He coated a leaden plate with minium, made up into a paste with dilute acid, and painted on the surface; and when thus prepared, the cells were "formed" by a process of charging with a dynamo machine, the current being sent through them for many days without intermission, until they were ready for use. The red-lead is thus reduced on one set of plates to the metallic state, while the other assumes the condition of peroxide. But even under this arrangement the cell does not arrive at its highest efficiency for several weeks.

Major Rickarde-Seaver tells us that one of these cells placed on a circuit of small resistance, in which was a galvanometer, was discharged for fourteen hours. For the first eight hours it gave out twenty-two coulombs per second; in the next four hours it had fallen to

twenty-one; and in the two following hours to about twenty coulombs, after which it rapidly fell.

It will thus be seen that secondary batteries may become enormously important in various ways. They may serve as portable supplies of electricity, to be left where required, and recharged when exhausted. They may be charged by a dynamo, and set aside until required for the electric light or motive power on a small scale; but their most important action will no doubt be as equalizers of electric currents in a system where supply is liable to fluctuation. When a dynamo-electric machine is employed to produce the electric light the least thing which alters the speed of the machine causes the light to flicker and change in intensity. The slipping of an engine-strap would cause total darkness; but if a secondary battery of suitable dimensions were placed in the circuit, between the dynamo machine and the lamp, any inequality of the light would be prevented; and when the light was not in use, the battery leisurely working would store up the current. If the engine failed, the battery would take up the running until it could be restored, or another substituted.

If ever tidal rivers or waterfalls are used for the purpose of driving dynamos for the lighting of towns—and this is by no means a remote possibility—accumulators must be a necessary feature in any such scheme. "A tenth part of the tidal energy in the channel of the Severn," says Professor Sylvanus Thompson, "would light up every city in England; and another tenth would turn every loom, spindle and axle in Great Britain." I end with another quotation from Professor Sylvanus Thompson: "Probably the present accumulator bears as much resemblance to the future accumulator as a glass bell jar used in chemical experiments for holding gas does to the gasometer of a city gas works, or James Watt's first model steam engine does to engines of an Atlantic steamer."

I should like here to add one word on a rather delicate subject. It has been my object not to say a word which should express even distantly any opinion as to the advantages of rival patents, or the differences of rival inventors. I am

aware that a new form of secondary battery, said to be an improvement on that of M. Faure—viz. the Sellon battery—is in existence, and that statements and counter-statements have been made as to the originality of the invention. I have not said anything as to the improvement claimed for the new battery. I have mentioned the invention of M. Planté because he was undeniably the pioneer, and that of M. Faure because I had before me the able and scientific account of it by Professor Sylvanus Thompson; while their rival, which I am told is very efficient, I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing.

If I have been at all successful in making clear the principle of the dynamo-electric machine, there will be nothing new to learn in considering the electrical transmission of force to a distance. The original problem may be said to have been solved when in the electric telegraph a current sent from one end of a wire was made to actuate a magnet at the other; but the energy set in motion under these conditions was feeble, and it was long before any one contemplated the transmission of strong or powerful currents. The creation of an electric motor capable of producing appreciable work depends upon the reversibility of the electro-dynamic machine. As in an electric accumulator we saw that the ordinary action of the voltaic cell was reversed, and the cell, instead of producing energy, received it and stored it; in like manner, if instead of setting an electro-dynamo machine to produce a current, a current is passed into a dynamo, the dynamo is itself set in motion. In the first case the work is transformed into electricity; in the second, electricity is transformed into work. If two dynamos be connected together by means of a conductor, and the first, actuated by a steam or other engine, acts as a generator, the second, or receiving machine, will by its rotation act as a motor. Suppose the two machines to be close together, both forming part of the same circuit, the electromotive force of the generator will produce in the receiver an equal electromotive force in an inverse sense to that of the generator. But if the two machines be separated to a great distance, the lengthening of the conductor, by in-

terposing a long resistance, will affect the quantity of work expended and the quantity of work produced; this however will not change their relations, which will remain the same as when they were close together; but both will be enfeebled by the resistance of the conductor. It follows that, in order to transmit the same amount of work as was performed in the first instance to a long distance, the electro-motive force of the two machines must be increased. If that is kept constant, variations in the length of the conductor will have little effect. Marcel Deprez has proved that with two similar fine wire dynamos, one of which produces an electro-motive force of seven thousand volts, and expends sixteen-horse power, ten-horse power can be obtained in the second machine by employing as a conductor an iron wire of four millimetres diameter. The efficiency would then be sixty-five per cent.

Without entering into the question of priority of discovery, it may be said that Fontine, at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, exhibited two Gramme machines, one of which, the generator, was driven by steam-power supplied on the spot, and the other worked a rotary pump placed in the annexe. There was a trial of ploughing by electricity in 1879. With regard to strength it was completely successful. We need not concern ourselves about its mechanical construction—it depends, as in the other instance, on the reversal of a dynamo by the application to it of the power from a distant generating machine. It is possible that where water-power is available for working the necessary machinery, the use of electricity in this form might be economical; but it is obvious, where steam power has to be employed, it would be better, not to waste force on electricity, but to apply the force of the steam direct. In 1879 an electrical railway was established at Berlin. Electricity was passed along a special conductor, and used to reverse a dynamo on the locomotive car; the transmission of motion to the wheels being effected by means of a fall chain. By a happy coincidence, which belongs to the nature of the electric motor, the static effect is at a maximum when the motor is in repose. This facilitates starting; the speed is regulated by resistance induced into the

general circuit by means of a lever at each end of the carriage. If ever electricity is to come into general use for locomotives, considerable improvement will have to be made in the way of communication of conductors with the carriages; but in other respects it offers no special difficulties for short sections of line. It is not for a moment to be supposed that it will ever rival steam for long journeys.

Among the smaller useful inventions exhibited in Paris and in London was one called "Griscom's double induction motor;" it was rather a toy than a machine; but it is a very pretty one. It is in principle exactly the same as all other dynamo machines used as a motor. It differs only in its diminutive size. It is hardly larger than an apple, and it consists of an electro-magnet in the form of a Siemens armature, which is made to revolve inside a fixed ring of malleable cast-iron a little over two inches long. The ring is covered with coils of coarse wire, connected with each other and also with the battery. An ingenious arrangement sends to the armature in the same direction all the currents induced by the opposite poles of the field magnets. It is worked by two or three voltaic cells. A suitable dynamo would work an almost unlimited number of them. Small and inexpensive as they are, they do very well to work sewing machines, fretwork saws, small lathes, or, in fact, anything in which light work is required.

But, in point of diminutive size, this little instrument is far surpassed by Edison's electric pen. The pen is, in shape, like an ordinary pencil with two little bobbins, that look like tiny reels of cotton, at the top of it. These little reels are, in fact, the two poles of a small horse-shoe electro-magnet wound in the usual manner; within its magnetic field revolves an armature, which, by an eccentric on its axle, makes a needle that traverses the pencil from end to end work up and down with extreme rapidity. The penman proceeds with his writing in the ordinary way, and the needle perforates an infinite number of small holes in the paper as it moves over the characters. The tracing thus formed is laid over an ordinary sheet of paper and an ink roller passed over it;

the ink goes through the holes perforated by the needle and produces an exact copy of the document. Thousands of impressions can be produced from one copy made by this beautiful little instrument. Even more delicate is the wonderful instrument invented by Professor Hughes, and called by him an "induction balance." Sir Charles Bright lately told the Society of Telegraph Engineers a story of this instrument at the Paris Exhibition. One of the foreign members of the society (Mr. E. Gray) said to Professor Hughes: "Some thirty years ago a scrap of iron entered my finger while at work; it got deeper the more I tried to get it out, and I left it alone. Let us see whether your induction balance will find it." On trial none of Mr. Gray's fingers disturbed the balance except the one containing the piece of metal, which did so unmistakably when placed in the coil. An induction balance, specially designed by Professor Hughes, was employed to search for the bullet in the late President Garfield's wound.

I wind up with a whimsical application of science in its sportive mood. M. Frome exhibited, at one of the anniversary meetings of the Ecole Centrale in Paris, an instrument which he called a polyscope, wherewith, by means of a reflector and an incandescent wire in a small glass tube, he lighted up the interior of a pike! An eyewitness tells us

that nothing can be more interesting than the exhibition of this transparent fish, which seemed in no way concerned on being turned into a sort of Chinese lantern.

Like Nasmyth's steam hammer, which can smash a nut or a cannon ball with equal facility, apparatus, similar in principle to that of Edison's pen, has been exhibited for piercing rocks either by percussion or rotation, and complete hoisting gear has been devised for mining, pumping, and quarrying. Rotative pumps, electric lifts, and such like objects have been already devised in great profusion; and, the principle being established, it is hard to say where ingenuity in this direction will stop. Medical quacks have seized upon it and puff it as the universal panacea; we see it stated in advertisements that "electricity is life," we find it asserted that electric power can be applied to hair-brushes and even to tooth-brushes. One gentleman even declares that he has produced a tooth-brush which, by electric agency, will cure tooth-ache. But in spite of nonsense such as this it may be truly said that the real marvels of this extraordinary agency are as wonderful as any that fancy can imagine; and that, great as the achievements of late years have been, the science of electricity is yet, if not in its infancy, at any rate in its early and rapidly developing youth.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

FRENCH PRISONS AND CONVICT ESTABLISHMENTS.

I.

TEN years ago a commission was appointed to study the French penal system with a view to remedying a number of abuses which had sprung up in the management of prisons and of convict establishments. The labors of the commission were related in a very lengthy and exhaustive report, admirably written, as such works always are in France. The author was an academician, Count d'Haussonville, who, having skilfully grouped his facts to demonstrate in the most readable way possible the evils of the old system, submitted a long series of suggestions which he confidently hoped would result in making France's

prisons and convict establishments superior to those of all other nations. The National Assembly lost no time in adopting the suggestions of the report, and passing them into law; but the consequences by no means fulfilled the expectations of the commissioners. The French penal system seemed all at once to have got into a tangle; and now that the new system has been in operation nearly ten years, one may say that the tangle is worse than ever.

By "tangle" we mean this, that the penalties for the most heinous kinds of offences were found to be so much more lenient than those for crimes of the second category, that prisoners sentenced to *reclusion*, which was the second class

punishment, and involved solitary confinement, began to make murderous assaults on their gaolers in order to incur transportation to New Caledonia. Transportation is supposed to be the heavier punishment; but in truth it is incomparably lighter. Parliament grew alarmed at length by the epidemic of crime in the home penitentiaries; and in 1880 an Act was passed decreeing that transportation should no longer be inflicted for crimes committed within prison walls. This, however, was only an acknowledgment of the fact that transportation had altogether failed as a deterrent; and now this anomaly remains, that a burglar convicted of a first offence may get a sentence of eight years' solitary confinement, which will almost kill him, whereas a thrice-convicted burglar will be treated to a sentence of ten years' transportation, which will be no hardship to him at all. If he behaves tolerably well, he will in three or four years get a ticket-of-leave, enabling him to establish himself as a free colonist in New Caledonia, and to marry. If he be already married, Government will send out his wife and children to him free of expense. So humanitarian a spirit presided over the framing of rules for the penal colony of New Caledonia that many a villainous murderer sent out there under a life sentence found his punishment practically reduced to one of comfortable banishment. The governor was allowed absolute discretion as to the award of ticket-of-leave; and human nature being what it is, one may well suppose that well-connected criminals found it easy to bring such influences to bear upon him as considerably lightened their punishment. At this moment several murderers whose crimes appalled the public—but who escaped the guillotine owing to the squeamishness of juries and of M. Grévy about capital punishment—are pleasantly settled at New Caledonia as free farmers, tradesmen, or artisans. One of them keeps a café; another—a poisoner—has set up as a schoolmaster. One must not presume to say that the governors of New Caledonia—for there have been several during ten years—were wrong to treat these men kindly if they showed themselves penitent; but it is quite certain that the prospect of living with one's wife and family on a free

grant of land in a healthy climate is not likely to strike terror into the minds of the criminal classes as being an excessive punishment. The guillotine and solitary confinement have much more effectual terrors; and it is an undeniable fact that since transportation has been rendered so mild crimes of the worst kind, both against person and property, have alarmingly increased.

They have increased so much that M. Gambetta, and a large section of the Republican party, wish to get a law passed by which all criminals convicted for the second time, and no matter what the length of their sentences may be, shall, after the expiration of those sentences, spend the remainder of their lives in New Caledonia. This drastic measure would, no doubt, relieve Paris of the greater portion of its very large horde of habitual criminals; but it would not affect the question as to the leniency of transportation under the present system as compared with *reclusion*. So long as men are more lightly punished for serious crimes than for those of a less atrocious sort, it is evident that justice is not well armed against malefaction.

In a former article on "French As-sizes" we alluded to the vagaries of juries in finding "extenuating circumstances" for prisoners on merely sentimental grounds; and also to the unequal apportionment of penalties by reason of the arbitrary rules which commit certain offenders to be tried before juries, whilst others are sent before the judges of the Correctional Courts, who sit without juries and scarcely ever acquit because they judge according to the strict letter of the law. We pointed out that a husband who gave an unfaithful wife a severe beating would almost certainly be imprisoned by Correctional judges, whereas if he killed his wife outright he would assuredly be acquitted by an assize jury. Such anomalies may be witnessed in a multitude of other cases. The French Code divides offences against the common law into *crimes* (felonies) and *délits* (misdemeanors); but this distinction, which was found inconvenient in England, and which has been practically obliterated there since misdemeanants (*e.g.* the Tichborne claimant) can be sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude as well as felons—this

distinction remains an important one in France, where a misdemeanant can only be tried in a Correctional court, whose maximum sentence is five years' imprisonment. And the French legal definitions of *felonies* and *misdemeanors* are often most unsatisfactory from the moral point of view.

A man wishing to steal fowls clammers over a garden-wall at night, and breaks into a fowl-house. He has a bludgeon or crowbar in his hands, but makes no use of it to inflict bodily hurt on those who capture him. Nevertheless, this man is a felon who has committed a burglary with the *quatre circonstances aggravantes*, i. e., in the night, with *escalade* (climbing over walls), with *effraction* (breaking open a door), and *à main armée* (with a weapon in his hand). He can only be tried at the assizes, and, if convicted on the four counts, must get eight years' *reclusion*, or twenty years' transportation. On the other hand, take a man who by false pretences obtains admission to a house or shop, intending to commit a robbery there. He lays hands on some valuables, and, being surprised in the act, catches up a poker and knocks his detector down, inflicting a serious wound. This man's crime is evidently worse than that of the other who went after the fowls: he is only a misdemeanant, however, for he gained admittance to the house *without violence*, and was unarmed; his catching up the poker, although it may have been a premeditated act, inasmuch as he intended from the first to defend himself somehow if caught, was, equally speaking, only an act of *impulse* committed on the spur of the moment and without *malice prepense*. Therefore this man can only be tried by a Correctional court, and cannot get more than five years' imprisonment. Again, if a man, wishing to inflict on an enemy some grievous bodily harm, walks into a café, says a few angry words to him, and disfigures him by smashing a decanter upon his face, it is a misdemeanor, extenuated by the apparent absence of premeditation. The man walked into the café unarmed, and in the heat of quarrel picked up the first weapon that came to his hand. It might fairly be alleged that the man knew he should find a decanter in the café, and that his quarrel was

purposely entered into; but the law will not take account of this. If, on the contrary, the man entered his enemy's house with a loaded stick in his hand, and assaulted his enemy with that stick, he would be a felon who must go to the assizes on a charge of attempted murder. It might be that the man had taken the stick without reflecting that it had a leaden knot; but the *onus* of proving that his intentions were not murderous, and that in fact when he entered the room he did not even purpose to commit a common assault, would rest upon himself. A jury would probably judge his case according to his antecedents, and if it were shown that his past life was not blameless, he might fail to get *extenuating circumstances*, and might receive twenty years' transportation.

These oddities in criminology render it impossible for people to determine what precise degree of infamy attaches to this or that sentence. In a general way the public thinks more badly of a man who is sentenced to *travaux forcés* (transportation) than of one who is merely sent to prison; but there is very little faith current as to the scales of justice being evenly balanced, and Frenchmen as a rule feel very indulgently towards all criminals except those whose offences are characterized by savage cruelty. What is more, the people are so accustomed to see the Government act according to its good pleasure that public opinion exercises no control over the treatment of offenders when they have been put into prison. In England every newspaper reader knows pretty well what is the *régime* of convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and of prisoners in ordinary gaols, and it would surprise the public considerably to hear that such and such a man, owing to his having influential friends, was being treated with exceptional favor. In France such a thing would cause no surprise. Count d'Haussonville's report recommended that prisoners of rank or fortune should be treated exactly like humble culprits; but though this was agreed to in principle, it has been but little carried out in practice. Revolutions and other political changes produce so many misdemeanors in high life, cause so many fraudulent bankruptcies, bring into gaols so many men of high standing who have

dabbled in bubble companies, that the stigma of imprisonment is not felt as it is in England. The courts sentence an ex-cabinet minister to imprisonment for swindling, but the very term *escroquerie* is smoothed down in his case into *abus de confiance*, and the authorities connive with prison governors in making the lot of the interesting victim as easy to bear as possible. He is not made to serve out his whole sentence. Sometimes he does not serve out any portion of it. After his sentence he is informed that the Public Prosecutor will send him a summons to surrender after his appeal has been heard: but the Public Prosecutor omits to send that summons. He sends a friend instead, who advises the well-connected delinquent to travel for a few months or years, as the case may be, and the public, who know very little of what goes on in the gaols, are none the wiser. Those who know shrug their shoulders, "*C'est tout naturel*," they say, "*il est riche: il a le bras long*."

One may therefore premise that in the treatment of prisoners within French prisons, *maisons centrales* (penitentiaries), and convict establishments, the one thing lacking is uniformity.

II.

Readers of French law reports will notice that the judges of Correctional courts often inflict sentences of *thirteen months'* imprisonment. It makes all the difference to a prisoner whether he gets twelve or thirteen months, for in the former case he may serve out his time in the local house of detention and correction, whereas in the latter event he is consigned to a *maison centrale* or penitentiary. What is more, if, being sentenced to twelve months, he likes to undergo his punishment in cellular confinement, one quarter of it will be remitted, so that in many cases a sentence of twelve months means one of nine only. Prisoners sent to the *maisons centrales* have no option as to the manner in which they shall serve their terms, as they are made to work under the associated silent system.

In Paris there are five prisons for male offenders, one for boys, the Petite Roquette, and one for women, St. Lazare. The chief of the male prisons, La Grande Roquette, is only used as a

depôt for convicts under sentence of transportation or reclusion; and the prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi is for soldiers. Mazas is the House of Detention for prisoners awaiting trial, but it also contains about 800 prisoners undergoing sentence of not more than one year's duration. Ste. Pélagie and La Santé are houses of correction where the associated system mostly prevails, and the latter is at the same time a general infirmary. All convicted prisoners who are diseased, infirm, and who require continual medical attendance, are sent to the Santé.

It rests with the Public Prosecutor, and not with the judges, to determine in what prison a delinquent sentenced by the Correctional courts shall be confined. Herein favoritism comes largely into play. A prisoner of the lower orders, having no respectable connections, will not get the option of serving his time in solitary confinement, and thereby earning a remittance. If he petitions for this favor, he will be told that there are no cells vacant, and he will be removed to Ste. Pélagie or the Santé, where he will sleep in a dormitory and work in an associated *atelier*. If he be a shoemaker or tailor, he will work at his own trade; if not, he will be employed in making brass chains, cardboard boxes, paper bags, toys or knick-knacks for vendors of those thousand trifles which are comprised under the designation *articles de Paris*. Being paid by the piece, he will have every inducement to work hard. Of his earnings Government will retain one-third towards the expenses of his keep; one-third will be put aside and paid to him on his discharge, while the remaining third will be paid to him in money to enable him to buy little luxuries at the prison canteen. The things purchasable at the canteen are wine at the rate of a pint and a half a day, *café au lait*, chocolate, butter, cheese, ham, sausages, eggs, butter, salad, fruit, tinned meat, biscuits, stationery, tobacco and snuff. Prisoners are allowed to smoke in Parisian gaols, and a very sensible provision this is, for it prevents that illicit traffic in tobacco which brings so many prisoners and warders to trouble in English prisons, and it also supplies a ready means of punishing a refractory prisoner. Frenchmen decline

to admit that order cannot be kept in a gaol without corporal punishment. As a rule, French prisoners behave exceedingly well, because they know that they can greatly alleviate the hardships of their position by so doing. For a first offence, a man's tobacco and wine will be cut off for a week; for a second he may be forbidden to purchase anything at the canteen for a month; if he perseveres in his folly he will be prohibited from working, that is, from earning money, and will be locked up in a cell to endure the misery of utter solitude and idleness. If this severe measure fails, and the man becomes obstreperous, he will be strait-waistcoated and put into a dark padded cell where he may scream and kick at the walls to his heart's content. To these rational methods of coercion the most stubborn natures generally yield. It must be confessed, however, that there are certain desperate characters who delight in giving trouble, and who, untamed by repeated punishments, will often commit murderous assaults upon warders, chaplain, or governor out of sheer bravado. It would really be a mercy to flog these men, for a timely infliction of the lash would frighten them into good behavior, and often save them from the worse fate of life-long reclusion. It has not been found practicable to abolish the lash in convict establishments, and since it continues in use there no sound reason can exist for not introducing it into gaols.

There are no cranks or treadwheels in French prisons. These barbarous methods for wasting the energies of men in unprofitable labor are condemned by the good sense of a people, who hold that it is for the public interest, as well as for the good of the prisoners themselves, that men in confinement should be so employed as to make them understand the blessedness of honest labor. In their treatment of untried prisoners, too, the French are much more humane than we. What can be more cruel and foolish than to force an untried man, who may be innocent, to spend several months in complete idleness, as is done in England? A Frenchman who has a trade that can be followed in prison may work at it in his cell, pending his trial, as if he were at home. Journeymen tailors, shoemakers, watchmakers, gild-

ers, carvers, painters on porcelain and enamel, etc., continue working for their employers (unless, of course, they are desperate men whom it would be dangerous to trust with tools), and it is a touching sight enough on visiting days to see the prisoners send out little parcels of money for their wives from whom they are separated by gratings. The same sight can be witnessed in the prisons for convicted offenders. Many prisoners will deny themselves every luxury procurable at the canteen in order to give the whole of their earnings to their wives.

Mazas is the favorite prison of Parisians, because the rules are less strict there than in the other places, and because a sojourn there always involves a remission of at least one-fourth, and sometimes one-half, of the sentence. Prisoners of respectable appearance or of good education, and prisoners well connected, can generally induce the authorities to let them undergo their punishment at Mazas. There are no associated rooms here; each prisoner has his own cell, and is supposed to spend his time in solitary confinement. The supposition is correct in most cases, but the better sorts of prisoners are generally favored with some appointment in the prison which allows them to ramble about the place as they like. Some are assistants in the surgery, infirmary, library; others keep the prison accounts; others act as gardeners, clerks in the store-room, interpreters, and letter-writers for illiterate prisoners. All these berths are paid at the rate of sixty centimes to a franc a day, and Government levies nothing from it. The pay is given out to berth-holders in its entirety every ten days. Equally well paid are some of the berths held by skilled cooks and mechanics, locksmiths, plumbers, painters, carpenters, stokers, etc.

The convicted prisoners at Mazas have the privilege of wearing their own linen, boots, watches, and neckties; they are not cropped, and may sport their face hair in what style they like. They may also have their own books sent in to them, and may receive money from their friends to the extent of a franc per diem. The prison dress is a dark pepper-and-salt suit, with no marks or badge of infamy about it; but the

governor may at his discretion excuse a prisoner from wearing it. In fact, the governor can do anything. He may allow a prisoner to dress in his own clothes, have his meals brought in from a restaurant, and walk about the prison grounds all day on the pretext that he is employed in prison work. There are no visiting justices to trouble him. Prison inspectors come round every three months, but the time of their arrival is always known beforehand, and they discharge their duties in the most perfunctory way, scarcely occupying a couple of hours in the inspection of a building that contains 1200 cells.

III.

It has been said that any sentence of imprisonment exceeding a year relegates a man to a *maison centrale*. These penitentiaries are very grim places, affording none of the alleviations to be met with in houses of correction. To begin with, the manner of a man's transfer from Paris to a *maison centrale* in most grievous. He goes with a chain fastened round his left leg and right wrist; he is shaved and cropped, attired in a yellow prison suit, and he travels in a cellular railway carriage. At the penitentiary there is no respect of persons, or at least very little. The prisoners are divided into two categories—those sentenced simply to imprisonment and the *réclusionnaires*. The former are treated very much like the inmates of Parisian prisons on the associated system, except that they are not allowed to smoke. They sleep together in dormitories of fifty, and work together at making cardboard boxes, list shoes, lamp shades, and other such things. Their earnings seldom exceed 75 centimes a day, and of this they get one-third to spend inside the prison. In Paris the number of letters which a prisoner may write, and the number of visits he may receive in a year from his friends, are points which depend a good deal on the pleasure of the governor. In the penitentiaries there is a hard and fast line, allowing only one letter and one visit every three months.

The *réclusionnaires* lead very miserable lives of absolute solitude. As men over sixty years of age are not transported, a sentence of penal servitude (*travaux*

forcés), which would mean transportation for a man of fifty-nine, becomes *reclusion* for one of sixty. Cripples are also denied the favor of transportation; and, as already said, prisoners who have committed murderous assaults on warders in hopes of being shipped to New Caledonia are now kept in the *maisons centrales*, under life-sentences. The rest of the reclusionary contingent is made up of men whose offences are, from the legal point of view, one degree less heinous than those of transported convicts. Reclusion is generally inflicted for terms of five, eight, or ten years; and it is a fearful punishment, because the convict has no means of diminishing it by earning good marks to obtain a ticket-of-leave. Remissions of sentence are granted on no fixed principle. Every year the governor of the prison makes out a list of the most deserving among those of his prisoners who have served out at least half their terms, and he forwards it to the Ministry of Justice. There the *dossier* of each man recommended is carefully studied by the heads of the criminal department, and two-thirds of the names being eliminated, the remaining third are submitted to the Minister of Justice. His Excellency makes further elimination, so that out of a list of twenty sent up by the governor of the penitentiary, probably two convicts obtain a full pardon, while two or three others get a remission. It is obvious that there must be a good deal of haphazard in this method of proceeding, and that a convict who has no friends stands a poor chance of getting his case properly considered by Government. But even were the system administered as honestly as possible, there would be a strong objection to it, in that it would make the convict's chance of remission depend more upon his conduct before his sentence than after it. This is just what ought not to be the case. The convict should be made to feel that from the day of his sentence he commences quite a new life, and will be treated for the future according to the conduct he leads under his altered circumstances.

Five years of reclusion are quite as much as a man can bear without having his intellectual faculties impaired for life. Men of very excitable tempera-

ment, and those who have been accustomed to work out-of-doors, often fall into a decline after two years' confinement, and die before completing their third year. Those who remain eight or ten years in reclusion sink into something like imbecility, and seldom live long after their discharge. Advocates of the cellular system point to Belgium, where there is no transportation, and where every man sentenced to penal servitude serves his time in solitary confinement; but the Belgian system is much mitigated by the system of marks. To begin with, every Belgian convict has two fifths of his sentence struck off at once, simply because he is supposed to adopt cellular punishment from choice, though, since the old *bagnes* have been abolished, the option which convicts formerly had no longer exists. In the next place, the Belgian convict knows that by unremitting industry and good conduct he can earn marks enough to reduce the remainder of his sentence by half; and he has thus the most powerful incentive to good behavior and hopefulness. There is no possibility of cheating the man out of the liberty he earns. On entering the prison he gets a balance-sheet, upon which he enters a regular debtor and creditor account with the government: so many marks earned represent so many days of liberty won. Thus a man sentenced to twenty years sees his sentence at once reduced by eight years on account of the cellular system; and then it becomes his own business to reduce the remaining term of twelve years to six. At this rate it will be seen that a Belgian sentence of five years is no very terrible matter, especially when it is remembered that by a merciful provision of the code the time which a convict has spent in prison before his sentence is deducted from the term of that sentence. Therefore, supposing a five-year man had been three months in jail before sentence, and both worked and behaved extremely well after his conviction, he might be out in fifteen months.

There is a short-cut out of French penitentiaries, too; but it is such a dirty one that the authorities ought to be ashamed of themselves for encouraging men to take it. A moderately intelligent *réclusionnaire* who has served half

his time, or even less sometimes, may, on his private demand, become a *mon-ton*, or spy prisoner. He is subjected to certain tests, with a view to ascertaining whether he is sharp, and whether he can be depended upon; and if he successfully passes through these ordeals (to which he is put without being aware of it), he is forwarded to some House of Detention, or to the *Préfecture de Police* in Paris, where he is employed to worm secrets out of prisoners awaiting trial. To do this he must assume all sorts of parts and sometimes assume disguises; and he carries his life in his hands, for he occasionally has to deal with desperadoes who would show no mercy if they suspected his true character. All this unsavory work does not give the man his full liberty; but he may range freely within the prison boundaries. He is well paid, and he is generally allowed to go out on parole for a couple of hours every week. In the end, he gets a year or two struck off his sentence; but after his discharge he generally remains an informal spy and hanger-on of the police, and it need scarcely be said that of all spies he is generally the most rascally and dangerous. It is fellows of his kind who lead men into planning burglaries so as to earn a premium for denouncing them. They are foremost in all street brawls and seditions, playing the part of *agents provocateurs*, and privately noting down the names of victims whom they will get arrested by-and-by. They are, in fact, a detestable race, and it cannot be wondered at that when detected by the *pals* whom they dupe they should be killed like vermin.

IV.

French female prisoners and convicts are treated with more kindness, on the whole, than persons of their class are in England. Their matrons and wardresses are Augustine nuns, whose rule, though firm, is gentler, more merciful, and more steadfastly equitable than that of laywomen could be. The female convicts are allowed the same privileges as the men in the matter of earning money and buying things at the canteen. Those of them who are young also enjoy a privilege not granted to female convicts in other countries—that of having

husbands provided for them by the State.

Only these husbands must be convicts. Every six months a notice is circulated in the female penitentiaries, calling upon all women who feel minded to go out to New Caledonia and be married, to make an application to that effect through the governor. Elderly women are always very prompt in making such applications; but they are not entertained. The matrimonial candidates must be young, and exempt from physical infirmities. Girls under long sentences readily catch at this method of escaping from the intolerable tedium of prison life; and the pretty ones are certain to be put on the governor's list, no matter how frightful may be the crimes for which they have been sentenced. The only moral qualification requisite is to have passed at least two years in the penitentiary.

The selected candidates have to sign engagements promising to marry convicts and to settle in New Caledonia for the remainder of their lives. On these conditions, Government transports them, gives them a decent outfit, and a ticket-of-leave when they land at Noumea. Their marriages are arranged for them by the governor of the colony, who has a selection of well-behaved convicts ready for them to choose from; and each girl may consult her own fancy within certain limits, for the proportion of marriageable men to women is about three to one. Of course, if a girl declares that none of the aspirant bridegrooms submitted to her inspection have met with her approval, the governor can only shrug his shoulders in the usual French way. It has happened more than once that pretty girls have been wooed by warders, free settlers, or time-expired soldiers and sailors, instead of convicts. In such cases, the governor can only assent to a marriage on condition that the female convict's free lover shall place himself in the position of a ticket-of-leave man, and undertake never to leave the colony. Love works wonders; and there is no instance on record of a man having refused to comply with these conditions when once he had fallen in love. There are some instances, though, of the authorities having declined to let a female convict marry a free man,

when they were not convinced that the latter was a person of firm character and kindly disposition. For the women's own sakes it is necessary that they should not be married to men who would be likely, in some moment of temper, to fling their disreputable antecedents into their teeth. There is nothing of this kind to fear when a female convict gets wedded to a man whose past life has been as bad as her own.

Why the French Government should have saddled itself with the responsibility of promoting marriages among convicts it is difficult to say; but the experiment has on the whole yielded very good results. The married couples get huts and free grants of land, and all that they can draw from it by their own labor becomes theirs. During five years they are subjected to the obligation of reporting themselves weekly at the district police office; and they are forbidden to enter public-houses, and must not be found out-of-doors at night. This probationary period being satisfactorily passed, they get their full freedom, but subject always to the condition of remaining in the colony. To this rule the law has distinctly forbidden that any exception shall be made. On no account whatever must convicts who have accepted grants of land and contracted "administrative marriages," as they are called, ever return to France. They are at liberty, however, to send their children to France if any respectable person in that country will become answerable for them, and undertake to provide them with a good education. The sons of convicts are born French subjects, and will be required at the age of twenty to draw at the conscription, and serve their appointed terms in the army.

From what precedes it may be inferred that the lot of convicts in New Caledonia is a fairly pleasant one; but we have spoken as yet only of those convicts who have tickets-of-leave, and are more or less free to roam over the whole island. Those who have not earned tickets-of-leave are kept in the penal settlement of the Island of Nou, or are employed on public works, road-making, house-building, etc., in gangs, moving and encamping from place to place during the fine season under military escort. The

lot even of these convicts cannot be called a hard one as compared with that of convicts in other countries, and of French convicts under the old system of *bagnes*, or transportation to Cayenne. The climate of Cayenne was so deadly that all the convicts transported there either died or contracted incurable maladies. As for the old *bagnes* of Brest and Toulon, they were very hells, where the convicts were kept chained in couples, and were treated pretty much like wild beasts. The climate of New Caledonia, on the contrary, is delightful, and the soil of the different islands composing the colony is so fertile that corn, fruit, and vegetables grow there in abundance, and can be had very cheap. In 1873 an attempt to cultivate vines was commenced; but hitherto the experiment has not met with full success. It is said, however, that the difficulties which have beset the vine-growers will be overcome in time.

We are aware that the accounts given of New Caledonia by political convicts like MM. Henri Rochefort and Paschal Grousset have been very unfavorable; but the statements of these gentlemen must be accepted with reserve. The National Assembly in 1872 most unwisely decided that the political convicts—13,000 in number—should not be compelled to work; and the consequence was that, living in idleness, and being anxious to give the authorities as much trouble as possible, they suffered from the disorder and general squalor which they created. On arriving in the colony they grumbled at finding no huts prepared for their reception; they grumbled at having uncooked rations served out to them, alleging that the governor in obliging them to cook was violating the law which exempted them from work; they grumbled again because they had to find their own fuel in the woods instead of seeing fatigue parties of soldiers told off to pick up sticks for them. All this naturally angered the governor; who, perceiving that the Communists were bent on teasing him, retaliated by visiting all breaches of rules with rigor. M. Henri Rochefort was once sentenced to a week's imprisonment for being absent at the daily calling over of names, and a great hubbub was made over this affair when the news of it reached Paris, for it

was asserted, erroneously, that M. Rochefort had only missed answering his name because he was ill in bed with ague. Many Radical writers took this opportunity of declaring that the climate of New Caledonia was pestilential, and that every convict caught the ague on landing. As a matter of fact, M. Rochefort never had a day's illness in the colony; and ague is quite unknown there.

Successive amnesties have relieved New Caledonia of its troublesome political population, and no difficulty is experienced in maintaining order among the ordinary convicts. For some time after their arrival they are detained in the island of Nou, where they sleep by gangs of twenty in huts; and they wear convict garb, which is as follows—red blouse and green cap, with fustian trousers, for those under life sentences; green blouse and red cap for those whose sentences range between ten and twenty years; green blouse and brown cap for those whose sentences amount to less than ten years. They are not chained in couples; but those who work in gangs at road-making have a chain with a four-pound shot fastened to their left ankles, unless they be men who have earned a good conduct badge, in which case they work unshackled. Ticket-of-leave convicts of both sexes must during their probationary terms of five years wear their pewter good conduct badges; but they may dress as they like. It should be remarked that the rule forbidding probationers to enter public-houses is an excellent one, for it keeps them out of the way of temptation at the most critical point of their careers.

The convicts get paid for all the work they do; one half their earnings being handed to them every ten days, while the other half is set aside to provide them with a little capital when they get their tickets-of-leave. By good conduct they may also earn prizes in money. A good conduct stripe brings a franc per month; two stripes, 1 franc 50 centimes; and a good conduct badge, which entitles the holder to a ticket-of-leave when he has worn it a year, brings 2 francs 50 centimes a month during that year. By this judicious system of pay and rewards the men are kept in good subordination, and it is seldom that the

severer kinds of punishments have to be inflicted.

These punishments are deprivation of pay, confinement in cells, and for certain serious offences, such as mutiny or striking officers, the lash. Formerly convicts were flogged for attempting to escape, but this was put a stop to by the National Assembly in 1875. Flogging is administered with a rope's end on the bare back, the minimum of lashes being twelve, and the maximum fifty. It is the governor alone who has power to order flogging. The penalty for murder would of course be death; but it is rather a significant fact, worth the attention of those who allege that capital punishment has no deterrent effect, that not a single execution has taken place in the colony. It would seem that even the most desperate criminals manage to exercise self-control when they know that murder will bring them, not before a sentimental, squeamish jury, but before a court-martial which will have them guillotined within forty-eight hours.

The colony of New Caledonia is under the control of the Ministry of Marine and the Colonies, which generally has an admiral at its head. The Ministry of Justice has nothing to do with it, as the convicts all live under martial law. Tickets-of-leave, however, seem to be given at the discretion of the governor; and it would be strange indeed if out there, as in France, favoritism did not play a large part in the distribution of these rewards. Favoritism is, in fact, the great blemish of the French penal system. It smirches every part of

it; it obliterates all laws; it is the occasion of the most crying acts of injustice. How it works in New Caledonia may be judged from the case of a man named Estoret, the manager of a large lunatic asylum at Clermont, who was sentenced to transportation for life in 1880 for the brutal murder of a poor idiot. Estoret happened to be a consummate agriculturist, and his fame in that respect preceded him to New Caledonia. The governor, being very anxious to develop the resources of his colony, soon found that Estoret would be just the man to help him. He accordingly appointed him chief overseer of farms, leaving him practically free to roam over the whole colony on parole. Estoret was never even put into convict dress, and he was not compelled to wear a badge, for he had had no time to earn one. He was rendered perfectly free almost from the day of his landing, and appears to have done excellent work in his superintendence of the farms. His case shows, however, that the governor possesses the somewhat dangerous prerogative of reducing judicial sentences to nothing. Such a prerogative may no doubt be exercised at times to the great advantage of the colony, but occasionally it must be fraught with serious abuses.

In fairness one should conclude by saying that New Caledonia seems at present to be doing well; and that merchants who trade with it are beginning to speak hopefully of its future as a prosperous colony.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

AT all times of the year the garden is left solitary and alone. It is quite at the end of a long lovely country lane that passes it by, leading away to the open heath and the dip in the range of hills that means the sea. No one could tell that the garden was there, for a long row of silent trees keeps guard over it, and seems as if it formed a thick wall expressly to keep out intruders. In the lane, in spring-time, can be seen the most marvellous collection of mosses; and as the tiny brown bubbling stream

that crosses and re-crosses the road, and makes melody at all times of the year, runs its course, it passes by deep dells carpeted with the fine fern-moss, every tiny frond like a perfect fern, and every morsel of a different shade of color, until finally it seems to be lost in the garden, which it truly enters, but does not there appear above ground. But we find it again in the open heath, where it sparkles mightily among its dark surroundings, and goes on its way, doubtless to join the bigger river below the

hills. Just by the garden the brook is obstructed by a moss-grown branch of a tree, so small that any stronger stream would have brushed it away long ago, but this thread of water is too tiny, and only becomes for a while a miniature whirlpool of froth, in which go round and round wee acorn-cups, pine-needles, or the shiny stiff beech leaf, that in spring is being reluctantly displaced by the new-comer; then the stream itself creeps under the branch, and after a very little way goes into the garden. There is an old gate, green with age, that we come upon in an unexpected corner of the lane; sometimes tall nettles and campions stand in quite a little hedge along the bottom of the gate, like a rank of lank weedy soldiers guarding the entrance, while here and there a blossom peeps through one of the upright slats of the gate that is only hanging by one rusty hinge; true, the other, at the lower part, is there, but it only holds out a ragged end that catches the raiment of the unwary, or grates with a harsh cry against the gate as we open it, and, regardless of the agony we cause several spiders, and of the destruction to the flowers, enter the garden. The latch is gone; a piece of wire twisted together takes its place, and has to be retwisted round the post before we can go on; and as we pause, as we always do just there, we note the bright sunshine in the lane, filtering through the crooked oak-branches that form a canopy and almost meet, and then look at the contrast of the dense gloom just behind us, where, even in spring and summer, cool damp and dark chilliness replace the warmth and color we find outside. As we linger we can see what used to be carefully-kept gravel paths, now closely dressed in a mossy green slippery robe that moves under our tread; while the beds, that once were gay with a thousand highly-cultivated blossoms, are now deep in weeds, and only to be discerned from the grass itself by moss-grown stones that had marked the borders, but that now are rapidly disappearing into the ground. In the winter it is comparatively easy to see where the garden has been originally, and almost to say positively where my Lady has walked, pensive at evening, watching the rooks fly home across a

lovely sunset sky to the trees below the hills where they have built since time memorial. We can almost trace her footsteps as she went down past the clipped yews long since gone back to their original shape, yet even now grotesquely displaying an occasional resemblance to the peacocks or strange mysterious creatures they were once supposed to resemble; toward the big gates, that are entirely gone, and are only seen by those who from a couple of moss-covered square stones can mentally erect a stately portico crowned by the crest of the family, whose very name now no longer survives. In winter there is very little undergrowth; the tall bracken below the pine-trees on the mound to the left of the garden has died down into a brown shabby carpet; the lank grasses and lush verdure in the garden itself have vanished; the hedges are no longer entwined with bindweed and hops and the fantastical clematis, but are bare and slender, and allow us to see where the kitchen garden once was, and where the square beds before the Manor were long ago filled with rare bulbs from Holland, or with lovely homely flowers whose presence would now be scouted by a head-gardener who "respected himself," and are only to be found in cottage gardens, or in those belonging to folks who rite superior to the riband bordering abominations of the present day. In the spring the first signs of life come on the thin brown willows, here the stir of the sap is first seen, and then they are decked with the soft gray-velvet palms, that when partly out, and watched at a distance, seem to flush to pink, though there is not a shade of that color upon them when we are close to the trees on which they grow. Then they are golden when ready to give place to the leaf, which comes far too soon generally, and robs us of the palms before we realized their existence. The kitchen garden is a strange medley: there are tumbled-down portions of the wall still left, that evidently formed the stay for stores of plums, and perhaps of peaches; and in the crevices grow tall wall-flowers, a very small yellow or brown blossom on the top of a thin long stalk, while the glossy dark-green foliage of the periwinkle climbs all over, and bestows upon us a very occasional gray-

blue blossom, as if to show what it could do if only we would allow it a little more light and air. The ivy, a little later, puts out pale green shoots, that in autumn have curious leaves, all lined and patterned with red and yellow; and in one place a white-veined leaf every now and then comes out, to show us where to find that curious ivy that seems to have little feet to climb over everything, and requires no nailing to the wall it honors with its presence. Every crevice of the wall has a moss to fill it up, and red lichens, and yellow ones too, that in spring suddenly acquire with the rest of creation an indescribable access of color, do their best to dress the place gayly, and make up as far as they can for the loss of all care or all culture that the garden experiences. Gooseberry and currant bushes still abound; an unexpected strawberry leaf marks where the strawberries once doubtless existed in profusion; but though the apple-trees have a very occasional apple still on them, the only fruit besides that we can find is the hard blue sloe, that takes all taste from the roof of the mouth, or tightens the skin of the lips with its acrid taste, or a red-faced crab, of which it is impossible to think without a shudder. At the bottom of the garden is a hedge that in spring is covered with the white bloom of the blackthorn and here a thrush regularly builds her nest, while in the arm of a moss-grown apple-tree overhanging it we find the lovely home of the chaffinch, so like the tree itself that it requires very practised eyes indeed to see it at all. We doubt whether we should ever have done so, but the birds in the garden are so tame that they are less cautious than those outside, and allow us to see many of their little ways that a less unsophisticated bird would carefully hide from every human being; and we watch the chaffinch feed her babies, or see the sparrows talk to each other in the nasty snappy manner possessed by all sparrows, or note the distant and haughty way in which thrushes exchange remarks, until we feel if we only had a little more time we might begin to understand all they say to each other, for we are quite convinced they talk, and talk intelligently on all subjects that are found of interest in the

bird world. In all our visits to the garden we have never come upon a single trace of the house, and we can only imagine where it may have stood by the presence of the more elaborately designed arrangement of flower-beds, where sometimes, in autumn especially, we find a rare blossom that we have seen in no other place, and have no name for. We are loth to take other better instructed folks to our retreat, for fear it may become common, and be no longer the place of refuge from all mankind that it is at present. One is a large, pale, yellow, globe-like flower, transparent and tremulous. It looks like a soap-bubble, so frail and lovely is it; and another is pink, and hangs pensively on a stem that seems too fragile to hold it up properly. However, these are very seldom seen; sometimes the plants come up bearing no flower, and sometimes we are afraid they have gone entirely away; but last year they were there safe enough, and it remains for this autumn to show us if they are still extant. Here also we find in spring great clumps of wall-flowers, an occasional meagre single hyacinth, its white or pink spikes looking curious indeed among the maze of blue-bells that crowd all over, and make the open part of the garden look at times as if a blue cloth were laid there for some fairy gambols, or as if it were in readiness for an al-fresco party who were about to be entertained thereon; while marvellous tawny polyantheses and thin red-stained primroses contrast strangely with the pale-yellow blossom of their wilder sisters. There are one or two alleys between beech hedges, where the brown leaf hangs persistently until the new foliage comes in spring, and here there are ever sheltered and warm walks. They all lead in one direction from different starting-points, and through them we reach the brown knoll, surrounded by a ditch and a peat wall, where the fir-trees live, and where we can see all over the heath, and follow the course of the little gray river until it widens out beyond the mouth of the harbor to the open sea itself. Can anxious-eyed maidens or matrons have used this place as a watch-tower, we wonder, long, long before the beech-woods were made, from whence they could gaze on the wide expanse before them for lover or husband returning to

them from fighting the Danes in yonder marshes, or from hunting with the king along the hills, parting with him at the gate of the great square castle, that stands in the gap or "corfe" from which it takes its name? For from thence they could see the long red road, and the high causeway between the meadows, or turning inland could watch the other roads that led from the county town, or, farther away still, from the capital itself. Naturally we cannot tell; but the voice that sighs perpetually through the pine-trees seems essentially the voice of the past, and has a mournful way of interpreting Nature, who seems to confide her secrets to it, secure in her knowledge that no mortal is able to discern the meaning thereof. Is she at rest, and revelling in the golden silence of autumn?—the wind in the pines croons a perfect lullaby. Does she crave for sympathy in winter, when storms rend her, and the rain comes dashing down?—the pines creak and sway and croon as they lean down toward her, as if to show they shared her agony. In spring the song is one of hope; while in summer the aromatic shade is made vocal by the music that replaces the song of birds, for among a pine-wood it is rare to hear anything save the scream of a jay, the coo of a wild pigeon, or the twitter of a bird as it pauses there before pursuing its flight. To hear the songs of thrushes or blackbirds you must return to the garden; there they sing on, undaunted by the gloom and damp and decay, and even a nightingale has been known to build there; and then at late evening the whole lane resounds with the marvellous willowy music. But the saddest and most suggestive corner in the whole garden is a small plot portioned into six square pieces; it is away from where we suppose the house to have been, and is not too near the kitchen garden. On all sides it is surrounded by a thick hedge, and at one end is a gate that has once had a lock on it; while at the other is a tumbled-down summer-house, in the thatched roof of which numberless sparrows build unchecked, while under the eaves a house-marten last summer made a residence, and successfully reared a large and promising brood. Can we not see this was the children's corner? Surely

this plot rather larger and at the head of the rest belonged to some elder sister, who may have sat here working her sampler, and keeping one eye on her own property and the other on the conduct of the little ones, who were doubtless toiling away at their gardens, digging up, perchance, more flowers than weeds.

Absurd as it may seem, and waste of time as it doubtless is—for very likely the flowers we notice may have been planted by him or her who owns the garden now and may have never been seen by our hypothetical maiden—we cannot help thinking as we sit here that she must have been a gentle, patient child; most like a blue-eyed creature, with soft brown hair and pleasing expression of countenance, for we find at different times the bell-like lily of the valley, the homely hen and chicken daisy, clumps of lavender, and many old-fashioned flowers whose names we have quite forgotten. Then in one corner is a myrtle, that sometimes flowers, for here it is warm and very sheltered, and by the summer-house it gets the sun; and we cannot help believing that she planted it for her bridal wreath, and we wish her happiness—ay, almost while we laugh at our own folly. Next to her we find the Scotch brier rose, with its yellow buttons blossoming out freely; or find red and white strong-scented prickly creatures, scattering their leaves generously at every breeze that blows; and we think of the owner of this plot as a child of strong character, well able to work her way through the world that existed outside the garden, and so do not trouble about her at all. Another had an undecided owner, evidently. Here is a big old gooseberry bush, gnarled and venerable, and taking up a great deal too much room; while wild parsley smotherers the one or two blossoming plants that still come up by fits and starts, and a curious bean-like climber twines all over what was once a handsome standard-rose. And so going on through the six, we like to fancy all sorts of different children owning the garden; and we must confess to a thrill of rapture when in the summer-house we came upon some roughly-cut initials and six different notches by one of the windows, that at once represented to us the divers heights of those whose kingdom this

once was. Alas ! no date was appended, only the mere dents and cuts that made the letters ; and we could only feel our children a little more real, even while we had to confess they were no more tangible than they had been before our discovery. Away from the children's corner there is a deep silent pool, sometimes covered with duckweed, and then later on fringed with tall grasses and rushes that lean down and look into it as if they tried in vain to discern its secret. There is never a ripple on its surface, and it always appears to us as if all the long past history of the garden had been confided to its keeping ; and, that being so, it would never betray its trust. Surely many a tempest-tossed soul has gazed into the water, and found help and peace in contemplating the intense quiet and unruffled face of the pool. And, indeed, the whole garden is a storehouse of fancies and unwritten stories legible enough to those who know it well, and often wander therein. It is entirely out of the world, and so peaceful and restful that it is like an unsuspected church in a silent corner in London, into which you may enter from the hot, noisy, summer streets, and at once be in an atmosphere scented, cool, and prayerful ; in which you may rest a while, neither praying nor even thinking, yet inexpressibly refreshed by

the few moments' retreat from the noise and glare of the city. And though the lane which represents the city to us is neither noisy nor hot, it is yet outside the garden and open to intruders, who in winter come for the holme, or holly, from which it takes its name ; or in spring and early summer for the golden-scented cowslip that springs ever freely in a broad bright field, beyond which lie three or four un-named tombstones, discovered long ago, when the little church was built that crowns the lane. Perhaps some of our six children sleep there unmovingly through all the lapse of years ; perhaps the elder sister, whose bridal wreath may after all have been woven for her marriage with death alone, there found balm for her broken heart ! But it is all speculation. Nothing lasts, save the immortal range of hills beyond the garden, that are now as when the garden was in its prime ; and as we stand at the gate, and try to avoid the rusted hinge that always stays us while we retwist the wire fastening, and prepare to plunge into the world again, we seem to part with a multitude of ghosts, who doubtless, when the moon rises high in the sky, walk hand in hand in the garden, and talk mournfully together of the days when they and it were in their prime.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

WAGNER.

It has been said of Meyerbeer that he was just as clever and skilled in working the success of his operas as in writing the scores. But Meyerbeer was an innocent baby compared to Richard Wagner. He does not content himself with having every word or note he writes puffed to the sky. He does better. With the doleful look and pose of a wronged woman, who thoroughly knows how to pass herself off as the silently suffering victim of malicious gossip, until she meets with the chivalrous knight who, spear in hand, advances in the arena to defend calumniated innocence against detraction—so posed all his life Richard Wagner, so does he pose at this very moment, and although living in luxury, in adulation,

in clouds of incense, he always was, and he is, the misunderstood or the misunderstood victim.

Wagner is not in the true sense of the word a great man, but he has both great natural gifts and great artistic acquirements, and had he left his musical talent alone and written as nature endowed him, and science helped him to do, he would never have lost himself in the labyrinthine path of unintelligible, ear-torturing intervals and harmonies, that mock at their name, because they are discord. "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas" is the old and wisest king's saying. Wagner, as I said, is gifted and organized for a great musician, with a study and genius of orchestration, not, as he fancies, above Beetho-

ven, Meyerbeer and Berlioz, yet as high as any man of the century. He evidently is one of the glories of his country. But that was not sufficient for him, because other people had been the glory of their country, and he wanted to be more than anybody else; he tried to do the impossible, and as it always happened, since the tower of Babel, whenever a man attempted the impossible, so it happened to Wagner, who, like the frog in the fable, blew himself so big that he at last burst. The great work of his life, the *Ring of the Nibelungs*, according to his own words, was not only destined to wipe out of existence all other, but even his own earlier operas: *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Flying Dutchman*, master-works of conception, invention and execution, and from it he dated for Germany the era of "a new art," as he modestly called it in Bayreuth.* This work is, with regard to the book, an amalgamation of impossibilities, and totally unnecessary series of crime, and with regard to the music a perfect monstrosity, but to such an extent, that after having maintained for six years that it represented the only real music, that it buried all the old laws and doctrines, that in fact it was the "new art," he now has quietly returned to the ancient gods, to melody which he had previously declared to be quite unnecessary, or at least perfectly subservient to the words; he has given up the unnatural intervals which no singer can produce, so that the singers who learned how to produce *them* unfitted themselves for any other music. He has returned from his excruciating discords to harmonies bearable to and rejoicing the ear—he has, in fine, in his new composition *Parsifal*, to be produced next month in Bayreuth, abandoned the position of the false prophet with his "new art," and has, returned to the ancient æsthetic immortal law of real art: the beautiful and simple.

It is said that only a few weeks ago an adept in the art saw Wagner at Bayreuth, and was amazed to hear in the new work—*Parsifal*—the simplicity and melodious beauty of Wagner's old operas, those which he had so energeti-

cally repudiated as *péchés de jeunesse*, and he frankly expressed to Wagner his agreeable surprise to see him abandon the torturing path of what he called the "endless melody," but which was an endless bore without any melody. To his amazement Wagner said to him: "It may surprise you to hear me say so, but I, myself, find the *Nibelungs Ring* rather tedious and long-winded. I have given up this proceeding: it does not answer." And that he said of the very proceeding he had put his reputation at stake to uphold and proclaim—the "new art."

But if Wagner as a musician has shown great tact, both in what he has done and in the final perception of the mistake he committed and the readiness with which he gave it up, he is simply ridiculous from the immensity of his conceit, from the simply laughable utterances of his vanity. The French are said to be a vain people, and I have known Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas père and Victor Hugo, at one time the chiefs of French literature, and many a fine tale could I tell about their barely credible vanity. But not one of them pretended to have done more than create immortal works—they went, perhaps, so far as to think that all they wrote, even every word they spoke, was immortal; but none of them ever boasted of having invented literature or poetry, as Wagner said—"a new art."

It is said of Lamartine that when he arrived at Jerusalem and heard that a French lady was there established, he went to her house and told her maid that a countryman of her mistress wished to see. He was greatly surprised to hear that the maid should not know the name of M. Lamartine, but when the maid came back and said that her mistress was sorry she could not see M. Lamartine, that she never heard his name before and did not know what he dealt in, he exclaimed: "Voilà ce que c'est que la gloire—une montagne l'arrête!" Yet this is conceivable vanity. About Victor Hugo, the *rôles* which he imposes upon himself, different with each visitor, and about Dumas' vanity, volumes might be written. I have myself seen many examples of it, one of which I might here relate for the edification of the readers

* "Jetzt haben Sie eine neue Kunst."—Wagner's own speech at Bayreuth.

of this paper. I found him once, contrary to his custom, dressed in the middle of the day, ready to go on a still more unusual errand—to pay a debt. Alexandre Dumas has a very high opinion of Jews, and he owed every one of them, whom he knew, sums of money. On that day he had a bill of 1200 francs to pay, and asked me to go with him to do this act of unaccustomed conscientiousness. But fate was against it, as you shall soon see. It was one of the satisfactions of his vanity to be known to all cab-drivers. He was happy when passing before a cab-stand, he heard the drivers cry out: "Bon jour, M. Dumas; vous n'avez pas besoin de nous, M. Dumas," &c. Well, we went on, and as Dumas hired a cab to go to the lower city, he saw the driver rather dejected, and asked him what was the matter? "Oh, M. Dumas," said the other, "I have had a misfortune, and nobody can help me." "How so?" said Dumas. "My horse," sobbed the man, "fell, broke his leg, and smashed my cab; and from a proprietor, I am to-day again a servant to get bread for my family." "And how much," said Dumas, "would you want to set you up again and be your own master?" "Oh, M. Dumas, such a sum that nobody can give me." "NOBODY?" asked Dumas. "No; nobody," in despair said the fellow. "Well, just for curiosity's sake," said Dumas, "let me hear it." "One thousand francs," said the driver. "*Ce n'est que ça?*" Here you are," said Dumas, and with the mien of a king he tendered him the banknote with which he was to pay the Jew, and turning to me, he said: "Ma foi, le juif attendra. Let us go and have luncheon. Me voilà à la tête de 200 francs. It is a long time since I had so much ready cash!" and we drove off among the cheering hurrahs of the assembled cabbies.*

Wagner prides himself on being as great a poet as a composer. As to the first, his German style is so full of affectation, incorrectness, and in many places

of obscurity, that the sense may be guessed at, but not always with certainty. He uses words of his own creation, which no man has a right to do without adding to his work a dictionary explaining his inventions, and then, well-known words in a manner which attributes to these expressions a sense totally different from that which they always were understood to convey, and which consequently would require another list—in fact, a Wagner's guide to Wagner's language.

During the month of May last, Director Angelo Neumann gave four cycles of the *Nibelungen Ring*, and had the cleverness to foresee that not many people would pay three times more to hear that heavy work than they paid for hearing good and digestible music, and consequently, in order to cover his expenses, he had to depend on a small number of maniacs, who would pay any amount of money for what they could not understand, merely that they might be supposed to understand what nobody else would appreciate. Speculating, therefore, on that inexhaustible source of income, human vanity, it seemed to him but just, that the few amateurs should pay for the satisfaction of gratifying their vanity, and for the intelligent people who kept aloof; so he fixed a trifle like forty-eight guineas for a box, eight guineas for an orchestra stall, &c., and although the house was never once full, the excessive prices paid by the minority nearly covered the expenses. He then flattered Wagner by telegraphing to him that the Prince of Wales had commissioned Director Neumann to express to Mr. Richard Wagner the pleasure His Royal Highness had derived from the perusal of his work. It was a courtesy on the part of the Prince which certainly rendered him popular with a number of Germans, and therefore it was so far quite in its place. To this message, Wagner responded by the following singular reply, of which I leave any man, who understands German, to judge: "Sehr erfreut gerade durch Sie fuer den

* I cannot but admit that Dumas perfectly well knew how dangerous it was to give way to impulses which Talleyrand warned every man against by saying, "Méfiez vous de votre première impression, c'est presque toujours la bonne." And he was so well aware of the

valuelessness of his bills, that once a creditor—probably of the holy race—brought him a bill to sign, with a sixpenny stamp attached to it, and Dumas said to him, "You see this bill, now it is worth sixpence; now" (he signed it) "it is worth nothing."

Ihnen von Sr. Königl. Hoheit, Prinzen von Wales, an mich gewordenen ehren-den Auftrag. Meinen Dank aussprechen lassen zu dürfen wuensche ich mit der Bitte um diese angenehme Besorgung zugleich Sie zu einer herzlichen Begruesung der saemmtlichen um mein Werk so hoch verdienten Kunstgenossen in meinen Namen zu veranlassen. Fern doch nahe weilt in (*sic*) euch Wagner." There is a sentence to give a man consumption who reads it in one breath! The phrase where I put "*sic*" is literally translated: Far, yet near, remains in you (not amongst you) Wagner.

One of Wagner's admirers *quand même*, who holds him to be the greatest composer of the century, says that Wagner is still greater as a poet than as a composer. If elevation of ideas, adhering to the principle of the beautiful, mastery over his language, have anything to do with the great qualities of a poet, I am at a loss to see how Wagner can lay claim to the title. But what are the public to say to the gratuitous tendency to immorality to which his *Nibelungs Ring* lays itself open? There is not even an extenuating circumstance. I would not harshly judge a case which may present some claim to leniency. Take, for instance, a woman who follows the man of her choice, whom she became acquainted with, after having been by circumstances compelled to marry an old man she hated; suppose her love to become so ungovernable a passion that she leaves the children whom she brought up, the comfortable home in which she lived, the respected position which she must sacrifice, in order to live poor, hard working, humbly with him she adores above all, even above the duty she has sworn to fulfil. Such a woman may not be respected, but the magnitude of her sacrifice, the grandeur of her passion, elevate her above the level of a common sinner for gain or pleasure. But where in the old Saga *unknowingly* a married woman is attracted by an inexplicable magnetism toward a young man whose origin she knows not, and who is equally ignorant of his relationship to her, they both are moved by a superior power which they are supposed not to be able to resist, and they become sinners, free from the worst feature of the crime, premedita-

tion, because they knew not what they were doing.

But Wagner took this very Saga, and not finding the elopement sufficiently piquant, he preceded it by a long dialogue—one of those endless conversations with which the hearer of the *Nibelungs Ring* is so often gratified and in which they perfectly explain to each other who their father and mother were, so that they become thoroughly well aware that they are brother and sister, and what in the Saga they commit accidentally Mr. Wagner makes them fully conscious of, and therefore wholly responsible. Some critics excuse this feat by saying that in olden times intermarriage between brother and sister "was thought nothing of." If this holds good, then any manager might give the *Paradise Lost* in a costume which in *Paradise* "was thought nothing of," and that would be a sufficient excuse, logically speaking.

If there was at least any dramatic necessity for the depicting of this incest, but nothing, absolutely nothing, is gained by it, except the aggravation of adultery—one of the most astounding facts in the matter being, that the Lord Chamberlain, who insisted on another libretto being reprinted three times, on account of one reprehensible word occurring in it, permitted this libretto to be published both in German and in English, with a description in the third book (the work consists of four books) of all the pains which the mother had to endure at a critical moment, fully illustrated!

The work, by the side of these great objections, shows a great power of adaptation, if not of invention. Yet there are notably nine assassinations, fraud, every kind of crime, going on through the four evenings, and not one character in it honorable, attractive or grand; but the pettiness in the construction shows itself precisely in the anxious care for details. The great Italian Painters trusted to the principal figures of their pictures, for the general effect, but never for the small details, which they either neglected or got their pupils to work out. Rossini said once in my presence to a very talented young composer: "Write your large situations, sketch your heroes, and with a

broad brush take care of the big part of your work; do not mind the details, waste not your time and your inspiration with small matters." But what Wagner did, was not only to collect different Eddas and glue the divers ideas together, but he imitated in a simply childish manner the alliterative verses by which in olden times the eye of the reader was made to help the brain.

He gives for instance such imitated alliteration as :

"This thy truth then ?

In trouble thou leavest the sister ?"

A simple repetition of *t* and *th*. Yet more surprising is the trouble taken by the translator who toiled the toy into English with a most unmeritorious patience. When in olden times at the Olympic plays, before Alexander the Great, a man performed a famous trick and at a distance of a yard threw a microscopic bit of rice through a needle's eye with a nearly unfailing certainty, and expected a very great recognition, Alexander ordered a bag of rice and ten packages of needles to be presented to him, in recognition of the enormous time he had wasted in order to achieve so petty a result. I should think a hundred dozen of *th* presented to the translator would be a similarly appropriate reward.

But not only for the sake of alliteration but for the sake of common sense, I ask how such phrases are excusable as : "Mich hungert sein"—"Me hungers after him"—which has no more sense in German than in English. Or this : "Göttliche Ruhe *rast* mir in Wogen," literally translated : "Divine calm *rages* me in waves !" Calm *rages*, and in waves ! But of these absurdities the book is full. What Hebbel (the German poet) said of a similiar work is so applicable to this stuff : "The work suffers from this searched-after loftiness, so tedious and unbearable as to stop the circulation of the blood, and to make a man fall down dead as if frozen on the glaciers of the Alps. These creatures have as little to do with us as if they were born in the Moon, and could there live without air and water." Such creatures are the gods as represented in the *Nibelungs Ring*. Wagner, only in order to do what others did *not* do before him, wrote a whole opera, and it

would be more appropriate to say four operas, for it lasts during four evenings, without a duo or trio, *i.e.* without any concerted music, and with one exception without a chorus. His duos are never pieces of music where two voices are singing together; no, each party sings alone from beginning to end—singing after each other, and this monotone, continuing for four, five, six hours, at last becomes so monotonous that a deadly bore is the unavoidable consequence. The system of making the orchestra sing and the voice accompany, is unnatural, and, like every unnatural thing, cannot stand muster. Can there be any sense in a man or woman feeling anger, tenderness, or rage, and the orchestra to express it, while the person moved, speaks on in colorless recitative ? It is moreover interesting to note that this kind of duetting was exactly the way two hundred years ago, so that instead of progressing to the music of the future, Wagner retrogrades to the music of the past.

To quote all the downright nonsense which the apostles of the Prophet publish in order to insure the people's adoration in the measure which Wagner thinks due to himself, would be most unprofitable and unnecessary. But it is curious to see to what an insane degree exaggerated enthusiasm may be driven, when in reality based upon no sincere convictions, and only bent to puff beyond all limit a man whose great qualities are just in the inverted ratio underrated by many, because they are so systematically, and as a very insult to common sense, overrated by "the few select," who fancy that to them only is an insight and an understanding of this superhuman genius conceded.

I will pass over the doctrine which one Mr. Wollzogen laid down, that : Only those who adore Wagner have a right to judge his work. Because, says this Chancellor to the Emperor of Music, "to judge Wagner you must know him, and to know him is to adore him."—Quod demonstrandum erat. Just like the Sopists proved that it could never be verified whether the inhabitants of Mycenæ were truthful people or not; because, said they, "Aretas, an inhabitant of Mycenæ, says they are all liars. If so, then he, who is an inhabitant of

Mycenæ, is a liar too. In this case, what he says cannot be believed, and if so, none is a liar. But if none is a liar, he an inhabitant is not a liar either. His words therefore deserve credence, and then they all must be liars." There is no reason why this argument should stop anywhere. Once begin to build upon false premisses, and you may build up to the sky, and it will all be false. Anyway, another Apostle, a Mr. Hagen, goes even a trifle further and beats everything that has been said in praise of Richard Wagner, because he shows how far, once launched, flattery may go.

I give his own words in the following translation: "Look up, dust-born humanity, to the sunny light! There you see Plato, you see Kant, you see Schopenhauer, those solitary geniuses of all times, all powerful and gigantic. Yet, above all these towers one genius over them: Richard Wagner. Hail to thee, Plato; hail to thee, Kant, and to thee hail, Schopenhauer. Hail to all of you old geniuses; but three times hail to you, Wagner." One would fancy they are lunatics; but the finest part of their demonstration is, to see how utterly false are their comparisons and idolatries. It pleases them for instance to compare Wagner to Schopenhauer the philosopher. But not only has Schopenhauer's philosophy, treating human will as the source of all evil, and acting against one's own will as the only consolation and escape from evil, nothing whatever to do with music, but what Schopenhauer occasionally says about music is totally different from what Wagner affects to lay down as the principle of the "new art." Wagner says that until now all the musicians—himself included in his first operas—have been wrong. The music must be entirely subservient to the text. The word is everything, the singer ought only to speak and the orchestra to sing. Schopenhauer in a chapter referring to music distinctly says: "Music, far from being a mere support of poetry, is an independent art, the most powerful, to my thinking, of all the arts. If music were made too much subservient to the words, it would speak a language which is not its own. Of such a mistake nobody kept so clear as did Rossini, that

is why his music speaks its own language." The readers of this paper may remember that I said when speaking of Rossini, in last month's number of *Temple Bar*, that he does what Wagner preaches. He sings and orchestrates dramatic thought.

Wagner's work began, like that of nearly every musician, with a feeble, unoriginal opera, *Rienzi*. His life began with privations. The ebullition of youth drove him to political outbursts which then no doubt were sincere, although in after life he considerably changed the course of his boat. He was an ultra democrat. He fought for radical opinion on the barricades. By his side fought a friend whom he encouraged to hold out, *come what may*.

But, "come what may" is an elastic expression, and neither politicians nor lovers are always prepared to stand by their word that they will never change. "What may" did come; the soldiers sent the enthusiastic but very badly fighting youths to Halifax, which meant for Wagner pleasant Paris, and for his friend thirteen years' state prison. In Paris the young man could not get a hearing, which of course happens to every young man, who arrives there poor and unrecommended, and he had to copy music and do a lot of little menial work very much more unpleasant than what he did in after life—to make enormous debts and have them paid by a music-mad king. There was one man, however, who took pity on the poor young musician, and he supported him and got him work. This man was a Jew, yclept Meyerbeer, the first man who helped him, the first man whom he attacked the moment he had an opportunity to use his pen in gratitude for services received. Another man gave him the first piano he ever had; this man, also, was a Jew; so that, owing the real starting-point in musical life to a great composer and a benevolent friend, Wagner's mightiest effort as a literary man was to heap every possible insult, absolute, and calumny on the Jews, though the Christians would have allowed him to die from starvation; but then a Christian is only a baptized Jew. Here I must say that a friend of mine who has known Wagner when a very young man, assures me of his belief that Wagner him-

self is of Jewish descent, which his features, his prominent curved nose, his shrewdness and the very musical organization that distinguishes so many Jews, render rather probable. He says that it is just in order to conceal his origin that Wagner acts the Jew-eater with such violence.

Be this as it may, I know that he says not only that in Vienna the Jews have attacked and most grievously harmed him—the said Jews being the well known critics, Hanslick, Schelle and Speidl, all three the best Catholics, as Vienna Catholics go; but he even openly stated that he could not return to England because the unfriendly reception which greeted him at his last appearance here, or, in his own words, "the antipathy with which he met in London, years ago, is based upon the peculiar character of the English religion having more affinity with the Old than the New Testament." That is to say, there are only two true religious systems in the world: Wagnerites and Jews. Those Christians that do not adore Wagner and "no other God by his side" are Jews, *i.e.* a set whose intelligence is nothing but ill-used shrewdness turning the world of believers in Wagner into infidels, who believe in Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rossini—musicians and melodists unworthy of being named in the same breath with the Lord of lords: Richard Wagner.

I am afraid I am becoming too serious; and having mentioned the name of Mendelssohn, I beg leave for diversion's sake to give an unpublished anecdote concerning Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher and ancestor of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy the composer. Frederick II. of Prussia was very fond of having literary men, artists, and singers of talent at his small suppers, and he enjoyed free humor, and encouraged gayety with all his power. He was not like Charles V., who honored musical artists by particularly distinguished epithets, as the following sentence of one of his decrees (Edict) plainly shows: "When acrobats, bear-drivers, musicians, and other tramps (anderes Gesindel) pass through the town," &c. Frederick II., personally fond of music and literature, had a special liking for the philosopher Mendelssohn, who was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are, and he often

gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador—Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to chaff Mendelssohn, who with his quick repartee turned the tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his dwarfish Excellency ran to the King and complained of the plebeian being admitted into circles above his reach, &c. The King told him: "Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were, and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences."

"Ah," said the Ambassador, "he is the man who would consider nobody, and would offend your Majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt."

"Well," said the King, "but I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt, and, any way, he would not offend *me*."

"Is it a wager?" asked the Ambassador.

"Certainly," replied the King.

"Well, if your Majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Will your Majesty at the next supper-party write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' and put that paper signed by your own hand on his table?"

"I will not; that would be a gratuitous rudeness."

"It is only to see what he would do, whether his presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your Majesty."

"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty afterward to tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish."

"Agreed; only the paper must be signed under the words: 'Mendelssohn is one ass,' so that there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your Majesty."

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would all end, the King wrote and signed the paper as required.

The evening came; table was laid for twelve, the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate, and the guests, several of

whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled.

At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat round it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather shortsighted and observing some paper, he took it very near his eye, and having read it, gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the King. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn."

"Oh no," said Mendelssohn, "it is nothing."

"Nothing? nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while—"

"But that I tell you that it is; I command you to tell me."

"Oh, some one has taken the liberty to joke in very bad taste with your Majesty; I'd rather not . . ."

"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the second.'"

Now let us return to Wagner. As I said, his first opera made no effect, it bore the traces of other composers whose works had impressed his mind; it was nothing, it did not even show *unguem leonis*. Success, however, crowned his other operas, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, &c.—splendid works, operas in the full sense of the word, not such mathematical examples as the *Rheingold*, where a lady after listening for two hours asked me: "But when is the music coming?" As yet I have heard no music," which is the best criticism on these tedious heaps of recited phrases. But scarcely had he success, than he wanted to mount up higher than any born man, abusing all known composers, and he particularly desired to revenge himself on the French people, because they allowed the unknown young man to starve. He began posing, as I before stated, as a victim, and at last he reached with his complaints a personage so high, that he received the promise that all possible endeavors should be made to have his *Tannhäuser* performed at the Grand Opéra, Paris.

The Emperor Napoleon III. subventioned the Opera with nearly a million of

francs a year, and Monsieur Fould, Minister of Finance, and Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur, had the Opera especially in his department, where he dictated the law. The intrigues rose to such an extent that Madame de Lagrange once told a story of the husband of a singer engaged at the Opera, who thinking his wife slighted by another singer, provoked that singer's brother, and only killed him on the spot; and she added: "Mais les intrigues de la cour ne sont qu'une pâle copie des intrigues du théâtre!" Anyhow, Monsieur Fould informed the patron of Wagner, whom we will call the Princess M., that she could depend upon his services, but that it would be as well to make the Emperor give him the order.

The Princess was *très bien en cour*, and doubted not that she would succeed in making the Emperor give the order—which he did—that the parts of the *Tannhäuser* be distributed, and the rehearsals begun.

Was it the unpopularity of the man, Wagner having recently published several articles attacking the great German masters, sacred to the Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire, or was it the unaccustomed style of the music? whatever it was, the singers made immense difficulties. First one, then another, finally, all sent back the parts, saying they could not sing it. The Régisseur Général, who could not bear Wagner, whose frightful French tore his Parisian ears, put on a hypocritical despair, and armed with all the letters of the recalcitrant singers, demanded an audience of the Minister, and "deeply regretted the impossibility of carrying out his Majesty's orders."

"You forgot," said the autocratic Minister, "that the Emperor is the master, that he supports the house, and that they *must* sing if he chooses to will it so."

"That is just what I told them, your Excellency, but I fear it will want a positive order of his Majesty . . ."

Monsieur Fould, who knew very well that the Emperor wished to please the Princess, but that nothing was more distasteful to him than to risk his popularity with favorites of the public, submitted the whole conversation to the Emper-

or in the evening. It was a Monday, one of the emperor's *petits lundis* at the Tuileries, where the smaller circle of the *habitués* assembled, and of course the Princess was there too.

The Emperor, who had only just been informed of the sending back of the parts, which moved him as an act of insubordination, but which, on the other hand, he did not wish to make a state affair of, called the Princess and told her the difficult position he was in. But a lady will never hear of any reason which is not to her taste, and she insisted that the Emperor should not be dictated to, that surely there was some woman's intrigue at the bottom; and she was just delivering a brilliant speech on the danger of putting up with intriguing women when—

The door opened, and General Fleury, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, walked in and spoke to the Emperor for a short time in whispers, when suddenly the Emperor said aloud: "By no means keep her in prison, you would only make a political martyr of her and give a stupid incident an importance; release her at once." Fleury went out, and the Emperor, turning to the Princess, said to her laughingly: "That is a thing you could not do." "What is it all about?" asked all the ladies, with a curiosity which of course is most exceptional with ladies. "The matter is," said the Emperor, "that at the Bal Mabille, where as you know, or perhaps you do not know, those girls dance the cancan, they are forbidden by the rules to lift up their legs more than two inches from the ground, and the gendarmes have to watch over the fulfilment of this regulation. But it appears that there is a little girl, whose name is Rigolboche, who infringed this rule, and when the gendarmes warned her not to do so again, do you know what she did?"

"No," said the ladies, who in high excitement surrounded the Emperor as if he had been talking of some battle just won.

"Well," continued the Emperor, "she defied the law in the person of a gendarme, went a step back, and suddenly taking her *élan*, with the tip of her boot knocked off the gendarme's hat. Of course he arrested her, but there

seems to have been such an uproar and even serenade before the Commissaire de Police, that I ordered her immediate release, not to make an affair of it. But she must be very quick, because the feat seems rather gymnastically clever!"

"And that," said the Princess, "was what your Majesty said I could not do? Certainly I should never try."

"That is a very easy way to get out of the difficulty."

"I do not think it a difficulty, and if there were any reason for my doing so, I believe that I could do it."

"You think so? Very well. I will make you a proposal. You see in what a difficulty you placed me with all my singers. Assuredly I *can* force them, but I would rather not. Now if you will agree to my proposal, we will settle the affair at once. I will put on my hat and go to the centre of this room. You go a few steps back, just as much as you think convenient. If at a given moment you can take your *élan* and do what that Rigolboche did—but without touching anything but my hat—I will give order that the *Tannhäuser* must be given. But if you fail to do what you seem so confident of, there is an end of the affair, and you must promise that you will never mention it again. Is that a bargain?"

The Princess reflected a few minutes and then said: "Right, let it be so."

You must know that the lady whom we call "Princess M." was one of the most distinguished ladies by birth and position, that she made the *honneurs de sa maison tout à fait en grande dame*, yet that she had such a propensity, as Dupin said, to imitate *ces dames* that she took singing-lessons of that vulgar singer Theresa, and that she once in her *salon* sang a driver's couplets, dressed as a coachman—*fallait voir*? Having at heart that *Tannhäuser* should be given just because the scheme was so strenuously opposed, she took her courage *à deux mains*—I should say *à deux pieds*—measured her distance well, and—
—one month after, the *Tannhäuser* was given. The uproar from beginning to end certainly did not arise from displeasure excited by the music, but the fact that all the intrigues were known which had been set in motion at Court, to compel the singers to produce a

foreigner's work, the foreigner, as I said, having made himself very unpopular through his selfish and pugnacious attacks on the idols of the public. The whole Jockey Club went, and with numbers of representatives, all armed with whistles and keys, mercilessly drowned the music in hisses. The Emperor was present. He came to the second performance again, but it was an *affaire nationale*, their blood was up against the arrogant German and down he went. The opera had to be withdrawn.

After this fiasco, Wagner swore for the second time eternal hatred to France, and he revenged himself nobly when, in 1871, the Germans invaded that country, unprepared as it was, and beat it as mercilessly as Wagner's *Tannhäuser* had been hissed.

Wagner published what he called a satire on the fallen foe, dragging in the mud in the lowest, most vulgar, and inept manner, Paris, Victor Hugo, the whole nation, and in a French, for which alone he would deserve the crucifixion of which he always talks.

In the *Meistersinger*, which he then wrote, he began the frightful system of the singers being made to accompany the orchestra, but the book being amusing and the orchestra at least full of melody, it goes smoothly to the end.

But what followed and the crowning of the edifice, *Tristan*, and more than anything the *Nibelungs Ring*, is simply excruciating ear-torture. The singers are mere parrots in the affair. They have intervals to sing which it does not matter a bit whether they are sung as they are written or not, for false they are at any rate, and while at that game there is no difference of character of the one or the other; the ladies could sing the gentlemen's intervals—provided it be false, it is all right.

Everybody or everything that comes on the stage, a god, a woman, a sword, the fire, all are represented by a few notes which are called a *Leitmotiv*, that is to say these very same few notes are repeated whenever there is an allusion to the person or the thing. And these motives are very easy to retain, there are only *ninety*! Fancy going and learning all these bits of bars by heart in order to hear it repeated every time where an allusion is indicated by the band! You

have to go through a regular training, in order to be worthy of standing the bore of seventeen hours' performance during four evenings. And where, you ask, are the fools to subscribe to such conditions? And what for? Reply: I, such a fool, have studied the music, the orchestral score of the four operas, which weighs two tons. I have read fifty-two volumes referring to the subject and its origin, I have heard it in Bayreuth when the house was so dark that you could read nothing, and I have twice heard a whole cycle here in London continually with the score before my eyes. So I hope now I have a right to speak out my mind and to say: A more shocking assemblage of crimes, both uninteresting and unnecessary, a more torturing assemblage of diminished sevenths, enharmonics, forced modulations, unnatural intervals, unsingable recitatives, monotonous, interminable, endless bores of conversations by the side of an undoubtedly most powerful treatment of the orchestra, I have never heard, and never hope to hear again. Like a drop of water in the desert were some rare motives, not half a dozen in four evenings; of these Wagner makes the utmost; but for our emaciated skeletons this drop of water is no help, no reward, no saving, during the despair of these seventeen hours.

Wagner is a clever man certainly. But cleverness tries to induce you to accept what is not; whereas genius makes you accept with joy what *is* genuine. It draws you to itself, whereas the former, if it does attract you, at the same time rouses a certain suspicious feeling of being taken advantage of. You throw yourself into the arms of genius, you are cheated out of your confidence by cleverness. Both genuine and artificial music get up into your head, the former with inspiration, the latter with false excitement—like good and bad champagne, the one making you feel happy the other giving you the headache, or getting like opium, into your brain—making you dream at first and downright sick after a while.

This great man, so serious, with knitted eyebrows and full of dignity, who wrote a four-evening drama with one moral, if any moral at all may be deduced from it, viz., that gold not only does

not make men happy, but that it makes them unhappy; drinks his coffee only in a heavy golden cup, surrounds himself with all that luxury can produce, and he preaches this supreme contempt of gold just as Seneca wrote on the small value of money, when he was possessed of thirteen millions of sesteria.

It is but just, when speaking of Wagner, to touch upon one other name which became first known to the English public through Richard Wagner; that is, Hans Richter. The man is born to be a conductor, he plays the orchestra like any performer his instrument, he has the most inconceivable memory, knowing scores of scores by heart, not only the phrases, but every instrument where it comes in. Being a German, he has unbounded command over his countrymen; but, what is more astonishing, over Englishmen also; and he stood the biggest test that any authority can stand—the ridicule.

His English is capital, and at the rehearsals he comes out sometimes with phrases that are worth their weight in gold. Remember, please, that pizzicato means pinching the string with the finger, and that string in German means *Seite*, so he called out once: "The staccato not with the nail but with the MEAT, and on the C side." Once his band got careless when he instantly shouted: "No republic here; will you take your movement or mine?" They laugh but religiously do what he demands; because they know that whoever is wrong, he is the man who can

snatch the instrument, violin, horn, whatever it may be, out of the performer's hand, and show every one of them what he ought to have done. I have seen him several times at rehearsals call upon the chorus: "Why the—do you not come in with such a phrase," singing for them the music and the words all together. Once in Munich a tenor did not appear at the general rehearsal. Richter passed his bâton to Hans v. Bülow, went on the stage and sang the whole part without a mistake in text or music. When an orchestra know that they have such a giant at their head, he can even afford to speak of the "meat of the finger tip." He is not to be shaken in his position.

But very different is the case with a man who started himself with political radicalism, and when he found it "answered" better, allowed a king, the "tyrant" of his younger days, to aid him in his career; a man who sets himself up as a victim poor and misunderstood and lives in gold and silk—not like Mozart, who did not leave money enough to be buried with; when such a man poses as a poor misunderstood poet—then it is high time to tell him that, clever as he is, talented as he is, gifted as he undoubtedly is, he wants the whole world to be deceived and to fall into the dust before a false prophet, and forsaking all real art, the real masters, the sacred works of real genius—to acknowledge only Richard Wagner.—

Temple Bar.

A TOURIST'S NOTES.

PERCHANCE I dream: or have we gone
Through Picardy and broad Champagne?
Five friends, 'our five days' wandering done,
Our faces set for home again.

Surely a dream: that evening fire
That lighted Amiens' sculptured west,
And touched with glory coign and spire,
Flames but in islands of the blest.

Noyon: its old-world houses round
The grey church, every buttress fair
And soaring arch with wallflower crowned,
The library, the courteous Maire;

And Laon throned above the vale,
 Wind-smitten towers, and rampart steep;
 These must be memories of a tale,
 Read long ago, recalled in sleep.

The organ tones, the shrilling strings,
 The golden copes, the incense cloud
 At Rheims; the gifts of murdered kings,
 The lifted Host, the people bowed.

Once more a dream: for faith has ceased,
 And like an echo faint and far,
 The creeds, the mass, the chanting priest
 All were, but yield to things which are.

And so five days 'neath summer skies,
 Ere summer came, we five have sped;
 Say, shall we wake more sad, more wise,
 Nor e'er recall the visions fled?

No; they were real; the merry jest,
 The banter free, the courteous wish
 Of each to yield, the sense of rest,
 The enjoyment of each simple dish,

Were merely human; things of earth;
 No heavenly visions of the night;
 Emotion touched with harmless mirth
 Made all the journey pure delight.

Bright days! Bright scenes! I think that each
 Made friendlier who were friends before:
 Ah! guard their memory till we reach
 The land where laughter is no more.

Belgravia Magazine.

ÆSTHETIC POETRY: DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

IN December last, the President of the Royal Academy delivered an interesting lecture to the students of the Academy, in which he addressed himself to the question, What is the proper end and aim of Art, and in what relation does Art stand to Morals and Religion? In answering these questions, Sir Frederick Leighton set himself vigorously to combat the didactic theory of Art—that which maintains that the first duty of all artistic production is to inculcate a moral lesson or a Christian truth, and that the worth and dignity of a work of art is to be measured by the degree in which it performs this duty. Yet, while entirely repudiating this view, he strongly maintained that the moral force or weakness

of the artist's character would reveal itself in his work—that the *ethos* of the artist tinges every work of his hand, and moulds it silently, but with the certainty of fate.

With regard to the didactic theory of Art, he showed very clearly that it did not hold in the case of Spanish painting, especially in that of its greatest master, Velasquez; neither did it square with all the facts regarding either the Italian or the Flemish school of painters. But in arguing the whole question, Sir Frederick Leighton narrows the issue to the direct inculcation of some moral truth, and by so narrowing it has no difficulty in overthrowing the didactic theory. For the purpose of inculcating moral

precepts, teaching definite truths to the understanding, the simplest spoken homily, if sincere in spirit and lofty in tone, is more effective, as he tells us, than all the creations of all the most pious painters and sculptors, from Giotto to Michael Angelo. This is true. But it is one thing to disprove the didactic theory—quite another to invalidate the moral significance of art. There are many avenues by which the soul can be reached, stirred, and elevated beside the understanding. Do not indirect and quite inarticulate influences often melt into us more powerfully, do us more good, than the clearest, most forcible appeals to the intellect? Who has not felt if, after listening to the best spoken discourse, he has wandered forth alone into the fields, that there was something in the silent face of Nature which sank more into him, more soothed and reconciled his whole inner being, than any words of man? The same is the effect of the finest music, though no one could express in language what it conveys.

Sir Frederick's own view is that the function of Art is to speak to the emotional sense—to awaken the emotions throughout their whole range up to the highest in the scale. If so, he would, no doubt, allow that the highest emotions are those which are born in the highest regions of man's nature, which connect themselves with the greatest ideas of the intellect, the deepest ethical truths, and the noblest spiritual faiths. Art, if it is high art, cannot stop with the exhibition of color, or form, or sound, however exquisite. These sensible media it employs, not for their own sakes, not to produce merely pleasant sensations, or to convey clear-cut conceptions, but the artist so touches these that through them he may set vibrating fine spiritual echoes, and prolong them endlessly "through the sounding corridors of the soul." And in proportion to the mass, the variety, the complexity, and the elevation of these emotional echoes which he awakens, is the dignity and excellence of his work. This is a very different thing from saying that Art must directly inculcate ethical truth. The mind which is in the didactic attitude, which sets instruction of any kind before it as its purpose, is by that very act cut off from the true sources of inspira-

tion. By all means let art be free to range over the whole expanse of Nature and of human life, and to express, as far as it can, *all* the emotions which these awaken in men. We must not limit its province to the ethical or the religious region—much less must it impose on itself a didactic aim, or confine itself to this. Indeed, the idea of imposing on it any aim beyond that of expressing the delight it has in the objects it loves, and the thrilling emotions which spring from the contemplation of these, is alien to the very nature of poetic or artistic inspiration. It is the characteristic of genius that it is unconscious alike of its methods and its aims. It cannot tell how it produces its results, or why. It is something more than a merely natural power, this which we call inspiration. It proceeds by a path we cannot trace, works in a way inexplicable by the understanding. This is so; therefore let genius work as it lists, untrammelled by didactic purpose. And yet, if we can suppose two men of equal genius, of equal artistic power, one of whom dwells by instinct and habitually on the higher moral and spiritual levels, while the other is conversant only with things earthly and mundane—can any one doubt whose hand of the two would mould the finest creations? Genius, whether pictorial or poetic, achieves the noblest results, when it is led, not of set purpose, but by unconscious sympathy, to live in the highest regions of being, and to express the emotions which are native there. And the art of such a one will be, in the truest sense, moral and religious, though it never dreamt of inculcating anything. It will be so in the best way, that is, by instinct and unawares. So, then, we conclude, that while it is true that art is the vehicle to express *all* emotions, it is at the same time true, as has been said, that "it has always found itself at its best when its instinct has led it to express the higher religious and moral emotions." As a friend lately well expressed it, "Our sense of beauty is so allied and akin to our moral sense that whenever *mere* beauty is aimed at in a work of art, we feel a deficiency. The beauty is ten times as lovely if there is a soul of moral purity seen through it by the eye that seeks the inward beyond the outward." It

comes, then, to this, that if we would reach the highest beauty, we must forget beauty and ascend beyond it. One instance more of a well-known law of ethics, that it is not always true "that to get a thing you must aim at it. There are some things which can only be gained by renouncing them." And the highest beauty is one of these. Or to adapt words from Cardinal Newman: "The highest beauty and moral goodness are inseparably connected, but they who cultivate the goodness for the beauty's sake are artistic, not moral, and will never reach the beauty, because they can never really love the goodness." For the apprehension of the highest beauty, there is needed not merely a fine sensibility and a cultivated taste. The sense of it does not come merely from the intellect, or from the æsthetic faculties, as they are called—something more is needed, even a heart, pure and right.

Mr. Ruskin has told us that if the sense of beauty begins with pleasure at the sight of an object, it does not stop there but includes joy in and love of the object, then a perception of kindness in a superior intelligence—finally thankfulness and reverence toward that intelligence. To borrow words of the lately-departed Dr. John Brown, "All beauty of thought, passion, affection, form, sound, color, and touch, whatever stirs our mortal and immortal frame, not only comes from, but is centred in God, in His unspeakable perfections. This we believe to be not only morally, but, in its widest sense, philosophically true, as the white light rays itself out into the prismatic colors, making our world what it is—as if all that we behold were the spectrum of the unseen Eternal."

This, the moral theory of beauty, Mr. Ruskin has unfolded throughout his works, and especially in the second volume of his "Modern Painters;" and he deserves our gratitude for the strong witness he has borne to the doctrine, that all sublimity and all beauty is an adumbration of the unseen character of the Eternal One.

I am well aware that there are other theories of Beauty than this, which measure it by quite other standards. There are those who hold that Beauty should be sought for its only sake, quite

apart from any moral meaning it may be alleged to have. They proclaim loudly what is called the moral indifference of Art, and that to try to connect it with moral ideas or spiritual reality is to narrow and sectarianize it. They deprecate entirely in their idea of Beauty any transcendental reference, and say that it has certain occult qualities of its own, which may be known and appreciated only by a refined nature and a cultivated taste. Such persons, one soon perceives, mean primarily by Beauty, sensuous beauty, grace of form and outline, richness or delicacy of color. Painting, as the highest of those arts which deal with sensuous beauty, they take especially under their wing, and not painting only but all the arts which minister to the adornment of outward life. But such a pursuit of Beauty, genuine though it may be at first, because it has no root in the deeper, more universal side of human nature, swiftly degenerates into a mere fashion. What is new, rare, or antique, or out of the way, gets valued because it is so, not from any spiritual meaning or intrinsic worth it possesses. A surprise, a new sensation comes to be the one thing desired. Hence comes affectation, and artificial, as opposed to natural and healthy, sentiment. Mannerism, modishness, exclusiveness, the spirit of coterie, are the accompaniments of this mental habit, which craves for beauty, divorced from truth of life, without any really human and ethical root.

What this spirit is producing in the region of Art it is not for me to say—many of my readers know this for themselves. Do not its results meet us at this moment in all our galleries? It more concerns me here to note how a kindred spirit reveals itself in our poetry and criticism. In these, too, there has been for some time apparent a tendency—perhaps born of the artistic tendency, certainly closely allied to it—to make much of sensuous beauty, apart from any inward meaning it conveys. We have a poetry in which beauty of form and outline, gracefulness of attitude, richness of coloring are attempted to be portrayed in the most elaborate, sometimes affected, diction, and with the most high-wrought and luscious

melody of words. In the pursuit of this sensuous beauty men have gone back, as they supposed, to the Greeks, whom they fancied to be the great masters of it. But they have forgot that in the best and greatest of the Greeks—in Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles—color and grace of attitude are rigorously subordinated to the exhibition of great human qualities, or of moral truths. Indeed this worship of sensuous beauty, for its own sake, is not the growth of a vigorous age, strong in manhood, but is the mark of a late and decadent civilization. To appeal to the imagination chiefly through the eye, divorced from high thought, tends very surely to degrade the imagination and to lower the soul. The boundary line between the sensuous and the sensual may not in theory be easily defined, but in practice it is easily crossed, and there are not a few instances in modern literature in which it has been crossed very decidedly. If when the eye discerns beauty, the beauty does not become the index of something higher than itself, if to the soul it is not a step by which it springs upward, very speedily it becomes a snare to lure it downward. The senses of sight and smell, gorgeous color, and richness of perfume, these minister most readily to sensuous delight, and these are the sensations which sensuous poets most affect. The ear is a more spiritual sense, and so we find the spiritual poet making sound, not sight, ally itself to the finest beauty.

"She shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

But the poet who is chief favorite with all the modern beauty-worshippers is Keats. In his earliest poem, "Endymion," there is little else but a revelling in sensuous delights; but, before his brief life closed, he had begun, as Mr. Arnold has lately well shown, to feel his way upward, to apprehend a severer, more spiritual beauty. Had he lived he would probably have risen from sensuous impressions to the moral meanings of things. As it is, the works he has left exemplify the first part of his famous line "Beauty is truth." The second part, "Truth is Beauty," he had

not yet attained to show. Keats has had many followers among recent poets, but they have mostly seized on his lower phase and exaggerated it, and have not risen to the height toward which he himself was latterly tending. If Keats is their prime favorite, there are others of our poets whom this school have, in an exclusive sort of way, appropriated as their own possession. Shelley, Coleridge, and Blake are high in the admiration of the abler men of the school, while their second-rate followers affect to despise Wordsworth as a tiresome prosier, Byron and Scott as shocking Philistines; even Shakespeare they would taboo, if they dared. Such are the vagaries of some, but it would not be fair to credit the stronger heads of any school with the absurdities of its weaker brethren.

One of the latest and greatest of the school of Keats, if we may venture so to tabulate him, has but recently passed from among us. This sudden and lamented loss has probably made many look into the poetry of Dante Rossetti, who before had been strangers to it. There exists, I believe, a circle of intimate friends, who have long known his powers, and admired the fruits of them, and the views of these admirers are to be met with, at times, in contemporary literature. It may perhaps be worth while for one of the uninitiated to give the impressions this poetry has made on him, coming to it recently with a fresh eye and an unprejudiced mind.

Mr. Rossetti's poetry is contained in two volumes, one published in 1870, the other in 1881. To begin with the first volume, you cannot open it without being struck by the marked individuality of manner, and also by the signs of poetic power which meet you on the surface. When you have entered a little farther into the precinct, you become aware that you have passed into an atmosphere which is strange, and certainly not bracing—the fragrances that cross your path are those of musk and incense rather than of heather or mountain thyme. It takes an effort to get into the mood which shall appreciate this poetry—you require to get acclimatized to the atmosphere that surrounds you. And, as you proceed, you meet with things which make you doubt

whether you would much desire the acclimatization. At the same time you are aware of the presence of genuine poetic power, even though you may be far from admiring some of its manifestations.

It would have been much more grateful to me, if of a man of genius, both a painter and a poet, so lately departed, one who by his works and character attracted to himself many admiring friends, I could have spoken only that to which I could expect them to respond. But as Dante Rossetti's poetry has probably already influenced the tone of our poetic literature, and may still further influence it, I feel bound to say what seems to me the truth regarding it, while I at the same time endeavor to do so with consideration for the feelings of others. It must be remembered, all that is here said now is the impression made on the writer by the study of these two volumes, which contain all he knows of their author.

I shall first notice what seem to be the weaknesses and faults of this poetry, then pass to the more pleasing duty of trying to show some of the beauties it contains.

As to the manner or style, the first thing that strikes one is that many of these poems take, as has been said, a great deal of reading. And even when you have given this, and gone over them many times, there are not a few, for which one would not like to be made responsible to furnish the explanation. I know not whether these particular poems will ever be thought worthy of the attention of those societies which meet nowadays for the purpose of illustrating poets who are obscure, but are believed to be oracular. There are various kinds of obscurity in poets, and various causes for it. In the case of Rossetti it would seem to come from too much after-thought and over-elaboration. If the poems had been struck off under the first access of emotion, and been fully pervaded by it, one cannot think that we should ever have had many of the subtleties and out-of-the-way thoughts and over-driven metaphors, which darken the meaning of many of the poems. But if after the emotion has cooled down, ingenuity, no longer supported by the inspiring heat, went to work upon

the subject, then would appear just such far-fetched thoughts, passing into conceits, such linked subtleties long drawn out, as we here too often meet with. Hence it is that few of the poems arrest you and carry you along with a spontaneous interest. They require rather a set purpose to study them, an effort to get at their meaning. The art, in short, is stronger than the inspiration. No doubt when you have pierced the cloud of redundant imagery and the incrustation of elaborate diction, you do find that the poet has "rescued some inward and delicate moods" from the border-land of "inarticulate meditation." Yet even for these evanescent moods, which can only be hinted at, not expressed, the pure style, which is simple, transparent, unloaded with ornament, is, we believe, the fittest vehicle.

We regret to see so much of whatever poetic feeling is among us, overlaid nowadays with this artificial diction, this cloying ornamentation. Whenever a stronger, manlier inspiration shall come and breathe on poetic hearts, it will, we believe, scatter before it the unhealthy sentiment which now prevails, the overwrought imagery, dainty sweet, which is its accompaniment.

As to the substance of the first volume, the tone of sentiment which certainly predominates is the erotic. So we call it, for it has little in common with the pure and noble devotion which the best of our older poets have immortalized. This amatory or erotic sentiment is unpleasant in the poem called "Eden Bower, or Lilith;" it is revolting in the ballad of "Troy Town." But the taint of fleshliness which runs through too many of the other poems reaches its climax in some of the twenty-eight sonnets, entitled "The House of Life." These sonnets not only express, but brood over thoughts and imaginations which should not be expressed, or even dwelt on in secret thought. Not all the subtle association or elaboration of words, nor dainty imagery in which they are dressed, can hide or remove the intrinsic earthliness that lies at the heart of them. One cannot imagine why—one cannot but regret that—they should even have been composed by a man of so much genius. What would become of our

English homes if an atmosphere like this were allowed to pervade them? It was in no such atmosphere that the noble manhood and pure womanhood of the England of past time were reared. From such an atmosphere minds used to the noble love that Scott depicted, imaginations fed by the portraits of Desdemona, Portia, Cordelia, instinctively turn away. Rossetti is said to have formed himself mainly on Shakespeare. If so, it is the young and voluptuous Shakespeare of Lucrece and Venus and Adonis which these sonnets recall, not the Shakespeare of the great tragedies, or of *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*.

It has been said that these sonnets contain an allegory. If so, the allegory is well concealed—the unpleasant images are plain and patent. Again, we know the nonsense that is talked about poetry of this kind being the natural recoil from asceticism and Puritanism. We are aware of the talk of certain cliques about the soul being not more than the body. But poetry like these first twenty-eight sonnets, instead of making the body sacred degrades both body and soul alike. It has taken eighteen centuries of Christianity to make practical among men the true idea of purity. And are we now, under the guidance of a morbid and unmanly art and poetry, to return to that from which the best Pagan poets, Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, would have recoiled? The laws of modesty have been well ascertained, and are as truly natural, as deeply rooted in the best part of human nature, as is the law of truthfulness. It is an evil sign that there exists in so many quarters a disposition to rebel against these laws. Unless the moral plague can be stayed, and the higher literature kept clear of it, it is a sure prelude of moral decadence in a nation. Having said so much against a tendency, which we deeply regret to have found in a poet in many ways so gifted, we gladly turn to the more pleasing aspects of his genius.

The poems fall into three forms: 1st, Ballads, archaic in form, quaint in thought and expression, all more or less touched with glamourie and trenching on the supernatural. 2d, Sonnets, some such as I have spoken of, others expressing natural feeling and sentiment

in fitting language. 3d, Songs and lyrics, of very diverse quality, some of very condensed passion, others fantastic and subtilized till they have become remote from reality.

The first poem of the first volume, the ballad of "The Blessed Damozel," said to have been written when the author was only nineteen, contains at the outset an example of the author's strength and his weakness—the power of bodying forth strange and out-of-the-way situations, and the tendency to do this in a guise and diction so quaint that it verges toward the affected. The whole attitude and scenery of this poem are eminently pictorial, and the subject must, we should think, have engaged the author's pencil as well as his pen.

There is one other ballad in this volume—that of "Sister Helen"—which, after "The Blessed Damozel," stands quite alone in its power and pathos. The story is that of a girl who has been forsaken, and then, in order to revenge herself on her false lover, calls in the aid of an old superstitious rite, and melts the waxen image of him for three days before a slow fire. She does this knowing that the result of it must be the loss of his soul and of her own. The tale is told, in a strikingly suggestive way, in a dialogue between Sister Helen and her little brother, who sees the charm working on the body and soul of the lost man, and reports what he sees to his sister. She replies in few, terse words, in which weird phantasy, rooted revenge, and terrible pathos meet:

"Ah! what white thing at the door has crossed
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?
A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little Brother!"

In another mood is the touching poem, named "The Portrait," on the picture of a lady who is loved and gone:

"This is her picture as she was;
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart—
And yet the earth is over her."

Yet, this, of all love's perfect prize,
Remains; save what in mournful guise

Takes counsel with my soul alone,—
Save what is secret and unknown;
Below the earth, above the skies."

"A Last Confession" is a narrative in blank verse, very powerfully told. It is the story of a Lombard refugee in hiding from the Austrians, who reared a little orphan-girl—her parents had died in the famine, or fled elsewhere—up to womanhood; he grew to love her and she him. But in time she became estranged—loved some one else—and he stabbed her, and years after he confesses the whole story to a priest. The poem is more direct, full of strength, and less artificial than most of these poems. One could wish that the author had oftener wrought after this fashion. The subject is no doubt a painful one, as are most of the subjects in the first volume. For it seems to be characteristic of the school to which Rossetti belongs that calm joy seems gone from their world. Either the brief rapture of the most high-strung passionate emotion, or the long languor, exhaustion, despair, which come as the sequel. But the painfulness of the "Last Confession" is relieved by touches of rare beauty, as—

"Life all past
Is like the sky when the sun sets in it,
Clearest when farthest off."

Or this description of the heroine—

"As the branch sustains
The flower of the year's pride, her high neck
bore
Her face, made wonderful by night and day.
Her great eyes,
That sometimes turned half dizzily beneath
The passionate lids, as faint, when she would
speak,
Had also in them hidden springs of mirth,
Which, under the dark lashes evermore
Shook to her laugh, as when a bird flies low
Between the water and the willow-leaves,
And the shade quivers till he wins the light."

These seem to be the best poems in the first volume, with the exception of one called "Jenny," on which I do not care to dwell now, and some of the sonnets and songs to be noticed presently.

The volume published last year contains three new ballads, two of them long and very elaborate, and all more powerful than the ballads in the earlier volume, except perhaps "Sister Helen." "Rose Mary," the first, is the most studied and elaborately wrought of all the author's ballads. The story

is laid in the mediæval time, and turns upon the magic power which resides in a Beryl stone. Rose Mary's lover, Sir James Heronhay, is about to ride to a shrift at Holycleugh, and her mother has heard that an ambush lies in wait for him by the way. But there are two roads, either of which he can take. And as the Beryl stone has the power to show to a pure maiden whatever she would wish to see, her mother calls Rose Mary to look into the magic stone, and see by which of the two ways it would be safe for Sir James to go. But Rose Mary is not now what her mother takes her to be. By her sin the good angel has been driven out of the Beryl stone, and evil spirits have taken possession of it. She reads the stone amiss. By her advice the knight takes the wrong road, is waylaid by his mortal foe, the Warden of Holycleugh, and foully slain. The mother discovers her daughter's secret, tells her that her lover has perished on the road by which she bade him ride. The knight's body is borne back to the castle, but under his mail the mother finds love-tokens, which prove that he had plighted his troth to the Warden's sister of Holycleugh, and that when he went to the shrift he was going to meet her. Rose Mary, when she knew the truth, lay long in a swoon, but when she awoke, she ascends to a secret chapel, where the Beryl stone lay on the altar. With her father's sword she cleaves the stone in twain, and so drives out the evil spirits which had come into it and deceived her, and brings back the good angel who had been driven forth by her sin. As she dies, the angel receives her, assures her of forgiveness, and of a place in Blessed Mary's Rosebower. The ballad is an excellent example of the elaborately wrought and highly ornamented kind. It has many merits; but one it has not—simplicity and directness, which we take to be the chief characteristics of the real old ballad. Each feeling Rose Mary has, each situation, is over-described; and the pathos of the whole is smothered beneath a cloud of imagery. For instance, at the beginning of the third part, when Rose Mary wakes from her swoon, her sensations are described in nine stanzas, in which heaven and earth, and air and sea, and the nether

world, are ransacked to supply illustrative images. This kind of thing, however well done, palls at last, and by the multitude of details destroys the total impression. The Beryl songs interlaid in the ballad do not help forward the action at all, and seem forced and artificial. Indeed, it would be improved by their omission. The same may be said of most of the refrains with which the other ballads are interlaid.

If we would see how a ballad of elaborate workmanship looks by the side of one in the simple direct style, we may compare "Rose Mary" with Scott's "Eve of St. John." Both deal with tales of lawless love, both draw largely on the supernatural element: which of the two is the most effective—which leaves the deepest total impression? I, for my part, cannot doubt. For real impressiveness the pure style rather than the elaborately ornamental is surely the most suitable and effective. It is refreshing to pass from ballads whose scene is laid in an unreal and fantastic world, to two which deal with actual historic events. The first of these is entitled "The White Ship," in which the Butcher of Rouen, the only survivor, relates the shipwreck and the loss of the son of Henry I. of England. The narrative is told with as much force and directness as could be desired, without circumlocution, and without those strained smiles and images which disfigure "Rose Mary" and others. But best of all Rossetti's ballads, and probably his greatest poem, is "The King's Tragedy," founded on the murder of James I. of Scotland at midnight in the Charter-house of Perth. Here we see how much the poet's genius is enhanced, when he chooses a subject not from fantasy or dreamland, but from historic events, "supplementing," as has been said, "his mortal weakness by the strength of an immortal subject." James I. was the greatest king, except Robert Bruce, who ever reigned over Scotland. A poet, a musician, a warrior, a statesman, he was the most accomplished sovereign, perhaps the most accomplished man, in Europe in his day. On his return to Scotland from his English captivity, he had set himself to reduce his distracted kingdom to law and order, and to curb the proud

and turbulent barons who had for long lorded the land uncontrolled. He and his queen, Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he had wooed during his captivity at Windsor—his first sight of whom he had described so gracefully in his poem of "The King's Quhair"—they two had journeyed to Perth to pass their Christmastide in the monastery of the Black Friars there. During their stay, some nobles in the wild north, who had suffered by the king's vigorous rule, conspired together to take his life as he lived securely in the Charter-house. The tale is told by Catharine Douglas, the noble lady who thrust her arm into the empty staple in the attempt to bar out the king's murderers, and received from that the name of "Kate Barlass."

She tells how on their journey toward Perth, when they reached "the Scottish Sea," that is the Forth, and were about to cross it, at the Queen's Ferry, an ancient beldame appeared, and warned the king not to cross the water, for if he did, he would meet his doom. The king heard her, and replied, that if it had come—

"The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air,
My feet shall fall in the destined snare,
Wherever my road may lie."

He crossed the Forth, and rode on with his queen by his side to Perth. Nearly two months were passed in the Charter-house, when on a stormy night in February, while the wind is loud without, the king and queen within revert to the day they first met at Windsor, and to the scene described in the "King's Quhair."

As they are in the midst of their loving talk,

"Beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
"And the King reared straight, but the Queen
fell back.
As for bitter dule to dree,
And all of us knew the woman's voice,
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.
"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears,
But, alas! it comes too late!
"Last night at midwatch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the
skies,
O King, in a dead light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck,
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn
broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then I journeyed fast and fain,
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's
will,
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth,
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew tree,
O'er the Charter-house of Perth."

The voice had hardly ceased when the king and the queen and their attendants heard "the tread of the coming doom," and the clang of the arms of Graham and his three hundred men. Then follows the well-known scene, Catharine Douglas rushing to the door and thrusting her arm through the staples, to supply the place of the bars which had been removed—

"Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catharine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass."

The king, raising a plank, and plunging down into a vault—the room thronged with armed men—who, not finding him they sought, depart to search elsewhere, then return, guided by one who knew the chamber well to the hiding place, in which, after the naked unarmed king had fought manfully, he is overpowered and slain.

All this is told directly and simply, but at somewhat too great length, and in too circumstantial detail. The whole ballad would have been more effective, if more condensed. But with whatever defects, it stands a noble rendering of a famous historic scene—a poem more likely to survive, I believe, than any other of the long ones in these two volumes.

Mr. Rossetti was evidently devoted to the Sonnet as the form in which he could best express his favorite thoughts and sentiments. This was natural in one who had begun his poetic career by translating many sonnets from the early

Italian poets, and of whom we are told that his earliest and latest model, in all condensed utterance, whether of sonnet or song, was Shakespeare. For the obscurity of meaning which meets us in most of Rossetti's sonnets, the example of Shakespeare might perhaps be pleaded. But it should be remembered that those sonnets of Shakespeare, which take the heart and dwell on the memory, are not obscure, but transparent, and that we know not how much of the difficulty of those which we find obscure, may be due to our ignorance of the subject he was writing of, and to the euphuistic contagion of his time, which even Shakespeare did not escape. We regret to see that Mr. Rossetti's second volume should have reproduced from the first volume most of the unpleasant sonnets we have already complained of. Some of the most offensive indeed have been omitted, but some in the same vein have been added. The more these are veiled in obscurity the better. But there are other sonnets that breathe a different sentiment, whose meaning we would gladly have been able to read plainly. Yet in most of these the sense is so buried beneath a load of artificial diction and labored metaphor, that we believe few but special admirers will take the trouble to unearth their meaning. Wordsworth had thoughts to convey at least as deep as any Rossetti was a master of; yet we doubt if even Wordsworth's obscurest sonnet is not transparent compared with even the average of Rossetti's. We all know the maxim of Horace—

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi;"

and Shelley's saying of poets, that—

"They learn in suffering what they teach in
song."

Here is a way into which Rossetti beats out that truth in his sonnet called "The Song Throe":

"By thine own tears thy song must tears be-
get,
O singer! magic mirror hast thou none
Except thy manifest heart; and save thine
own
Anguish and ardor, else no amulet.
Cisterned in Pride, verse is the feathery jet
Of soulless air-flung fountains; nay, more
dry

Than the Dead Sea for throats that thirst
and sigh,
That song o'er which no singer's lids grew
wet.

"The Song-God—He the Sun-God—is no
slave

Of thine: thy Hunter he, who for thy soul
Fledges his shaft; to no august control
Of thy skill'd hand his quivered store he
gave:

But if thy lips' loud cry leaps to his smart,
The inspired recoil shall pierce thy brother's
heart."

This is the kind of thing we complain
of—this elaborate un-simplicity.

As one reads them one is reminded of
a passage from Milton's Second Book
on "Church Government" (quoted by
the late Dr. John Brown, when speak-
ing of Bailey's "Festus"):—"The wily
subtleties and influxes of man's thoughts
from within" (which is the haunt and
main region of Rossetti) "may be paint-
ed out, and described with a solid and
treatable smoothness." Would that all
our inward and analyzing poets now-
days would paint out and describe after
this manner!

Here are a few samples of his work,
where it leaves the shade, and comes out
into open day. In a sonnet entitled
"The Hill Summit," having told how he
has loitered on the hillside all day, and
only reached the top at sunset, he con-
cludes thus:

"And now that I have climbed and won this
height,
I must tread downward through the slop-
ing shade,
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed,
And see the gold air and the silver fade,
And the last bird fly into the last light."

There is a sonnet on "Lost Days,"
which has a serious, practically earnest
spirit, the more impressive that this
tone is not very frequent in these
poems. Equally impressive are six fine
lines which conclude a sonnet on "In-
clusiveness."

One also called "The Monochordon"
has been often alluded to. It hints
with great power what is so undefin-
able, the inarticulate yet absorbing emo-
tions so multitudinous, yet so opposite,
which are awakened by the finest
music. This is the conclusion:

"Oh, what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned
to flame,

The shifted lifted steep, and all the way?
That draws round me at last this wind-warm
space

And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay."

What "regenerate rapture" may exactly
mean, I must leave others to find out
for themselves, but the sonnet as a
whole is finely suggestive.

Amid so many morbid fancies and
such super-subtilized phrases as these
sonnets contain, we welcome all the more
gladly a few which are purely objective
and clothed in plain vigorous English.
Such is the sonnet on "The Last Three
from Trafalgar," and one on "Winter,"
and one on "Spring;" the latter two,
reproducing so faithfully the English
landscape, without being imitations, re-
call the best manner of Keats. Here is
the last of these:

"Soft littered in the new year's lambing-fold,
And in the hollowed haystack at its side,
The shepherd lies o' nights now, wake-
ful-eyed,

At the ewe's travailing call through the dark
cold.

The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw
o' the old;

And near unpeopled stream-sides, on the
ground,

By her spring cry the moorhen's nest
is found,

Where the drained flood-lands flaunt their
marigold.

"Chill are the gusts to which the pastures
cower,

And chill the current where the young
reeds stand

As green and close as the young wheat
on land:

Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo flower
Plight to the heart Spring's perfect immi-
nent hour,

Whose breath shall soothe you like your
loved one's hand."

Perhaps the divisions between the
different months may be here somewhat
obliterated; yet as we read sonnets like
this with their refreshing out-of-door
feeling we are inclined to say, "O si sic
omnia!"

One word on the lyrics and songs, for
each volume contains a different set of
these. Of the eleven short pieces in
the first volume the last four are all
more or less simple and intelligible in
style, and condense into a few felicitous
lines some fleeting mood, or some one
thought which, coming for a moment,
would have been lost, had it not been

fixed in words. Such are the songs or poems named, "The Wood-spurge," which compresses much sadness into little space, "Honeysuckle," "A Young Fir-wood." The lines named "Sea Limits" express well the feeling that there is one life pervading all things in some mysterious way.

"Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end. Our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

* * *
"Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark, where the murmurs of thronged
men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

"Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart,
Not anything but what thou art:
And earth, sea, man, are all in each."

In the second volume the lyrics have all more or less an undertone of sadness for some loved and lost one, which breaks out here and there into a passionate cry. They dwell mainly on the mystery of our life here and of our destiny. This is expressed in the last of the series, "Cloud Confines," which the author himself, we are told, regarded as his finest lyric work. It repeats the old truth of the inexorable Silence which encompasses us, behind, before, and above.

"Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we?"

"We who say as we go,
Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know some day."

There is also a very touching lament named, "Alas! so long!" This and other of these lyrics close with a faintly

breathed hope, so little removed from uncertainty that it does not relieve the oppressive sadness—the hope that there may be a meeting hereafter—

"Is there a home where heavy earth
Melts to bright air that breathes no pain,
Where water leaves no thirst again,
And springing fire is Love's new birth?"

Rossetti does not rank with the poets of denial and decided unbelief; there is in his poetry a desire, that almost becomes a hope, for better things. But it is a hope so faint that it seems almost next door to despair, and is nearly as sad as despair. Of this kind of poetry, which is unilluminated by the sense of the Divine Presence in the world, and by the hope of immortality, we have surely had enough in this generation. To young poets we should say, Till you have learned something better to tell us on man's life and destiny, had you not better be silent? The world is weary of these moanings of despair, and can well dispense with any more of them. It is really not worth your while to trouble it with your pipings till you have something to tell it; some authentic message to bring of man and of God, and of man's relation to God.

On the whole, we must again repeat our regret that poetic genius, real within a certain range, such as Mr. Rossetti possessed, should, if judged by any high standard, seem to a large extent to have spent itself in vain. The worth of his poetry is vitiated by two grave errors. The first of these is the unwholesome sentiment and the esoteric vein of thought into which he allowed himself to diverge. The second is the exotic manner and too elaborated style, which, for whatever reason, he adopted.

If future poets wish to win the ear of their countrymen, and to merit the honor accorded to the highest poetry, they would be wise to cultivate manlier thought and nobler sentiment, expressed in purer and fresher diction, and to make their appeal, not to the perfumed tastes of over-educated coteries, but to the broader and healthier sympathies of universal man.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

UNTIL the morning of the —th of July, that day making it over five weeks since we had sailed from Southampton, nothing happened that is worth recording. But on that morning the "Lady Maud," being then under a mainsail, foresail, and two jibs, the wind to the northward-of-east, and fresh, a squall blew up, and half an hour after a heavy gale of wind had stripped us of every fragment of canvas, saving the close-reefed foresail; but the wind increasing in fury, this had to be furled, and we lay breasting the monstrous seas under bare poles, our topmasts struck, and the yards on deck.

Taking it altogether, the gale was as fierce a one of its kind as ever I can remember; never indeed approaching the force of a cyclone, though at midnight it came very near to being a hurricane. For hours and hours the ocean was like wool and the sky like ink. The heavy seas which rolled up carried the yacht bodily away to the westward, and I reckoned that the average drift of the vessel was not less than one and three-quarter nautical miles an hour for hard upon seventy-two hours of storm.

The gale blew for three days, and they were the worst three days that ever I had passed. The "Lady Maud," though a powerful boat, and large for her class, was but a small craft to fight such a sea as then ran; nor did she make the weather we might have hoped from her beam and sheer. There were times when her plunges left nothing of her visible but her after-deck down to a few feet before the mainmast; she looked to be smothered in a boiling caldron; and one of those seas tore up the whole length of starboard hencoops, and shot the fragments overboard like a flight of arrows, and robbed us of two dozens of fine poultry.

Our condition below, was truly pitiable. It was the worst part of the storm. The gale was like a sirocco for the temperature of it, and the cabin, with the skylight closed and the companion shut to prevent the water from washing down, was hot enough to bake a joint in. But

add to this intolerable atmosphere the frightful pitching, the sensation of being shot into the air with terrific force and velocity, and then falling with such headlong, sickeningly swift descent, as to make you hold your breath, with the belief that the hull would split open as it crashed into the deafening hollow; whilst the whole fabric rang with the howling and roaring of the tormented seas outside, and the furious blast raged along the dark sky; and every now and again there would be a deadly pause in the yacht's motion after one of her wild plunges, as if the sea she had shipped over her bows, and that had washed aft in a tempest of foam, had proved too much for her, and she was going down. Add this, I say!

No skill, no experience was of any avail at a time like this. The yacht lay to under bare poles, and the helm lashed, and whoever happened to be on deck to watch her stood right aft, for the seas which swept the forecastle made that part of the vessel as perilous as a raft, and no man could have stayed there without being lashed; nay, even then he would have stood the chance of being drowned by the perpetual flying of water over him.

But our miserable condition below was lamentably aggravated by Lady Brookes' agony of apprehension. I believe, had the gale lasted another day, she would have died outright of fright. No food that I heard of passed her lips. She lay upon her swinging bed, moaning and screaming, until the power of making those noises failed her. At one period, indeed, her mind grew deranged, for I afterwards learnt that she had charged her husband with bringing her on this voyage merely to kill her, and stormed and raved at him, until he ran in a state of distraction from her cabin.

His distress was truly deplorable. Between the horror of the gale on one hand, and the alarming state of his wife on the other, he lost all nerve. I remember on one of those evenings being alone in the cabin, listening to the terrifying and thrilling bursting of the seas against the groaning, struggling, stag-

gering hull, and very gravely doubting whether any of us would ever see the sun rise again, when Sir Mordaunt came through the door that led to the sleeping berths, and passing his arm round an iron stanchion, stood looking at me without speaking a word, and his face as white as death. There was an expression of horror in his eyes which made them singularly brilliant and affecting to see, and I then took notice that he appeared to have aged by at least ten years since the morning.

"Come, come," I exclaimed, encouragingly, "let us keep up our hearts, if only for the sake of the women. You know Jack's old saying—'While she creaks she holds.'"

"That may be," he replied, in a wild manner; "but oh, Walton, it's killing my wife! it's killing her! it's killing her!" he repeated.

As I had not seen her, she having kept her cabin from the first hour of the gale, I could not offer an opinion; but had she been anybody else but his wife, I believe I should have told him that a woman who could make such a hullabaloo as she had raised was not a person to die off in a hurry.

"Oh, Walton," he continued, "it's a dreadful blow to have my cherished hopes defeated in this way. I brought her against her will, and yet God knows I acted as I thought for the best. Even should this miserable gale leave us alive, it will have upset all the good she has derived from the cruise."

"I should strongly recommend you," said I, "to abandon all thoughts of returning home in the 'Lady Maud.' Your wisest course will be to land your wife at Kingston, and accompany her to England in one of the mail steamers. It is quite clear that Lady Brookes' nerves will not suffer her to receive any benefit from the sea."

"And can you be surprised?" he cried. "Feel this now!" and as he spoke, the yacht seemed to jump clean out of the water, reeling in her somersault until the edge of the swinging-trays touched the upper deck, and I, from the port side of the cabin, looked down at Sir Mordaunt as though my head was out of window and I was surveying a man on the pavement below. And then came one of those falls which always

filled me with dread. The crash of the hull striking the water was as heart-shaking as the explosion of a great piece of ordnance, and the thunder of the near surges roared like the echo of the report. The deadly pause followed; you could have heard the foam upon the deck seething and hissing to the very doors of the companion, and presently, when the brave little vessel lifted again, my face was wet with sweat. Ay, call me what name you please, my fine fellow; but had you sat in that stifling cabin, and felt that prodigious heave and fall, and waited through that frightful pause to see if she would lift again, you must have a stronger head and heart than I, not to have perspired at every pore as I did.

It was impossible to go on talking. Even the few sentences we had exchanged had to be shouted, so wild and mixed were the sounds in the cabin. Norie lay sick and stupefied in his bunk; he had been there since the preceding day. Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton were with Lady Brookes. The widow, I had heard from Sir Mordaunt, had been unremitting in her attentions to her ladyship, and Miss Tuke had borne herself with great courage. Indeed, these two women were the real heroes of that gale; we men made but poor figures by comparison.

But to cut this part of my log short: the gale left us at noon on a day that made three days of furious storm. The wind fined down with astonishing rapidity. It seemed, indeed, to drop completely and at once. I went on deck to look about me, and stood transfixed and absolutely awed by the appearance of the swell. The height and power of the liquid mountains pass all power of description in words. The monstrous acclivities took their color from the sky, and wore the appearance of molten lead. They poured their gigantic folds along without a break of foam to relieve the livid, heaving, unnatural aspect; and such was the rolling of the yacht, that with every dip of her gunwales she seemed to lay her masts along the water, and it was as much as a man's life was worth for him to let go his hold.

Figure such a sea, without a breath of air to ruffle the gigantic oil-smooth coils! The small rise in the glass did

not encourage me to believe that we were going to have it all our own way yet. Clinging to the companion, I gazed around me, to see what damage the gale had done us. Forward I could trace no mischief beyond the loss of the hencoops; but, on looking at the davits, I saw that the fine quarter-boat with which we had rescued the survivors of the bark's crew had been smashed to pieces—she was no more than a mere skeleton, the stem and stern-posts hanging by the tackles. But the long boat amidships on chocks was safe, though it was strange that it should have escaped the seas which had washed over the bows.

The first to come on deck was Sir Mordaunt. He stood looking around him with the utmost astonishment.

"I can hardly credit my senses!" he exclaimed. "Why, just now it was blowing fit to tear the masts out! Is this only a lull, Walton? It may burst upon us from another quarter in a minute."

"I hope not," said I, "and I hardly think so. Once in my experience—it was in my first voyage—a gale left us as this has done, blew itself clean out, and fell dead. But I remember that it left a better sky than that," I continued, casting my eye on the sooty stooping pall, and noticing the gradual thickening up of the horizon all round.

"How frightfully the yacht rolls!" he cried. "I hope we may not swing our masts overboard. To be reduced to a sheer hulk would about complete the misery of the last three days."

"No fear of that," I answered, "with those topmasts housed and those preventer backstays set up. Is that your doing, Mr. Tripshore?" I called, pointing to those additional supports to the masts, and addressing the mate, who stood holding on to one of the belaying pins which girdled the foot of the mainmast.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and they're all wanted. If there was any chance of this here tumbling lasting, I don't know but what I'd recommend Mr. Purchase to swifter in the rigging. But now the wind's gone the swell will go too."

"Are we booked for any more bad

weather, think you?" said Sir Mordaunt.

"Well, it's hard to say, sir," said the mate, throwing a look round. "It's drawing on thick, but if any wind comes, it won't come hard whilst that fog hangs."

"Where's Purchase?"

"Below, sir, working out his dead reckoning."

"We ought to know what he makes it," said I. "We've been blown by a long slant to the westwards, and if the last observation he took—four days since, mind—was correct, his course should be due east until he can get sights."

"I'll speak to him," said the baronet. "Tripshore, tell Purchase to come to me the moment he has worked out his reckoning, and request him to bring his chart."

The mate went below.

"Sir Mordaunt," said I, "will you tell me how Lady Brookes does? Is she better to-day?"

"She is not worse, Walton; but you will find her thin, and sadly changed. I have made up my mind to do as you suggested. I'll go home with her in one of the mail steamers, and Purchase can sail the yacht to England. We will settle the matter later on. Only let this dreadful swell go down. I can hardly collect my thoughts."

He said this at an instant when an unusually heavy mountain of water heeled the yacht over until she lay almost on her beam ends; the spray shot in a fury of smoke through the submerged scupper-holes, and the toppling sea rose above the level of the bulwark rail. Had we let go at that moment we should have whisked overboard as neatly as a man holding on to the gutter of a roof would drop into the road by relaxing his grasp. The wildness of the tumble appeared to daze the baronet, whose ashen-gray face showed such ravages from the worry, anxiety, and alarm that had possessed him during the storm, as I never should have believed the human countenance capable of receiving the imprint of in so short a period.

As I stood looking at him, Mrs. Stretton came up the companion. I helped her up, and gave her a rope's end to

hold by. She was very pale, and seemed worn out ; her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and she reminded me of the appearance she had presented on the day of her rescue.

"You are wise to come on deck," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "I am afraid you have suffered much from your confinement below and your devoted attention to my wife. Believe me deeply sensible of the sympathy and kindness you have shown her."

"I owe you my life," she replied, simply. "I shall never be able to repay you—nor you, Mr. Walton." And then looking at the sea, she cried, "The wind is gone, and yet in the cabin it feels sometimes as if the yacht were rolling over."

"We have seen the worst of it," said I; "though I should prefer the sunshine to that mist which is gathering around us. Is Miss Tuke coming up?"

"No, as Lady Brookes is asleep, Miss Tuke has gone to lie down," she answered. "What a brave lady she is! In the worst of the gale she never showed the least fear. Oh, I should tell you, Sir Mordaunt, that before Lady Brookes fell asleep we got her to eat a plate of cold chicken and drink some brandy and water."

"I am glad to hear that ; the food will put some strength into her," exclaimed the poor gentleman, with a little show of cheerfulness in his manner that to me somehow made his aspect and tones exceedingly pathetic.

"Her ladyship is no longer afraid of you, then," said I softly in the widow's ear.

"No ; but Mr. Norie was very wise to keep me banished while there was a chance of my frightening her," she replied, whispering. "You cannot imagine what a dreadful condition her nerves are in. Her behavior during the gale was like that of a mad woman. What would have been my sufferings had I been as timid as she was when I was with the poor men on the wreck?" She shuddered, and sighed convulsively, and added, "I am so weary of the sea! It is so cold, so cruel, so merciless! Would to God it had spared my poor love to me! The loss of all that we owned in the world would have been a little matter then."

Here Tripshore came on deck.

"Will Purchase be long?" called out Sir Mordaunt.

"I don't think so, sir," answered the mate, giving me a queer look, the meaning of which I could not guess.

All this while we lay floundering and wallowing under our lower-masts, with not a fragment of canvas showing. Sail was of no use to us until some wind came. An hour's idle beating and flogging upon those shooting, staggering, and swinging spars, would have done our canvas more harm than three months of fair wear. The schooner lay broadside to the swell, that now and again depressed her so sharply that the green water poured over the bulwark-rail on to the deck, and went washing as high as a man's knee over to the other side with the send of the vessel ; and the jerking and straining of the masts was so violent, that it would not have greatly surprised me had the chain plates drawn, and the lofty sticks gone away overboard.

About twenty minutes after Sir Mordaunt had sent for him, Purchase emerged and came clawing and lurching along to where we stood. He had a chart under his arm and a sheet of paper in one hand. His face was unusually red, his cap was drawn low down over his forehead, and fake upon fake of blue spotted neckcloth coiled round his neck gave him such a strangled look as was disagreeable to see.

"Purchase," said Sir Mordaunt, "I am anxious to know what you make our position. We must have been driven a good many leagues to the westward, and the weather looks very ugly—very ugly yet, Purchase. No sign of the sun, and no promise of a star to-night;" and he stared upwards and then around him with a dismal shake of the head.

The old man made no answer to this, but leaning against the skylight so as to balance himself, he opened the chart.

"Here, Mr. Tripshore," he exclaimed, in somewhat thick accents, "come and put your hand upon this chart where it curls up."

This was done, and Sir Mordaunt drew near the skipper, holding tightly by the skylight. I stood on the other side, but the chart was intelligible to me though inverted. Likewise I had a good view of Purchase, who, the moment I looked at him close, I could see had

been drinking. Sir Mordaunt found this out also in a moment, no doubt by the smell of the man's breath (for he stood next him). He drew up suddenly and stared at him, and then glanced at me, but said nothing.

"Here's the place where I makes the yacht to be," said Purchase, pressing his square thumb upon the chart. "Ye can read the latitood and longitood," he added, speaking in a greasy, neutral, low-comedian sort of voice, and surveying me with his small wondering eyes.

"What do you make it?" demanded Sir Mordaunt, with a sternness I had never seen in him before, nor should have believed him capable of.

The old fellow raised the sheet of paper to his face, and after bothering over the figures, answered, "Latitood, twenty-five degrees ten minutes; longitood, seventy-three degrees five minutes."

"What drift have you allowed for the three days?" I inquired.

He made no reply.

"Don't you hear Mr. Walton's question?" cried Sir Mordaunt.

"I've got nothing to do with Mr. Walton, sir," he answered. "You're my master."

The baronet repeated my question.

"About thirty mile," he answered, keeping his thumb stuck upon the chart in the queerest posture, as though he wanted to spin his hand.

"You may add another sixty miles to that, Sir Mordaunt, and then be within the mark," said I.

The old skipper looked at me with wondering eyes and a most evil expression in his face. I waited for him to insult me, when I should have told him he was drunk, and talked to him as I should have known how from my old sea training; but he held his peace, perhaps because he saw my intention.

"Here I see is the Crooked Island Passage," said Sir Mordaunt, after pausing to give Purchase time to answer my objection.

"Bearing south by west-half-west," said Purchase. "'Taint my idee to try for that passage, sir. I shall haul away to the east'ards under heasy canvas till the weather clears."

"That's just what you suggested,

Walton," said Sir Mordaunt, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

Purchase looked at me and was about to speak, but the yacht dipping heavily, he gave with it, lost his balance, and went rolling like a barrel down against the bulwarks. This was an accident that might easily have befallen him even had he been perfectly sober; but as we all perceived he was partially intoxicated, his tumble was like an emphasis upon his condition, and Sir Mordaunt looked away with an air of great disgust and irritation from the square scrambling figure as the old noodle got up and lurched toward the skylight, with a purple face shining with perspiration.

Mrs. Stretton whispered, "He is intoxicated, Mr. Walton. He is not in a fit state to talk to Sir Mordaunt, and explain his navigation."

"This is not the first time," I replied, in a low voice. "But Sir Mordaunt will see him with my eyes now, I hope. He is less qualified in my opinion to command this vessel than the cook."

"That will do," said the baronet to Purchase. "You can take the chart below again."

"That's what I makes it, sir," replied the man, again reading the sheet of paper, and trying to steady his voice and comport himself as though he would have us see his fall was no evidence of unsteady legs. "Latitood, twenty-five ten; longitood, seventy-three five." And so saying, he rolled up the chart very slowly, and deliberately took a prolonged view of the sea, and, watching his chance, sheered over to the starboard bulwarks, and clawed himself abreast of the hatchway, down which he disappeared.

Sir Mordaunt stood near me in moody silence, until Mrs. Stretton, who grew fatigued by her posture, asked me to hand her to the companion. I assisted her to descend the steps, and then returned.

"I am afraid you are right in your views of Purchase," said Sir Mordaunt. "He is again in liquor, and I fear the abominable habit is confirmed. Three times we have detected him, and who knows how often he may have been intoxicated in the night-time, when we were asleep? I am greatly deceived and disap-

pointed. I could not have believed he would misbehave again after the conversation I had with him. But I shall say nothing to him. Let him carry the yacht to Kingston, which I have no doubt he'll be able to manage, and I will hand the vessel over to some agents to send to England. We have all had enough of this cruise. For myself, I can honestly say the last week has cured me of my taste for ocean sailing. Henceforth—if I am spared for any more yachting—I shall never go a mile beyond English waters."

"Well, as you say, the man has navigated us so far, and he may be able to accomplish the rest; and perhaps you are wise in resolving to say nothing to him," said I. "But he is out of his dead reckoning—of that I am positive; though as he means to stand to the eastward, his miscalculations ought not to greatly matter."

"When should we make Jamaica, think you?"

"This day week, with anything of a breeze," I answered. "I am assuming, of course, that Purchase's latitude is correct. His longitude I am sure is wrong."

"After his conduct to-day I shall stand no more on ceremony," said he. "I'll not consult the fellow's feelings. If you will take an observation—of course, if a chance occurs," casting a forlorn look at the sky—"you'll greatly oblige me."

"I can take a star in his watch below. He needn't know that I am topping him."

"Why didn't you suggest that before?" asked he, reproachfully.

"Pray remember how sensitive you have been about the man. You staved off all criticism."

"Because I had confidence. And mind, Walton, I am only shaken now because he has broken his promise, and I find him drunk again. But you will do as you suggest? It will ease both our minds to know that his reckoning tallies with ours. And though he should have underestimated our drift to the west, that will not make his observations incorrect."

"Certainly not," said I. "But look there—and there! We shall get no stars to-night. The horizon's not a mile off;

and did mortal man ever see the water of so hideously ugly a color before?"

The thick mist that had been slowly gathering round, coming up from every point of the compass, like the four walls and ceiling which met and crushed the miserable prisoner in the story, had made the visible sea a mere narrow circle of water, which every moment was growing smaller and smaller. The swell, however, was fast falling, though it was still ponderous enough in all conscience; and owing to the diminished compass of the deep, had a more formidable appearance than it wore even when at its worst, owing to the majestic waving of the near horizon. The decks were full of currents of air, caused by the wallowing of the schooner, but there was no wind on the sea. The folds of the swell were as polished as glass. Yet the creeping girdle of mist, and the violent panting of the ocean, and the malignant, sallow, bluish tint of the water, as though it was putrefied, and the lowering lead of the sullen, motionless sky over our staggering masts, filled the mind with a spirit of foreboding miserable to feel and impossible to express.

When the luncheon hour arrived I followed Sir Mordaunt into the cabin, where we found Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton. Before taking his seat, Sir Mordaunt went to his wife's berth, and then returned, accompanied by Norie, who, although greatly nauseated by the detestable rolling, was making a manful fight with it. He had been in attendance on Lady Brookes for the greater part of the morning. This was the first time I had seen him for many hours, and we shook hands like people meeting after a long absence.

I found that Mrs. Stretton was to lunch with us, which I attributed to Miss Tuke's invitation. But now that she was constantly with Lady Brookes, there was no reason why she should not make one of our party, and drop her furtive life in Carey's cabin, and her secret meals with that lady's-maid. I was heartily pleased to see her among us. I had all along felt that Norie's banishment of her, merely because Lady Brookes might take fright at any reference to the horrors of the time spent upon the water-logged bark, was cruel usage to give to the poor shipwrecked wo-

man, whose sex and loneliness, and the dreadful sufferings she had endured, gave her a powerful claim upon our tenderness.

"Do you think we shall have any more stormy weather, Mr. Walton?" asked Miss Tuke.

I answered that it would be very unusual if we met with another gale, as this was not hurricane month. "The air," said I, "is very thick, but a little wind may scatter that, and expose the blue sky again, which I for one shall be glad to see."

"The motion of the yacht is much less violent than it was," said Sir Mordaunt. "The swell goes down fast, thank Heaven."

"Walton," cried Norie, "you do not catch me coming to sea again. An old sailor once said to me, 'Master, a square foot of dry land is better than an acre of shipboard.' And often did that observation rise in my mind while I was praying in the gale, and wondering how long a stout young fellow like me would take to drown."

"If your fright was so great, I wonder your hair preserved its color," said Miss Tuke.

"My fright was very great; I don't deny it. Several times I thought we had upset," he answered.

"That's an honest admission for our friend to make in the face of such courage as you and Mrs. Stretton showed," said I to Miss Tuke.

"The bravery was Mrs. Stretton's," she answered. "Had she not encouraged me, I should have been as frightened as Mr. Norie."

"The fog must be upon us," said the baronet. "How uncommonly dark the cabin has become."

"Hark! What are they doing on deck!" cried Norie, whose nerves were in a condition to be easily alarmed.

"Making sail," I answered, hearing the tramp of feet and the sounds of coils of running gear flung down. "There is a breeze coming, or arrived."

In a few moments the vessel heeled over to starboard, sure evidence that canvas was on her and that wind was blowing. The inclination greatly steadied her, and there was a sensation of buoyancy in her movements as she swung over the swell.

"Can you read that tell-tale over your head, Sir Mordaunt?" I called out.

He stood up and looked at the compass with a pair of glasses that dangled on his waistcoat. The gloom was so deep that he had some difficulty to decipher the points. After a little, he said:

"We are heading south-east-by-east."

I reflected, and said:

"That is not our course. Tripshore should be advised not to make any southing. We have a whole nest of islands under our lee."

He interrupted me.

"Let us go on deck, Walton, and see what they are about."

I threw down my knife and fork, and ran for my hat. Had it not been for the tepid temperature, emerging through the companion into the open air would have been like shooting into a London November day. The mist was as thick as smoke, grayish rather than white, owing to the sun being buried; and had you flung a biscuit over the yacht's side, it would have disappeared before it touched the water, so short was the span of visible sea from the yacht to the concealing folds of vapor. The mist was like a driving rain, and the decks were dark with the saturation of it. The breeze was sweeping the vapor in masses along with it, and whitening the close water with streaks and glancings of foam. The yacht was close-hauled. They had set the double-reefed mainsail and standing and outer jibs, and this canvas was as flat as pancakes under the tautly-bowed sheets. Indeed, our main boom was very nearly amidships. The scud of the head swell stopped the schooner's way, and she was jammed too close to the wind to take much propulsion from the canvas that was stretched like drum-skins fore and aft her. I was bitterly vexed to find the wind sticking in the east. Tripshore came up to us the moment we appeared.

"Do you think you are wise in making any southing?" I asked him.

"Why, sir," he answered, "if Mr. Purchase's reckoning is right, we have plenty of sea room with our head at this."

"But Mr. Walton is persuaded that we are further to the westward than Purchase allows," said Sir Mordaunt.

"Give the matter a moment's consid-

eration, Tripshore," said I. "Will you agree with Purchase that our drift during the gale was only thirty miles?"

"I'm agreeable to double that, sir," he answered. "But even then there's nothing in the way, heading as we go."

"Fetch the chart," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "There's only one road to be taken—and that's the right one."

The man quitted the deck, and I walked aft, to see what leeway we were making. The wake was short, broad, and oily, and veered away on our weather quarter. With my hand upon the compass card, I made it about two points. This was as much leeway as one would look for in a ship under close-reefed topsails. It did not surprise me, however. I knew, under certain conditions, that few schooners could hold their own on a wind better than the "Lady Maud," but the luff choked her. She was under small canvas, and, looking as she was almost right in the wind's eye, it was wonderful that she made any headway at all.

To save this leeway, I thought it would be advisable to ease off the sheets a trifle; but the responsibility of making any suggestion in the midst of weather as thick as mud, and in the face of my complete doubts of Purchase's accuracy as to the position he affirmed us to be in weighed down my anxiety, and determined me to hold my peace for the present. The weather, I said to myself, may clear before nightfall, and then I shall be able to find out where we are.

After a brief absence, Tripshore returned with the chart. We laid it upon the skylight and bent over it.

"You see, sir," said the mate to me, "if Mr. Purchase be out even by three times the drift he allows for, this here course of south-east-by-east heads us well into the open, away from that there raffle," indicating the Bahama group to the south of Providence Channel.

"But suppose our longitude should be to the west of 74°?" said I. "Go and look over the stern and mark the leeway, and then take notice of this island," pointing to the island of San Salvador.

"Ay, Walton," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt; "but why do you want to give us so much west longitude? Allowing

that Purchase is out as far as you say, you don't believe that he is farther out still?"

"I don't know," said I. "I have no faith in his calculations. Who can swear that this latitude is right?"

Sir Mordaunt peered at the chart, and then said:

"What do you propose, Walton?"

"Since you ask me plump," I answered, "I should like to see the yacht on the starboard tack."

"That 'ud be running away from where you want to go to, sir, wouldn't it?" said Tripshore, smiling, and speaking as if he thought me needlessly nervous.

"We certainly don't want to do that," cried Sir Mordaunt, quickly. "We must get to Kingston as soon as ever we can."

I made no answer to this. Though Tripshore meant no offence whatever by smiling, he had annoyed me, nevertheless, by doing so.

"Go and call Purchase up," said Sir Mordaunt to the mate, "and tell him to bring the log-book, that we may go into the matter thoroughly. The fellow is not too drunk, I suppose, to explain his workings," he added aside to me.

I noticed that the mate hesitated.

"Cut along now, Tripshore!" exclaimed the baronet, impatiently. "This is an anxious time, and I must have Purchase on deck."

The man went away. At this juncture Miss Tuke and Norie showed their heads above the companion.

"Don't come on deck, Ada, don't come on deck!" instantly called out Sir Mordaunt. "This mist will wet you through. Norie, oblige me by handing my niece below; and keep the ladies amused there, will you?"

"With pleasure," answered the doctor. "But I say, Sir Mordaunt, if it's too damp for us, it's too damp for you and that fragile creature Walton. The air is full of rheumatism."

"Yes, yes; we'll be following you shortly. Away with you, Ada." And as they disappeared he said, "I don't want them to suspect any grounds for anxiety. My wife knows that the gale is gone, and is much easier in her mind. Ada's eyes are like a carpenter's drill. And faith, Walton, she does not need to be so sharp

either, for your face looks as full of trouble as an egg is full of meat."

"I am bothered," I answered. "It's a devilish bad job, Sir Mordaunt, to be with a skipper you can't trust, and whose calculations you are sure are wrong, in weather of this kind, and with those leagues of Bahama Islands dead to leeward of us. And do you know, the wind freshens. It's breezed up since we have been on deck."

"Why doesn't Purchase come?" he exclaimed impatiently.

Just then the mate came along. He looked greatly worried, but without any hesitation he marched up to Sir Mordaunt and said, "I'm sorry to say I can't rouse Mr. Purchase up, sir."

Sir Mordaunt looked at him with astonishment, and then muttered, "It's too bad! it's too bad!"

"Has he been drinking since he went below, Tripshore?" I asked.

"He has, sir. His cabin is full of the smell of liquor. It's not pleasant for me to peach on a shipmate, but if you'll go below, gentlemen, you'll see it all with your own eyes. He bargained for a four hours' spell, and his nipt fit to last him that time."

Sir Mordaunt took two or three impetuous strides.

"What's to be done?" he said confronting me.

"What's to be done?" I ejaculated, almost contemptuously, I fear. "Why, break the drunken rascal out of hand, and take care to set the Board of Trade at him when you get ashore; so that, by depriving the incompetent 'longshoreman of his certificate, you may put it out of his power to imperil human life."

My poor friend eyed me anxiously, and then turned to the mate.

"Very well," said he. "Mr. Tripshore, will you take charge of this schooner?"

The man touched his cap and was about to speak.

"For God's sake let us have no refusal," cried Sir Mordaunt, quickly.

"Mr. Walton will navigate the vessel."

"The run is only to Jamaica, Mr. Tripshore," said I. "Another week of sailing at the outside, I hope. If you like, I will keep watch and watch with you. Sir Mordaunt knows I have had

confidence in you as a seaman from the beginning. You owe me something for my good opinion, so oblige me by giving the baronet the answer he wants."

The man still hung in the wind; but after thinking a little, he said, "All right, sir. I'll take charge. You may depend on my doing my best."

"At four o'clock the watch below will be turned up, Sir Mordaunt," said I, "and the crew had then better lay aft, that they may be told of the new arrangement."

"Certainly. Do whatever you think proper," he answered, looking harassed to death by this new bother.

I went below to consult the glass, but it offered no promise of improvement in the weather. Norie and Miss Tuke sat in the cabin, and the former wanted to know why Sir Mordaunt and I kept in the drizzle. I made some answer and went up the steps, envious enough of the doctor's quiet enjoyment of Miss Ada's company to make me willing to call him aside and alarm him with a representation of our situation, and so stop his pleasure.

I went over to the chart again, and studied it attentively for some time, while Sir Mordaunt stood talking with Tripshore. The real trouble to me was not being able to depend upon the observations Purchase had taken on the day before the gale. It is necessary that I should dwell upon this, that the sequel may be clear to you. Could I have been sure that his sights on that day were accurate, I should have been able to work out our position by the dead reckoning of those stormy days, so as to come near enough to the truth. But how was I to trust such data as an illiterate seaman like Purchase could furnish me with from his sextant? A trifling error by being repeated would bring him fearfully wide of the mark in a corner of the Atlantic that is studded with dangerous reefs and low lying islands. I own I now sincerely deplored my want of resolution in not insisting upon checking the man's calculations by observations of my own. I had acted mistakenly in suffering Sir Mordaunt to put me off discharging what was a duty owing to every person in that yacht by his weak and unwise tenderness for Purchase's "feelings." And I was also greatly to blame in not

having ascertained the latitude and longitude from the steamer into which the rescued men had been conveyed, so that we might have compared her reckoning with Purchase's.

But ten years absence from sea had very greatly disqualified me professionally, as any man may suppose; and the weight of my present responsibility was not a little increased by this sense of my deficiency.

My disposition now was to put the schooner on the starboard tack. With her head at north-east, the whole clear North Atlantic (as I then believed) would be under our bows. Yet Sir Mordaunt's unwillingness to go north when our way lay south influenced me in spite of myself, and I could not forget Tripshore's quiet smile that was like ridiculing my anxiety.

I rolled up the chart, and going over to the mate, advised him to take a heave of the lead.

"Very good, sir," he answered, and went forward to give the necessary instructions.

After a little the deep-sea lead was got up, and the line stretched along. The vessel's way was stopped by her head being shoved into the wind and the lead dropped overboard. The "Watch O watch!" rang mournfully on the breeze as the fakes fell from the men's hands, until it came to Tripshore, who was stationed right aft. Seventy-four fathoms went overboard without giving us any sounding—hard upon four hundred and fifty feet, and no bottom.

"That looks as if the ocean was still under us, sir," said the mate cheerfully, as the line was snatched in a block, and the watch tailed on to haul it in.

Sir Mordaunt stood looking on, much impressed by these proceedings. He plucked up when he saw Tripshore grin and heard his remark, and said to me, "There is evidently plenty of water here, Walton."

"So there ought to be," I answered. "Meanwhile, Tripshore, I should recommend you to keep that lead-line coiled down ready for an occasional heave. When you can't see you must feel."

All this time the mist remained abominably thick. It was, indeed, a very

fine rain, and it blew along our decks in a kind of smoke. The swell was greatly abated, but the heads of the seas as they arched out of the vapor broke quickly, and with a certain fierceness, and poured in foam against our weather bow. The schooner, in consequence of being sailed so close, crushed through the water heavily and sluggishly, throwing off the spray to leeward in broad seething masses. With her housed topmasts and streaming decks she looked more to be struggling round the Horn than ratching in July upon the Western Atlantic. And, indeed, nothing but a low temperature was wanted to make me believe myself off the Horn, with the long Pacific swell under me, and the air as thick as a feather-bed, and a sharp breeze rattling down out of the mist; just as I remembered it when our latitude was 63° south, though then the decks were covered with ice, and the salt water froze as fast as it was chucked aboard.

At four o'clock the watch below was called. Tripshore came to me and asked respectfully if I meant to stand Purchase's watch. I answered that I had offered to do so, and was quite willing to keep my word.

"I've been turning it over in my mind, sir," said the mate, "and I doubt if the men 'ud feel quite easy. You know what sailors are, sir. The crew have been taught to think of me and Mr. Purchase as their bosses, and of you as passenger."

"Who'll take turn and turn about with you, then?"

"There's Bill Burton, sir. Bill's our oldest hand, and a good man. The men 'ud mind Bill Burton."

Sir Mordaunt, who stood near, said, "As you are to navigate the yacht, Walton, it is only right that others should do the practical part. Tripshore takes Purchase's place, and so let Burton take Tripshore's, if, as you say,"—to the mate—"he is the best man for that duty."

"I'll warrant Bill Burton as a steady man, sir," said Tripshore. "He's as good a look-out as any sailor that I was ever shipmates with, and he's something more than a yachtsman."

"Let us consider that settled," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "And now the

men should be told of the change. Send them aft, Tripshore, or the watch below will be going to bed." And as the mate went forward the baronet added, "Will you talk to them, Walton?"

"They'd like it better from you," said I. "You pay them. You are their master."

"Very well," said he, and he fell to stroking down his beard while he thought over what he should say to them.

In a few minutes they were all assembled. They were most of them in oilskins, which glistened with the wet, and they stood looking eagerly—this being a novel summons indeed, and they had no idea of what it meant. Sir Mordaunt coughed and fussed, and then rapped out:

"I've sent for you to say that Mr. Purchase is no longer captain of my yacht. At this moment he is drunk in his cabin and incapable of coming on deck. Such conduct is scandalous in a responsible man. I don't believe he knows where we are within sixty or seventy miles, and yet there he is in his cabin, drunk and useless, and the weather so thick that you cannot see a boat's length from the side." ("It isn't the first time, sir," sung out one of the men.) "I know that. It's the third time. On the second occasion I gave him a good talking to, and he promised on his word as a man that he would not offend again. He's no longer captain. Our lives are too precious to be in the hands of a drunkard, though I always believed him to be a good seaman." (Some of the men laughed, but Sir Mordaunt took no notice.) "Mr. Tripshore will have command until we reach Kingston. Meanwhile, he will want somebody to help him to keep watch, and so I select William Burton. Step forward, Burton."

The man addressed made a stride, and looked around much astonished.

"You and Tripshore will head the watches," said Sir Mordaunt, "and I'll trust to you being a smart seaman to keep a bright look-out and help us all to bring the 'Lady Maud' safely to an anchorage."

"I'm willing to obey any orders, sir," said the man, who was a short, thick-set, intelligent-looking fellow, with earrings, and a quantity of ringlets over his forehead and down the back of his neck,

"but I hope this here setting me to head my watch means no difference 'twixt me and my mates. I'm only a plain sailor man, and don't want to be better nor my equils."

"They'll obey your orders of course," answered Sir Mordaunt.

"That'll be all right, Billy; don't bother about that, mate," said a voice.

Just then old Purchase made his appearance. He stood a short distance before the mainmast, holding on to the little companion that led to the part of the vessel where his cabin was. The absorptive power of his "bibulous clay," as Southey calls the drunkard's body, had drained the liquor away from his head; but it was easy to see that he was by no means yet recovered, and it looked as if the sight of Sir Mordaunt made him unwilling to trust his legs. He blinked at us in wonder at seeing all hands together in a crowd on the quarter-deck, but was too muddled to perceive or guess the cause of the assembly. The crew were not conscious of his presence, but we who looked forward saw him at once.

Tripshore sidled up to me and whispered, "He lay like a dead man, when I tried to rouse him up. But he can smell anything going on, and he knows how to pull himself together, Purchase do."

It was probably the seeing Tripshore edge up to me and mumble in my ear that made old Purchase roar out violently, "How was it no one called me at eight bells?" and knitting his brows and looking very fierce, the better to disguise the lingering effects of the drink in him, he let go his hold of the companion and came lurching along toward us.

At the sound of his voice all the men looked around. He stopped after making a few strides, and planting himself on his legs by setting them wide apart, in which posture he presented the most absurd figure that ever I saw in my life, he roared out again to Tripshore to explain why he hadn't called him at eight bells, that is, at four o'clock.

"I'll answer you," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, very sternly, dropping his head on one side and raising his arm. "More than half an hour ago the mate went to your cabin to tell you I required your presence on deck, but he found

you so drunk that he couldn't arouse you."

"Me!" said the old fellow, putting on such a face that in an instant half the crew were broadly grinning. "Me—Purchase—drunk?" He tapped his breast and fell back a step. "No, no," says he, smiling foolishly, and looking round him; "this here's some skylarkin' of Ephraim Tripshore's. Tell Sir Mordaunt it's a bit o'tom-foolin', Ephraim. Lor' bless ye, mate! I never was drunk in my life."

"You're drunk now," cried Sir Mordaunt, warmly, seeing nothing diverting in this exhibition. Indeed all the time he was incessantly glancing behind him at the skylights and companion, as if he feared that some echo of what was passing would reach his wife's ears. "You are superseded, sir. I shall discharge you at Kingston, and perhaps prosecute you for this conduct. You gave me your word that you would drink no more. You have broken your promise. You are a drunken fellow, and utterly unfit for the responsible position you have filled. Go back to your cabin, sir. I have given the command to Mr. Tripshore, and William Burton will assist him. We shall manage very well without you, and a deal better than with you. So go below, Mr. Purchase, and don't let me see your face again, sir; and if I hear of you swallowing another drop of spirits before you are out of my vessel, I'll have you locked up in your cabin."

All this was delivered with an energy that surprised me in my friend. No doubt it was the nervous irritability induced in him by the worries, anxieties, and dangers of the past few days, and our present uneasy condition, that enabled him to rap out so smartly. The men were astonished at this vehemence in their mild-mannered master, but old Purchase was absolutely confounded. After the baronet had ceased, he stood staring at him with his mouth open, then slowly rolled his eyes around on the face of the men, as though he would persuade himself by an inspection of their whiskered faces, ashine with the muggy, lukewarm, driving drizzle, that he was not in a drunken dream. Presently his gaze rested upon my face.

"Ha, Mr. Walton!" he bawled, extending his great clenched fist toward

me. "It's *you* I've got to thank for this, I suppose. It's you that's poisoned Sir Mordaunt's mind against me!"

I looked at him coldly. He was proceeding.

"Will you go away?" cried Sir Mordaunt.

The old fellow, retreating a step, shook his clenched fist at me.

"*You* call yourself a sailor?" he shouted, in the thickest and deepest notes I had ever heard rumble from him. He drew a deep breath, and added, "You're a marine! You're a sea-cook! A sailor? Why?"—he drew another deep breath—"as sure as ye stan' there—"

I was never a man to be menaced. I stepped hurriedly toward him, but at the first movement I made he rounded on his legs and started for the companion; and, drunk as he was, he managed to scull himself along fast enough to swing himself down the companion steps before I could reach that hatch, and vanished amid a half-suppressed shout of laughter from the crew.

Sir Mordaunt had nothing more to say to the men, so they went forward, and Bill Burton, as they called him, was left to stump the deck of the schooner for a couple of hours. I could not help laughing at the gravity and look of importance the man put on. He had a nose like the bill of a hawk, and the wet collected on his face and streamed away from the point of his nose in large drops. He stepped the deck as regularly as a pendulum, his walk extending from the taffrail to abreast of the main-mast, and every time he came to a stop, before slueing round, he would dry his eyes on the knuckles of his claws, take a hard, steady squint at the fog on either side and ahead, cast a prolonged look aloft, and so start afresh, swinging along in a gait that was an indescribable roll, his arms swaying athwart his body, and the fingers of his hands curled, as though they still grasped a rope.

Sir Mordaunt now went below to change his clothes, which hung upon him like wet paper. I crossed over to Bill Burton as he came along, and said it was a pity that Purchase should not have held his drinking habit in check until he was ashore, or until the weather improved.

"Well, I don't mind telling 'ee, sir, I never took him for much," he answered. "We all knew he was given to"—here the man imitated the action of drinking—"for most of us in our tricks at the wheel in the night, when you gents was turned in, have seen him cruising about in a way that proved his ballast was i' the wrong end of him. But it wasn't for us to take notice."

"I should have supposed the speech he made to you, when the watches were called for the first time, enough to ruin him in the confidence of the crew," said I.

"Ay," he answered. "That were a rum speech. I doubt if he had his head when he talked that slush."

"What drift should you think we made in the gale, Burton? You'll allow for the send of the heavy sea, and recollect that our freeboard was tall enough to scud under every time we were hove up."

He reflected and said, "Two mile an hour, might be."

"What do you think?"

"Well I should say that, sir."

"That would bring it hard upon a hundred miles," said I.

"It wouldn't be much less," he answered. "I've been going to leeward two mile an hour under bare poles in a heavier craft than this vessel."

"Purchase allows only thirty miles for drift in the gale," said I.

He went to the rail to spit, as a mark of contempt. "My 'pinion is," said he, coming back, "he never saw a real gale o' wind afore this voyage."

"That's my notion, too," said I.

"He's not only out in his dead reckoning, but I thoroughly question whether he was correct in his sights when he last took them. Therefore this thick weather and the wind dead in our eye is something to keep us uneasy. Even if Purchase's reckoning is right, the Bahamas are not far off. What instructions has Tripshore given you?"

"To keep her as close as she'll go, and take a heave of the lead every half-hour."

"That's it. And let me add, if the vessel should break off by even a quarter of a point, put her about."

"Ay, ay, sir."

I went to look at the compass, and

found it steady at south-east-by-south. The wind had not increased in weight, but it blew very fresh, and under the double-reefed mainsail the yacht's lee rail lay low upon the smother of foam which the bursting and chopping action of the little schooner threw up around her hull. The mist was as thick as smoke, and the water hardly to be seen outside the line of froth under the vessel.

"Is this thickness going to last?" I said to Burton.

"There's no tellin', sir. If you mustn't trust a squall ye can't see through, what's to be thought of stuff like this here?"

This sort of comfort might have suited Job, but it was of no use to me. I had been on deck all the afternoon, was wet through, as uncomfortable in body as in mind, and thought it about time to follow Sir Mordaunt's example, and dry myself.

"Keep a sharp look out," said I, "and don't forget to 'bout ship if she breaks off," and, so saying, I gave my body a hearty swing, to shake off the wet and save the cabin carpet, and went below.

Norie was stretched along one of the lockers, reading. I pushed past, being too wet to bother with his questions, and going to my berth, dried and reclothed myself, taking care to lay out my water-proofs in readiness for my next visit on deck. I lingered over this and other little jobs, and when I returned to the cabin the lamps were lighted, and the steward was laying the cloth for dinner. Miss Tuke and her uncle and Mrs. Stretton and Norie were seated in a group near the piano.

My first glance was at the tell-tale compass; the course remained unchanged. Sir Mordaunt, seeing me do this, called out—

"Every hour of this should be carrying us well to the eastward, Walton."

"With two points leeway," I exclaimed, with a shrug.

"Is there no means of preventing that leeway?" he asked.

"Setting more canvas would do it," I answered; "but the vessel has as much as she wants. The other way is by easing the helm—but you know I don't advise that. Indeed, I have taken

the liberty to order Burton to put the yacht on the other tack, should the wind veer to the south'ard by even a quarter of a point."

All this talk was Hebrew to Norie and the women, who sat looking on and listening.

"No doubt you are right," said the baronet.

"You know," said I, "that I should like to see the yacht on the starboard tack, heading well to the north-and-east."

"Away from our destination! Let her break off, Walton, before you put Jamaica over her stern," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, with a dull smile, and gravely shaking his head.

A short silence fell upon us. I broke it by inquiring after Lady Brookes; and then Miss Tuke asked what her uncle and I had been doing on deck all the afternoon, "getting wet through, Mr. Walton, and risking all sorts of illnesses, as Mr. Norie will tell you."

"We've been watching the weather," I answered.

"Not much weather to be seen Walton," said Norie. "This looks to me like November detached from the other months and out for a cruise on its own account in the Atlantic. I shall behold the sun with interest when it shines forth again. It has not been in sight since the—let me see"—He counted on his fingers "D'ye call this *summer* cruising?"

"How long shall you stop at Kingston, Sir Mordaunt?" asked Mrs. Stretton.

"I cannot say, madam; but not long, I believe," he answered, with a look at me, to let me know that his intention of abandoning the cruise on his arrival there was not yet proclaimed. "We left England without meaning to touch at any port, unless our fresh water ran short. But the ocean," said he, in a very sober voice, "makes a man's programme an idle thing."

The poor woman sighed at this; and, God knows, she had reason.

Dinner was now served, and we took our seats.

"It is a great pity," said I, "that Lady Brookes keeps herself imprisoned in her cabin. Company and conversation should do her more good than Carey and solitude."

"She is best where she is," said Norie; "certainly until we get fine weather. Robust fellows like our friend, Sir Mordaunt, have no sympathy with delicate nervous organizations. A hungry man wonders at another's want of appetite. A man whose heart beats strongly wonders at people feeling cold. You should study medicine, Walton, if you want to sympathise widely."

"Mr. Norie means that you should make people suffer first, in order to feel for them," said Miss Tuke.

But talk of this kind was very flat, stale, and unprofitable to me, and I dare say to Sir Mordaunt too, in our present humor. I was repeatedly glancing at the tell-tale, hoping to find the schooner breaking off, that we might have an excuse to get upon the other tack. Although it was only six o'clock, it was as dark as a pocket outside with the fog, and the skylight windows stood like squares of ebony overhead. The heat was no longer an inconvenience, owing to the draughts of chilled air that breezed down through the wind-sail. Likewise, the swell was greatly moderated, and, though the piping wind raised a bit of a sea, there was nothing discomforting in the movements of the yacht. In truth, we had been well seasoned by the gale. After the mountainous surges of the three days, the tumble that a brisk wind stirred up was not a thing to notice.

Sir Mordaunt was as reserved as I; the others chatted freely. Mrs. Stretton, who had lived a few months in Jamaica, talked about the scenery there and the negroes, and their strange superstitions; and I particularly remember her description of a mountain, seen from the sea at sunrise—how the mountain on top seemed a solid mass of red fire forking out of the snow-white wreaths of clouds and vapor which girdled the lower parts. She spoke with animation, and her rich accents lent a singular charm to her language. She interested the baronet, in spite of himself; and it was the attention he gave to her speech, while she was describing the Jamaica scenes she knew, that warmed her up into fluency and spirit; for she was *triste* enough when we first sat down to dinner, and whenever she was silent and listening to the others, the sad look came into her face. Somehow, I had never felt

more sorry for her than I did on this day and at that table.

The comfort and luxury of the rich sparkling interior was made sharply sensible to the appreciation by the dismal, dark, damp, oppressive weather without, and my heightened perception of it from this cause set me contrasting the situation of the poor woman with hearty sympathy. I thought of Lady Brookes; the love and solicitude bestowed on her; her freedom from anxiety; her husband's ample estate, that made her life as delightful as existence can be made for a woman by money in the hands of a husband who lives mainly for her and her pleasure; and then I thought of this poor widow, newly snatched from a horrible peril, her husband drowned in her sight, and herself a beggar, as she had as good as hinted.

But sufficient for the day, thought I, is the evil thereof. Let us first get out of this weather, and find out in what part of this corner of the Atlantic the yacht is, before we vex our souls with other considerations.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR MORDAUNT was the first to quit the table. He apologized for leaving us, and went to his wife's cabin, saying, as he rose—

"If you are going on deck, Walton, I'll join you there presently."

On this I quitted my seat, too anxious to linger; and, going to my cabin, put on my waterproof coat and returned. Miss Tuke stood at the foot of the companion steps, looking up at the darkness. She said to me, with a glance around at Mrs. Stretton and Norie, who remained at table, though the widow had followed me with her eyes as I passed along—"Mr. Walton," she said, in a low voice, "what makes you and Uncle Mordaunt so dull?"

"If your uncle is dull," said I, "and I don't know that he is, his wife's condition will answer your question about him. As for me, I am as cheerful as a man can be in a fog."

"No, no; you are dull too, Mr. Walton. Pray what is it? You can trust a sailor's daughter," said she, coaxingly. "Nothing you can say will frighten me."

"I give you my word of honor there

is nothing whatever the matter. There is a dense sea-fog around us; and as Purchase's calculations, and maybe, the man himself, are not to be depended on, I am merely going to lend a hand on deck for a short while, to keep a lookout."

I saw she did not believe me, though I spoke the truth. She eyed me gravely and earnestly, and I was willing she should look as long as ever she pleased, for, I, too, could look at her closely, with good excuse for so doing. Suddenly a little smile kindled in her pretty eyes, as she said softly—

"Well, Mr. Walton, join us here again as soon as you can. We are dull without you," and she went back again to the dinner table.

To my sight, fresh from the sparkling cabin, the air seemed pitch dark. I stood at the companion for some moments, waiting for my eyes to get used to this profound blackness. I then saw the rays of the binnacle lamp striking into the thick mist like luminous gold wire. Anon I could faintly distinguish the outline of the bulwarks over against me on the other side, and a fragment of the mainmast where the haze from the skylight fell upon it. But that was all. For the rest, as the French say, I might have had my eyes shut.

This being the second dog-watch, I knew Tripshore would be on deck, so I called his name.

"Here, sir," he answered, and came to my side.

"Have you kept the lead going?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but we get no bottom."

"And we want none, Tripshore. Have you seen anything of Purchase?"

"No, sir. His cabin door's to, and I allow he's turned in and asleep."

"The wind keeps steady," said I; "but so fresh as it is, I wonder it doesn't blow away this mist. The weather is thicker than it was. It's like smoke. I never remember the like of it," said I, facing to windward a moment, and then gladly turning my back on the blinding, penetrating drizzle.

"The men have grown anxious since Sir Mordaunt talked to 'em," said Tripshore, after a pause. "They're not used to weather o' this kind, and they've took

it in their heads that Mr. Purchase is all out in his reckoning. His being in drink at a time like this is a bad job, sir."

"We can manage without him," said I.

"Why, yes, sir. It 'ud be a poor look-out if we couldn't."

"If the men," I continued, "were all of them salt-water men like you, they'd find nothing to disturb them in the loss of such a skipper as Purchase. I feel as safe again with that drunken fellow under the deck for good."

"Oh, is isn't *him* the men mind," he exclaimed. "They reckon nobody aboard knows where we are, and they don't like that."

And small blame to them, thought I, but I said nothing.

"However, when the weather clears they'll brighten up with it, I dare say," he added.

"You will remember, Tripshore," said I, "that you had confidence enough in Purchase's reckoning to fancy that I was over uneasy when I told Sir Mordaunt that I should like to see the yacht on the starboard tack."

"You may be right, sir, though," said he, quickly.

"In my own mind," said I, "I am convinced that we are further to the westward than we know of. I may be wrong. It is because I can't be sure, that I don't insist upon heading away to the nor-rard."

"If you'll give the word, I'll put the yacht round at once," said he.

"Not without Sir Mordaunt's leave. He wants to fetch Kingston as soon as he can, and dislikes the idea of turning tail upon it. When he comes on deck—"

But before I could finish my sentence he arrived. That is to say, he came up the steps, but stopped before he reached the top of them, and stood there like a man struck blind.

"My God!" he ejaculated, "what a night!"

I sung out cheerily, "Come along, Sir Mordaunt. It'll not be so black when your sight has lost the glare of the cabin."

"Oh, are you there, Walton?" he cried, and came on deck, but remained standing, as I had, in front of the companion.

"What a night!" he repeated. "It is

not yet eight o'clock. Who is that near you?"

"Tripshore, sir," replied the mate.

"What sail is the vessel carrying?"

"Just what you left on her, sir—double-reefed mainsail, and outer and standing jibs. She's snug enough, and wants what she has if she's to ratch with the wind fore and aft her."

"Ay, and ratch she must," said I.

"Tripshore is willing enough now, Sir Mordaunt, to see her on the starboard tack."

But what's the good of going north, Walton," he answered, "when we are heading well to the east, and when we know from the chart that it is all open sea that way as far as the coast of Africa?"

"Unless we have diminished our leeway," said I.

"There's no change in that, sir," interrupted Tripshore.

"Our true course now is south-east-by-south. Practically, then, we are steering a course parallel with the trend of the Bahama range. Nay, we are worse off even than that, for the trend of those islands is south-east. If we were certain of our whereabouts then we might find it safe enough to lie as we go. But in this weather, and without an atom of faith in Purchase's calculations, I'm for edging away to the nor-rard and eastward."

"Mr. Walton's right sir," said Tripshore.

"Why, if you both think the yacht should be put about, let it be done," said Sir Mordaunt. "I'll not put my wishes against your judgment."

The necessary orders were immediately given by Tripshore, whose eagerness was not a little flattering to me after the reception he had given my opinion some hours before. The helm was put up to give the schooner plenty of way, and the brave little vessel, eased of her gripping luff, began to snore through the water, whitening it all around until the phosphorus and the foam of it threw out light enough to enable us clearly to see the whole figure of the hull, though within the rails all was as ebony, save where the skylight and the binnacle filled a space of the midnight blackness with a golden haze and shining lines.

The men had to get the yacht round by feeling. They knew where the running gear led, and groped about until they came to the places. When all was ready the helm was put down, and the flying schooner shot into the wind, her mainsail rattling like a roll of thunder, and the great main-boom tearing at its hempen bonds like an elephant straining at a lasso. In a few minutes the headsheets were bowsed taut, and I went to the compass and looked at it with a feeling of relief which I even then thought, and do still think unaccountable, considering that there was nothing but my distrust of Purchase to make me suppose our former course a perilous one.

Sir Mordaunt did not remain long on deck. I told him he could do no good by staying, and that he merely risked his health by exposing himself to the malignant damp of this lukewarm, penetrating mist, and that I should not be long in following him.

And I was as good as my word. For after hanging about the deck for half an hour, the sight of the rich, comfortable, bright cabin, as I saw it through the skylight, tempted me beyond resistance. I waited until another heave of the lead assured me that there was nothing to be felt at eighty fathoms, and then I went below.

I believe our going below and sitting in the cabin reassured Miss Tuke. Besides, I was cheerful enough now that I had had my way, and Sir Mordaunt was likewise heartier and brighter in manner, as though his mind took its posture from my behavior. They say that coming events cast their shadows before; but I can answer for our little company aft that not for a fortnight past had we been in a calmer and pleasanter mood. Besides, there was good news from Lady Brookes' cabin. Her spirits had recovered something of their tone, the smoother passage of the vessel had briskened her up, and Sir Mordaunt said that if the weather was fine to-morrow he hoped to have her on deck.

We were all careful to keep our conversation away from topics likely to recall what we did not wish to remember—the death of the mastiff, the water-logged bark, the terrible gale we had been struggling with. We talked chiefly

of England, how strange it was to be without newspapers, and not to know what had happened in the time we had been away.

"Yes," says Norie, "think of the mass of news that will have accumulated by the time we return. Most of it we shall never hear."

"All my dresses will have become old-fashioned," said Miss Tuke. "How do the ladies dress in the West Indies, Mrs. Stretton?"

"In the newest styles," she answered. "But I believe they look for their fashions to New Orleans and the American cities."

"Who import them from Paris," said Sir Mordaunt. "So, Ada, you'll not find yourself behind."

"But you'll give us no time for judging, Uncle Mordaunt," exclaimed Miss Tuke.

"Well, well, never mind about that now," said he. And then looking up at the compass, he turned to me and said, "Is this part of the Atlantic much frequented by vessels, Walton?"

"Not just hereabouts, I fancy. We're too far north for the West Indian steamers, and hardly in the track, I should say, for vessels bound to the Gulf."

"Pray let us talk of dress," exclaimed Norie. "We've been so fearfully nautical lately, that it's quite a relief to think of shops and shore matters. Mrs. Stretton, you were saying——" And here we jabbered about West India dress fashions, and so plied the poor woman with questions that presently we were all talking about dress.

In this way passed the evening, until Miss Tuke, looking at her watch, said it was ten o'clock, and that she would go to her aunt and then to bed. Mrs. Stretton and she then wished us good-night, and withdrew. Shortly afterwards Norie, who never showed any disposition to linger over the grog when Miss Tuke was gone, delivered himself of a loud yawn, shook hands, and went to his cabin. Sir Mordaunt lighted a cigar, I a pipe, and we sat for a while smoking in silence, listening to the stifled hissing of the water washing along the sides of the yacht, and to the straining of the bulkheads as the vessel rose and sank.

Presently, and without speaking, the baronet went to the foot of the companion steps and looked up.

"The night remains terribly dark," said he, coming back. "I had hoped to see a star. Surely such a fog as this must be very unusual here at this time of the year."

"You must be surprised at nothing that happens in the way of weather at sea," I replied. "I remember the master of a brig telling me that he once made a voyage from London to Barbadoes without meeting with the North-East Trades."

"This dreadful thickness makes one think of collisions, Walton."

"I suspected that was in your mind," said I, "when you asked me that question about this part of the Atlantic being frequented by ships."

"But what do you think?" he inquired nervously.

"I should not allow any fear of that kind to trouble me," I replied. "The odds are a thousand to one against a collision in a great sea like this."

"You always put a hearty face on those ideas," he said, relaxing. "No doubt you are right; but this last week has tried me severely. Purchase, too, has worried me greatly; and such is my mood at this moment, that I would gladly give five hundred pounds to be safe in harbor—at Kingston or anywhere else."

"I hoped you had recovered your spirits," said I, grieved by this breaking down in him. "You have been very cheerful for the last hour or two."

He filled a tumbler with brandy and water, and swallowed a copious draught, and then sat silent, uneasily combing down his beard with his fingers, and holding his extinguished cigar, which he looked at without relighting.

"Shall you go on deck again?"

I answered, "Yes, to have a last look round."

He glanced at the skylight, as if he had a mind to go too; but, guessing his intention, I advised him to keep below, to go to bed indeed. "The chances are," said I, "that when you wake the sky will be blue, and the yacht buzzing merrily along under a bright sun to Jamaica."

"Ay," said he, "but do Tripshore and Burton know the course?"

"The schooner is in my hands," said I. "Only let the sun shine, and I'll engage that Tripshore and Burton run the vessel correctly. While this fog and this wind hold, we have nothing to do but to keep as we go."

He looked at me with a musing expression, and then, holding forth his hand, he said, "Very well, Walton; I'll obey your orders and go to bed. I commit our safety to you and Tripshore."

We shook hands cordially, and he went along the cabin, pausing, when under the skylight, to look out, and then closing the door softly after him.

I put on my waterproof coat and went on deck. It wanted twenty minutes to eleven. I thought the fog had thinned somewhat, and I crossed the deck to look to windward. Yet though the mist was undoubtedly less dense, gazing over the side was like staring at a black wall. The driving fog of fine rain made my eyes tingle, for the wind was strong, though so warm that it felt like the gushing of air from the engine-room of a steamer. Nothing of the water was visible but the boiling foam churned up by the yacht's bows thickly interlaced with long fibres of phosphorescent light. Sometimes, when a wave broke a short distance from the vessel, the flash of its foaming crest shone out through the mist, but nothing else of it was distinguishable.

Burton was in charge. I called to him, and told him that he must keep the schooner heading as she went. "Let her lie as close as she'll ratch," said I, "and shake it out of her. I would rather she crawled than ran, until the horizon clears. Those will be your instructions to Tripshore."

"Right, sir."

"How many men have you on the lookout?"

"Two, sir."

"Do your lights burn brightly?"

"I was forward just now, and they're as bright as the mist'll let 'em be."

"Tell Tripshore to see to that, will you? and to keep a sharp look-out. I'd give a deal of money, Burton, to know within ten miles where we are. This fog is a bad job after our long westerly

drift. Have you any notion of the currents hereabouts?"

"No, sir," he answered. "But we should be right as we go. I was looking at the chart along with Mr. Tripshore, and it shows northen but open water to the east'ards."

"I shall be up and down all night," said I. "I may take some rest upon one of the cabin lockers, ready for a call. It may clear up suddenly, and you or Tripshore must have me up at the first sight of a star. Add that to your instructions, lest I forget to tell him."

We stood talking thus, and flitting about the deck, stopping now and again for five minutes at a time to look ahead into the pitch-black void, straining our eyes against the needle-like rain, in the hope of catching sight of a flaw, to let us know that the mist was breaking, until eight bells—midnight—were struck. The men forward thumped the fore-hatch, and bawled to the watch below to rouse out. Tripshore came aft. We heard him calling, otherwise we should not have known he was on deck.

"Here!" answered Burton.

The mate, groping his way in the direction of the man's voice, walked up against me.

"Is this Burton?" says he, feeling me as a blind man would.

"No," I answered; "he's to the left of me."

He begged my pardon, and said, "That scowbank of a steward's turned down the cabin lights. Had he let 'em a be, the sheen of the skylight would have helped a man to see. It's like being smothered up in a blanket, Bill. I plumped agin the mainmast as I came along, and allow I've lifted a bump the size of a hen's egg over my right eye."

Burton repeated my instructions, and, after hanging about us a few minutes, wished us good-night and went below.

I was weary enough myself. A man usually is when he would rather not feel sleepy. The ten years I had spent away from the sea had robbed me of the old seasoning. The wet and the wind bothered and tried me. Nevertheless I remained on deck another hour, occasionally conversing with Tripshore, but for the main part hanging over the rail, first to windward, then to leeward, vain-

ly striving to see a fathom beyond my nose, and watching—for the want of something to rest the sight upon and relieve it from the oppression of the heavy darkness—the pallid quivering of the rushing foam alongside, until the play of it, and the shooting and throbbing of the whirling fires in it, made my eyes reel.

Even if I had not been predisposed to lowness of spirits, this spell of loneliness, and the foul black weather, and the groaning and moaning of the invisible deep, with now and again the shriek of a block-sheave high aloft, and the hollow flap of the hidden canvas, and the numerous disturbing and startling sounds which were jerked out of the rigging and spars in the blackness overhead by the sharp jerking and jumping of the schooner, were quite enough to depress me.

But at last my eyelids felt as if they were made of lead. Once, while looking over the lee rail, I found myself dropping asleep, and awoke with a kind of horror at the closeness of the hissing foam. I could resist the inclination to sleep no longer, and calling to Tripshore, told him I was going to lie down in the cabin, and that he would find me on one of the lockers on the port side coming abreast of the companion steps.

I then went below, removed my waterproof coat, and, putting a soft pillow on the locker, laid myself along, completely dressed, and ready to jump up at a moment's notice. The cabin lamps had been turned down, and yielded a very feeble light. I could have sworn I should drop asleep the moment my head touched the pillow; yet for at least twenty minutes did I lie, looking at the feeble lamps swinging to the motion of the vessel, and listening to the sounds in the cabin, and struggling to work out a kind of reckoning to myself, so that I might figure the yacht's position.

In the midst of this idle problemizing I fell into a deep slumber.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WAS awakened by a violent concussion. So heavy was the sleep from which I had been aroused, that I remained for a considerable space in a state of stupefaction. On my senses becoming active, I found myself sprawl-

ing on my back upon the cabin floor. I now supposed that I had been rolled off the locker by a heave of the vessel, and that the sensation of a strong concussion having taken place was due to my fall. I scrambled on my feet, but scarcely was I upright when a terrible grinding and rending shock pitched me sideways on to the locker on which I had been lying. Men's voices were shouting overhead. I also heard the tramping of feet, the violent beating of canvas—above all, the roaring and rushing of water.

I sprang to the companion steps, and as I gained them there was another tearing shock—I know not how to describe it. To say that it was like the vessel going to pieces, will convey no image to your mind. Rather figure your sitting in a house, and one side of it sinking suddenly a foot or two, and every joist and strong fastening cracking and shrieking, and the roof and the whole structure trembling and groaning, as if the building must crash in. I stopped, struck to the very heart by the unbearable and soul-sickening sensation. At that moment I was grasped from behind. I turned, and saw Sir Mordaunt, dressed only in his shirt and trousers.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"We have either been run into or we are ashore—the latter, I think," I answered. "For God's sake get the women dressed, and bring them into the cabin;" and, releasing myself from his clutch, I sprang on to the deck. As my head came level with the companion, the vessel heeled over—over—over yet! I crouched down, breathless and waiting, convinced that the yacht was going. I heard the men shrieking in the blackness as they fetched away with the angle of the decks, and fell helplessly into the lee scuppers.

When on her beam ends the schooner remained stationary. I knew by the bursting of the seas against her side, and by the fierce sounds of sweeping water over my head, that she had beaten round with her broadside to the sea, and so lay. At the top of my voice I shouted out the name of Tripshore, but it was like speaking when a gun explodes. The main sheet must have parted, for the sail I supposed lay fore and aft to the wind, and the slatting of it was like the

crashing of thunder. The sea to leeward was as white as milk, and the noise of its boiling was alone enough to deafen a man. Added to this, every sea that struck the weather side of the vessel boomed with a deep and hollow note, and was followed by a wild splashing and tearing of water upon the deck. Had I not kept the shelter of the companion when the vessel stopped at her sickening heel, I must have gone overboard, for a sea came pouring over the bulwarks that washed like an ocean of fire—so vivid was the phosphorus in it—as high as my waist, and tumbled down the steps in a cataract that was like to flood the cabin. I had sense enough to check this by closing the weather door and top of the companion, and there I stood, confounded, horrified, dulled, so that I was like an idiot, I may say, by the dreadful darkness, unable to see anything but the white water, and hearkening to the shrieks of the invisible men which rose with an edge that made the bellowing of the canvas and the thundering of the bursting surges a maddening and distracting uproar indeed.

Whilst I stood thus, some one in the blackness on the starboard hand cried out my name.

"Who is that?" I shouted.

"Me—Tripshore, sir. For the Lord's sake, stretch along and give me hold of your hand. I'm drowning down here." I could not see him, but I was visible to him in the faint haze of light that came up out of the companion. Rejoiced to hear his voice, I swung myself out on to the deck, and, grasping the companion with my left hand, I threw my legs wide apart and leaned down with my right arm outstretched.

"Do you see me?" I cried.

"Ay, sir—keep so a minute," he answered, and presently I felt him seize my hand.

Now that he was close, I could see his outline, but not his face. The deck sloped like the side of a steep hill, it was slippery as ice with the wet, and cataracts of water were incessantly rushing down it from over the bulwarks. The poor fellow could give me no help, and I had to drag him up, which, by a desperate effort and putting forth my whole strength and will, I managed to do, swinging him round into the companion,

where he lay awhile on one knee, with his arm on the hand-rail and his head resting on his arm, quite spent and very nearly drowned.

All this while I heard no sounds in the cabin, and the men's voices on deck were stilled. The yacht lay dead on her side. Once only, and shortly after she had heeled over hard and fast aground, a sea raised and bumped her, and I heard the crash of timber aloft, and the sound of a mighty fall, but it was too dark to see what spar had gone; and after that the schooner lay quiet, with the sea breaking against her port side, and shooting high into the air over her, as was to be known by the rattling of the sheets of water when they fell into the boiling whiteness to leeward.

I said to Tripshore, "Have you your senses?"

"I'm better," he answered. "There's an ocean of water in the lee scuppers, and I was drowning in it. I feel full o' water. If I could be sick it 'ud relieve me."

"Where are the men?"

"Most of 'em drowned, I fear. They got away with the long-boat."

"What time is it?"

"About half-past four."

"Oh, my God!" I cried. "If the daylight would only come, that we might see where we are!"

As I said this I heard Sir Mordaunt calling my name. I slid down the steps, and, turning round, found one of the cabin lamps brightly burning, and the whole party, everybody who belonged to our end of the vessel, standing at the table, which alone prevented them from slipping down the cabin floor. Sir Mordaunt grasped his wife round the waist with his right arm, and with the other held Miss Tuke by the wrist. Mrs. Stretton and Carey clung to each other, and Norie stood beside them. Full of hurrying horror as that time was, I could yet find a moment to wonder at the supernatural calmness of Lady Brookes. She was as white as marble, but I could not question that she had her senses; and though she may not have known that any instant the yacht might crumble to pieces under our feet, yet she surely comprehended that our peril was of the direst kind, that we were shipwrecked, lying broken and storm-swept

upon some nameless reef, amid the blackness of a howling night.

Both Mrs. Stretton's and Miss Tuke's faces wore rather an expression of consternation than horror. Now and then Carey uttered a low moan—every time the water thundered on the deck she made that noise—otherwise no sound came from the women. Their silence indeed was almost shocking to me. In Lady Brookes I should have foretold a behavior so different, so distracting, that her rigid posture and stony face smote me like a prophecy of immediate death. It seemed to take all hope of life away, as if the bitterness of death had passed from her and the others, and they were waiting to die.

"What has happened, Walton?" said the baronet, in a strong thick voice.

"The yacht is on her beam-ends ashore," I replied. "Purchase's reckoning is diabolically wrong. I always feared so—yet I had hoped to escape this."

"What are we to do?" he said.

When he said this they all fixed their eyes upon me, with a dreadful eagerness in their expression—heart-moving beyond endurance, indeed, owing to their silence. I gulped down a sob, and struggling to master my voice, I answered, "We can do nothing until daylight comes. It draws on for five o'clock, and we shall have the dawn shortly. Let us pray God that the vessel will hold together—I think she will. She is strong, and can stand this buffetting unless she bumps."

"She is motionless," exclaimed Norie, in a broken voice. "I have not felt her bump for some time."

"Is there no way of finding out where we are?" cried Miss Tuke, wildly and suddenly. "Can we not get help from the shore?"

"It is as black as ink on deck," I replied. "There are no lights—there is no land to be seen."

"Oh, the water—the water! Listen to it!" shrieked Carey, cowering, and looking around her with eyes brilliant with terror.

A heavy sea had broken over the vessel and poured over the deck above us, and a bright flood came bursting and smoking down the companion ladder.

Lady Brookes threw her arms up, and

Sir Mordaunt pressed her fiercely to him ; but she remained as silent as a statue.

I called to Tripshore to close the companion and come down. I reckoned that if any of the crew were alive they would be in the fore-castle. Be that as it was, we could not let the cabin be drowned. Already the water was as high as the starboard lockers, and the cabin was small enough to be quickly flooded.

Tripshore descended with a faltering motion. No one but myself had known he was on the top of the steps. His clothes were streaming, his sou'-wester had been washed off his head, and his hair was pasted on his forehead, throwing out his bleached face, and making him look more like a corpse than a man. There stood a decanter of brandy on one of the swinging trays, and with the utmost difficulty I managed to seize it and gave it to Tripshore, bidding him put his lips to it and swallow a dram. In truth, numbed and confounded as my mind was by the sudden horror of our condition, I yet preserved sufficient presence of mind to foresee a vital value in this sailor if the wreck held together until the daylight, and that our lives might depend upon my recovering him from his half-drowned state.

I gathered hope when I found the yacht lying immovable. That she was bilged, I knew by the slow rise of the water to leeward in the cabin ; but, as I say, that rise was slow, and much of the water that was there had come down the companion ; and I guessed if the leak did not drain in faster than it now did, it would be a good bit past daylight before the water came high enough to drive us out of the cabin.*

The worst and most dreadful part was the heavy concussions of the seas which struck the windward side of the schooner, and kept her trembling like a railway carriage swiftly drawn. After every blow there would be a pause, and then down would come the water in tons weight, smashing upon the deck overhead, and washing in a loud roar over the bulwarks on the other side. Every instant I expected to see the companion

carried away, or the skylight dashed in. But, mercifully for us, these fixtures stood, so nobly and stoutly built was that vessel down to the meanest of her appointments.

What our position was at this time I will leave you to imagine. The heel of the yacht was certainly not less than fifty, ay, and maybe more than fifty, degrees. The swinging trays lay with their lee rims hard against the upper deck. So acute was the slope, that nothing but the interposition of the table prevented us from falling headlong down the incline. In the light of the lamp we stood looking at one another, all in silence, save but for the occasional screams or moans of alarm which broke from Carey, and once or twice from Miss Tuke, though never from Lady Brookes, when a wave beat upon the deck, and ran snarling and hissing away, like a score of disappointed wild beasts. I shall never forget the expression of anguish in Sir Mordaunt's face. I can recall no hint of fear in it. It was bitter grief and horror, as if *he* were to blame for the frightful peril that with amazing swiftness had confronted the motionless, staring woman he clutched to his heart.

As for *her*, her passivity was as though a miracle had been wrought. I thanked God for it, for I knew how the agony of that time would have been heightened by her screams and terror. Yet it was wonderful that she, whom a thunderstorm had driven into hysterics, and who had fainted over the narrative of a disaster, should be standing there now as if all sensibility had fallen dead in her. Perhaps, indeed, this may have been the case. Her aspect was one of petrification, or it might be that her senses were paralyzed by the first alarm, and were unable to take in the full meaning of our situation. She often turned her glittering eyes on me, and stared as though she beheld an apparition. It was a positive relief to see her toss her hands when the water above boomed thunderously. Suddenly Tripshore made a movement.

"Where are you going?" I asked sharply.

"To see if anything can be done for our lives," he answered.

"Stay where you are !" I cried. "If you show your head above the compan-

* The hold was no doubt full of water, and the draining into the cabin was through the cabin floor.

ion you'll be washed overboard; and I won't have the doors opened. When the dawn comes you'll see it on that skylight. What *can* be done now, man? It's pitch dark still. Could we see to launch a boat? Would those breaking seas allow us to enter a boat? Stay where you are, I say. Here, at least, we have a refuge."

"Can nothing be done?" exclaimed Miss Tuke, with a dreadful note of despair in her voice.

"Yes, yes," I answered. "Everything that can be done *shall* be done. But it will be madness to leave this cabin until the dawn comes, to let us know where we are and what we can do."

"Have you no rockets to send up?" cried Mrs. Stretton.

"They'll be drowned by this time, sir," said Tripshore, addressing me. "They're in the fore peak. There'll be no getting at 'em."

"They would not help us," I said. "They would not show in this mist; though could we come at them we might fire them through the companion."

"I'll try and ge 'em, if you like," said Tripshore; "but unless yon bulk-head can be broke through, I shall have to go on deck to get down the fore hatch."

"No, don't risk that," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "The dawn will be here soon. Mr. Walton is right: we can do nothing in this blackness."

Nothing; nor did I regret the want of the rockets, for from the first I never doubted that we were aground upon one of the hundreds of the Bahama shoals, miles out of sight of inhabited land, and that there was no eye but God's to mark our signal of distress, though we should make a blaze as big as a burning city.

The steady posture of the yacht and my confidence in her strength kept my heart up; and I endeavored to cheer my companions by pointing out that the wind might drop with the rising sun, and that, though we had lost one boat, we had two others large enough to contain us all. Likewise, that we need not doubt of being able to make our way to one of the numerous islands which lay scattered broadcast upon these seas, where we should get the relief we stood in need of.

Sir Mordaunt asked Tripshore where the rest of the crew were. The man answered that he feared some of them were drowned, but he could not say for certain: he supposed those who lived were sheltering themselves in the fore-castle.

I was sorry he answered the question in that way. His reply was a dreadful shock to the women. His saying that he feared some of the men were drowned gave a most crushing sense of realness to our awful situation. Miss Tuke's face contracted as with an agonizing spasm, and Mrs. Stretton cried bitterly. Lady Brookes said something to her husband—I did not catch the words—and he laid her head against his shoulder, and soothed her with the most endearing gestures, at the same time looking at me with a most heart-broken expression in his eyes.

In this manner we stood waiting to see the dawn brighten upon the skylight windows, listening with terror to the weary crashing of the seas, feeling with unspeakable dismay the dreadful occasional quivering of the hull; and I at least scarcely daring to hope that the vessel could much longer withstand the cruel hammering of those pounding surges.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE CHINESE: THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE manners and customs of the Chinese—an extensive subject, and our canvas a narrow one.

But where to begin?—Domestic life, religion, war, courts of justice, schools, literature are all alike almost unknown. Be chance our guide. A paper is lying open on our table: it is the *Times*. Let us follow the order of its articles

and commence at once with the article of births, marriages, and deaths.

Births will afford us but little subject for remark. Let us, however, suppose that the solemn bath appointed for the third day is over, which would seem to be almost a Chinese baptism, and the mother to be convalescent. If the offspring be a girl there will probably be

no rejoicing, but if a boy, the mother will go in state to the temple frequented by her family and offer thanks to Tien How, the queen of heaven. The only time it was our fortune while in China to see a native lady of any standing was on such an occasion. A wife of Howqua, the son of the celebrated Hong merchant, had gone to the temple of Honam to return thanks for the birth of a son. The shrine in the temple which she was visiting had been founded by the elder Howqua in honor of his ancestors: it was a lofty hall with roof open to the beams, closed in the rear and at the sides, but in front opening with richly-carved doors on a raised terrace surrounded by a stone balustrade and overlooking a square, turfed enclosure containing two or three fine specimens of the Chinese banyan or *Ficus religiosa*, and a pond of water covered with the broad green leaves and rose-tipped flowers of the lotus, the sacred plant of Buddha, who is often represented as seated on its open flower. Crossing this pond and skirting it were a bridge and gallery of massive stone carving, corresponding with the balustrades and communicating with the terrace. On the opposite side of the gallery was seen the rear of another shrine, colored of a deep vermillion like the one in front, with its high arched roof sweeping down like the curved outline of a Tatar tent (from which the Chinese style of architecture is supposed to be borrowed), and adorned with dragons, birds, and dolphins in glazed pottery of the brightest colors. Down either side stretched a line of gloomy cloisters communicating with the rest of the building. At one end of the terrace were two or three small tables arranged with viands placed upon them and surrounded by a considerable party of Chinese, among whom we noticed several females standing, evidently in attendance upon some lady, as in China the servants are almost invariably of the other sex. Knowing the scruples of the Chinese against admitting foreigners into the presence of the female members of their families, we turned back, and were on the point of leaving that part of the temple, no little disappointed at being unable to see the whole of the building, when two members of the group, one of whom was a son of Howqua, came for-

ward and requested us, if we wished, to continue our examination. We did so. The shrine at which the ceremony was going on had been decked with flowers, whilst on the long, counter-like altar in front of the figure of the goddess, between the jars of porcelain and bronze half filled with sandal-wood ashes in which sticks of incense were burning, and upon two square pedestals in front of the altar, were piled up pyramids of fruits and sweetmeats. On either side of these pedestals were two of smaller size, on each of which was placed a book apparently of religious service, and by its side a small wand and a hollow, red, kidney-shaped gourd, which when struck gave a hollow and not unmusical sound, each blow upon it marking the repetition of a prayer. These, as it were, formed the lecterns of the officiating priests; and between them, facing the central vase on the high altar, was placed a cushion and a mat on which the fair devotee might kneel and perform the kotou, or ceremony of kneeling and touching the ground with the head at certain periods during the service. At either side of the central door of the shrine stood a large bronze vase heaped with silvered paper formed into boxes about the size and shape of steel-pen boxes, and emblematical of bars of Sycee silver, which is burnt at the conclusion of the ceremony as an offering to the queen of heaven.

On passing out of the shrine, still accompanied by the two Chinese who had joined us, we passed near the banqueting party, when the lady rose, supported by two of her servants, and, crossing her hands, saluted us in the Chinese fashion. Of her beauty I can say nothing; neither my companion nor myself could remember anything save a face painted *à la Chinoise*, and hair tied up in the usual teapot form, dressed with magnificent pearls, jade ornaments and natural flowers. The golden lilies, as the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom call the crippled feet of the higher classes of their women, and the splendidly embroidered robes, attracted our attention far more than the eyes and features, which doubtless ought to have been our only consideration.

It is after this festival, not always of course celebrated with the magnificence

we have described, that the relatives of the child present it either with plate, or bangles of silver or gold, on which are inscribed the characters signifying long life, honor, and felicity. It is also at this period that it receives its "milk name," or the pet name by which it is known in its family, the name by which it is known to others being only given to it at the completion of its fourth year, when its education is supposed to commence.

We have all heard the Chinese charged with infanticide. We believe that crime to be less prevalent with them than it is with us. If our children are ever exposed, as has been seen on a wayside altar near Honam, we believe that bitter want, and a hope that charity would provide for the child better than the mother could, have been the moving causes. As a general rule self-interest acts as the strongest bar to this vice. That the life of the male children should be preserved is most important, as the Chinese law will compel the sons to maintain their parents, and in the event of all the sons dying, no one would be able to offer that worship at the tomb of the father and mother on which their happiness in another state is supposed to depend. With the girls, preservation is almost as important, and they are a marketable commodity either as wives or as servants. Indeed, it is no very rare thing to see a basketful of babies sent down from Canton to Hong Kong for sale at prices ranging from two to five dollars. These are all girls; and the purchase of one or more of them is generally the first investment that a Chinese *Aspasia* makes of her earnings, a speculation sure ultimately to pay a very large interest on the money sunk.

In denying the existence of infanticide it is necessary to make one exception. This is among the Tan-kia, or boat population. These are a race of people of different descent and different religion from the Chinese, governed by their own magistrates, and so looked down upon by the other classes, that no child of a boat-woman can compete in the literary examinations, or, whatever his ability may be, become an aspirant for office. This class is excessively superstitious, and we have heard it stated by missionaries that, when a child belong-

ing to people of this class suffers from any lingering malady, and recovery becomes hopeless, they will put it to death with circumstances of great cruelty, believing it to be not their child but a changeling, and fancying that a demon has taken the place of their offspring for the purpose of entailing on them expense and trouble for which they could never get any return.

The next article we come to is *marriage*: hedged in with formalities in all countries, but in none more so than in China. As we have just been speaking of the Tan-kia people, let us take Dr. Yvan's account of one of their marriages and have done with them:

"In harvest time," says the doctor, "any man of their class who wishes to marry goes into the next field and gathers a little sheaf of rice, which he fastens to one of his oars. Then, when he is in presence of the Tan-kia girl of his choice, he puts his oar into the water, and goes several times round the boat belonging to the object of his affections. The next day, if the latter accept his homage, she, in her turn, fastens a bunch of flowers to her oar, and comes rowing about near her betrothed."

The relatives on both sides assemble on board the girl's boat: there is a general feast, a great firing of fire-crackers, beating of tom-toms and burning of joss paper to frighten off evil spirits, the cup of union is drunk together, the bride is taken to her new floating home in a closed sedan of red and gold, and the ceremony is at an end. The rice in the above case is emblematic of the support promised by the man, the flowers of the happiness offered by the woman.

Among the pure Chinese, and especially among the higher classes, the affair is a much longer and more serious one. From the almost Turkish strictness with which females are secluded, it is comparatively rare that a couple see each other previous to betrothal, and still more so that there should be any acquaintance between them. This has given rise to the necessary employment of a character equivalent to the *basvalan* or marriage broker of ancient Britany, to Mr. Foy's Parisian Matrimonial Agency Office, or the daily marriage advertisements of our own papers. If your wish is for marriage in the abstract, the broker will find you a fitting partner first, and negotiate the transfer after. If

you are less purely philosophical, and wish to consult your own tastes as well as the interests and increase of the nation, you are only to name the party, and the broker becomes your accredited ambassador. There is, however, one preliminary point to be ascertained. Has your intended the same surname as yourself? If so, it is a fatal difficulty, as the laws of China would not permit the marriage. If, however, she is Chun and you are Le, or she is Kwan or Yu, and you rejoice in any other patronymic monosyllable, the next step is for the broker to obtain from each a tablet containing the name, age, date and hour of birth, etc. These are then taken to a diviner and compared, to see if the union promises happiness: if the answer is favorable (and crossing the palm with silver is found to be as effectual with fortune-tellers in China as it is elsewhere), and the gates are equal, that is if the station and wealth of the two families are similar, the proposal is made in due form. The wedding presents are then sent, and if accepted the young couple is considered as legally betrothed. A lucky day must next be fixed for the wedding, and here our friend the diviner is again called upon. Previous to the great day the bridegroom gets a new hat and takes a new name, whilst the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single heavy plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the style of hair-dressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated teapot and supporting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind it. On the wedding morning presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent, as we might imagine, by some wicked wag or irreclaimable bachelor, as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection. The ladies, too, in China, as well as elsewhere, indulge in a little fashionable crying on the occasion, and so the relatives of the bride spend the morning with her, weeping over her impending departure, or, more probably, their own spinsterhood. They do not, however, forget to bring

some contributions for her trousseau. In the evening comes the bridegroom with a whole army of his friends, a procession of lanterns, a long red cloth or silk tapestry embroidered with a figure of the dragon borne on a pole between two men, and a large red sedan covered with carving and gilding, and perfectly close. In this the bride is packed up securely out of sight, and the whole procession, preceded by a band of music and the dragon, and closing with the bride's handboxes, starts for home. On arrival, she is lifted over the threshold, on which a pan of charcoal is burning, probably in order to prevent her bringing any evil influence in with her. She then performs the *kotou* to her husband's father and mother, worships the ancestral tablets of her new family, and offers prepared betelnut to the assembled guests. Up to this time she has been veiled, but she now retires to her chamber, where she is unveiled by her husband; she then returns, again performs obeisance to the assembled guests, and partakes of food in company with her husband; at this meal two cups of wine, one sweetened, the other with bitter herbs infused in it, are drunk together by the newly married pair, to symbolize that henceforth they must share together life's sweets and bitters. The bride then retires escorted by the matrons present, some one of whom recites a charm over her, and arranges the marriage couch. The next morning the gods of the household and the hearth are worshipped, and the six following days are devoted to formal receptions at home of different members of the two families or equally formal visits paid to the family of the bride. During the whole of this period, she still travels in her red-and-gold sedan, and is still escorted by her band of music and dragon.

Such are the ceremonies with which the chief or No. 1 wife is espoused, and of this rank there can be but one. Taste and depth of pocket give the only limit to the number of subsidiary wives that may be taken. These are married with far less ceremony than the first, are often from a different class of society, being literally purchased, and act to a certain extent as servants or attendants to the chief wife. They are,

however, legal wives, with recognized rights and position: their children are legitimate, and inherit in equal shares with those of the first wife. Indeed, this last is considered as the mother of the whole family, and the children are bound to display towards her more reverence than even towards their natural parent.

But even in the Flowery Land, people sometimes find that the bitter predominates over the sweet in the cups of alliance, and that the geese borne in the marriage procession are emblematical of something else besides domestic affection. In a word, they occasionally want to be unmarried. And really they have made a very fair provision for enabling themselves to loose the knot. Not only do they admit such grounds of divorce as would satisfy Sir Cresswell Cresswell, but they add to them inveterate infirmity, disrespect to the husband's parents, thieving, and, most comprehensive class of all, ill-temper and talkativeness. However, if the husband has acquired property since his marriage, if the wife has no parental home to which she may return, or if she has mourned for her husband's parents, divorce cannot take place. It is one of the many exemplifications of the Chinese maxim that the laws should be severe, but tempered with mercy in their administration.

There is, however, another dissolution of marriage over which law has no power—that which is effected by the hand of death. The widow is not forbidden to remarry, but by so doing she loses many privileges, and her conduct is considered somewhat light and irregular. Nature, however, will occasionally speak louder than fashion, and it may be worth while to repeat the tale told by Chwáng-tsze, the great Chinese philosopher.

A Chinaman died soon after his marriage with a young and lovely woman. As he was dying the wife was loud in her protestations of grief, and her determination not to marry again. The husband was not unreasonable: he only asked that if she did take another spouse she would wait till the earth upon his grave was dry. He died and was buried; and many a young and handsome bachelor of the province of Shan-

tung was present at his funeral. She listened to no suitor, for woman's heart is tender, and she could not so soon forget the lost one. Daily she stole to his grave. She wept, but no tear fell upon the soil: she took good care of that. At last after a few days Chwáng-tsze happened to pass, and saw her fanning, not herself, but the damp earth. He asked the reason. She told him of her husband's last request, and begged him to assist her. She offered him a fan to assist her, and there they sat to fan away the moisture: the grave was so long a-drying!

Poor Chwang! He was not much more lucky himself. He did not take the widow, but neither did he take warning. The geese were carried for him, and were very typical of *himself*. He had nothing to do for it at last but to quit political life, in which he had gained some distinction, and turn philosopher. But we will have "no more scandal about Queen Elizabeth," lest rosy English cheeks should take the part of China's golden lilies, as we have known widows at home almost in as great a hurry as those of the province of Shantung.

But even to the poor Chinaman death must come at last, even though there is no paper in Canton, so far as we know, to furnish a notice of his life and death, and to publish an abstract of his will, as is the case in more civilized countries. To him it comes armed with few terrors, so long as he leaves behind him male offspring to make the prescribed offerings at his tomb. We have stood by many a Chinese death-bed, and though the dying man might "prattle o' green fields," and fancy himself once more surrounded by his friends amidst the peach groves of Hiang Shan, whilst his frail body was tossing on the stormy waves of the Indian Ocean, yet there was no sign of dread with regard to the future that awaited him. But there, far out at sea, there was no opportunity for witnessing the ritual of death. But one brief hour after the eye has glazed, and the jaw has fallen, the canvas-shrouded and shotted corpse takes its last plunge into the blue ocean depths, without a prayer, without a rite save the few cash sprinkled by his remaining comrades over his watery tomb.

On shore a very different spectacle is presented. As the last hour draws near, the relatives wander round the house with cries, the gong is incessantly beaten, and packet after packet of fire-crackers gives out its short, sharp series of detonations, sounding like irregular platoon-firing, to frighten away the evil spirits supposed to be watching round the house to seize the departing soul. Whilst within, upon the filming eye the smoke of the ever-burning incense mingles with death's gray shadow. The eye is closed, the spirit has departed, and now every door and window is flung wide open, and the "keen" rises wildly to recall the wandering guest to its deserted tenement. And now the death is announced to all the relatives; the door is hung with white drapery, and down each lintel hangs a scroll of white on which appear funereal inscriptions in blue. Large blue and white lanterns are hung on either side the entrance, and probably a bamboo portico, thatched with matting, is erected to preserve lanterns, inscriptions and garlands from the weather. Should it be a parent who has passed away, two figures of the stork, the emblem of longevity, appear amid the decorations. The relatives of the deceased, robed in white, and with white cloths bound about their heads, now go in procession to the nearest spring or river; before them is supported the nearest heir of the deceased, wearing a white veil, showing signs of the deepest affliction, and bearing in his hand a bowl in which are two copper coins, whose united value is about half a farthing. This company, uttering the most dismal howls, and having in its train musicians whose performances are scarcely less doleful, has gone to purchase water to wash the dead. This ceremony having been performed, the body is dressed as in life, and placed in its coffin, which has previously been half-filled with quick-lime. The lid is then put on, and cemented down, the whole of it being afterwards highly polished, and the name of the deceased inscribed upon it.

The coffin, it may be as well to remark, is not a slight shell like those in use amongst us, but is either a hollowed tree or made in the form of one—the sides being rounded, and five or six

inches in thickness. They are formed of very hard and costly woods, reaching occasionally the price of £500. A handsome coffin is considered as acceptable a birthday present as a son can offer to his father, and coffins so given are often preserved unused for years.

The coffin having been closed, it is covered with a white cloth, and watched for twenty-one days. During this period a small red board with the names of the deceased in raised gilt letters, standing on a pedestal, and having an opening in the back, stands near the corpse, and is the object of a species of worship. It is called the ancestral tablet, and the hole in the back of it is intended to give admission to the spirit which is supposed to inhabit it. Should the family possess no available burial-ground, a diviner is consulted to choose some lucky spot for a tomb, which must be outside a town, and generally at some distance from it, a favorite spot being on the slope of a hill overlooking water. The tombs are formed in the shape of a horseshoe, consisting of a flat platform, under which the body is laid, surrounded by a raised wall, in the centre of which a stone is placed, bearing a copy of the inscription on the ancestral tablet. Of course the degree of ornament about the tomb depends in great measure on the rank and wealth of the deceased.

It by no means follows, however, that the body is buried at the close of the twenty-one days. The necessity to choose a lucky site, or the wish to transport the coffin to some distant burial-ground, may cause delays; and cases have been known where the delay has arisen from less justifiable motives. The Chinese law will not enforce the payment of rent so long as the body of the tenant's grandfather remains unburied in the house; nor is a man's property distributed till his funeral rites are completed. Hence the necessity which arises of taking legal steps to compel the burial.

Under different circumstances, the body of the great viceroy Yeh lay for months unburied. Let us give a description of his coffin, as it was not many months ago. A few rods outside the east gate of Canton, back from the streets, stands an unpretending Taonist

temple. A plain unornamented gate opens the way into a long narrow enclosure, which leads up to the shrine. The grounds seem deserted save that one old Chinaman stands by the inner gate. He is no door-keeper, but a street beggar. Yeh, the viceroy of Canton, has no door-keepers now.

We pass beneath another archway, and up a passage hung with white, till we reach the apartment of the dead. Here at length we meet a few attendants, and a Taonist priest officiates as our guide. He leads us into a small hall about twenty-five feet by twenty, hung with blue cloth, on which funereal inscriptions are embroidered in white silk. An altar stands in the middle of the room, on which are placed some dozen bowls of cooked vegetables and piles of artificial fruit, and sticks of burning incense. Behind the altar is a tablet of white silk on which are embroidered the names and titles of the late viceroy, and behind this, again, a curtain hangs from the roof to the ground. We raise and pass the curtain, and before us stands the coffin.

It is a plain box, but of great size, being twelve feet in length and four in thickness, each side consisting of a single slab of hard and costly wood brought from the province of Sze Chuen, far in the interior. Its cost was over 1500 dollars. The man who for years ruled with a rod of iron—before whose mandate 100,000 heads fell in the execution-ground of Canton, whose diplomatic skill baffled for years the ministers of European powers, who when his city was little better than a ruin and a desert could

not fight, and would not yield, lest he should betray the prestige of the inviolability of Canton, after all his power, skill, and obstinacy—lies unhonored and almost unattended without the walls of the city which he could rule, but could not save.

But we must hasten to a close. The grave having been fixed upon and the day for interment appointed, an altar is prepared in the room in which the body lies, and upon it are piled fruits and cakes, whilst in front of it we see a roast pig and a goat, the two latter being often made in lacquer-ware and hired for the occasion. At the door are placed musicians, and from time to time large masses of silvered paper are burnt at the entrance of the room. The body is then escorted to the tomb, all the mourners dressed in white, and the offerings, pig, goat, and all, form part of the pageant. But the principal object is the ancestral tablet, borne in a red shrine, and often accompanied by the figures of the household gods. On reaching the grave some religious ceremonies are performed, large quantities of silvered and gilt paper, and imitations of clothes, ships, etc., are burned, this being the readiest way of supplying the wants of the deceased, and forwarding his luggage to the spirit-land. The provisions furnish forth a feast, the coffin is interred, and the ancestral tablet borne back to the ancestral hall, where we will leave it, until the return of the period for the worship of the dead leads us back to the now closing grave.

—*Temple Bar.*

A SONG FOR WOMEN.

BY A. MATHESON.

WITHIN a dreary narrow room
That looks upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat
A starving girl works out her doom.
*Yet not the less in God's sweet air
The little birds sing free of care,
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.*

Swift ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread :
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.

*And all the while, in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.*

With envy of the folk who die
Who may at last their leisure take,
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
Tired hands the restless needle ply.
*But far and wide in meadows green
The golden buttercups are seen,
And reddening sorrel nods between.*

Too pure and proud to soil her soul
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
By days of changeless want and pain
The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole.
*While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feed, quiet; and through heaven's blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.*

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows,
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
*Lo, where the leaning alders part,
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.*

O God in heaven! shall I, who share
That dying woman's womanhood,
Taste all the summer's bounteous good
Unburdened by her weight of care?
*The white moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass:
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.*
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

BY HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP, ALBERTO MARIO.

THE first time I ever saw General Garibaldi was in Milan in 1848. He was reviewing the Anzani battalion, which, after the armistice between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, he led against the enemy—Mazzini bearing the flag of "God and the People" at the head of the column. Garibaldi had just returned from the camp of Charles Albert, to whom he had offered his sword and services. These the king had refused, while the minister of war, Ricci, said to him, "You can go and play the corsair on the waters of Venice."

The fame of his mythological feats by land and by sea in South America had already made him the idol of the Italian

youth; his actual presence enhanced the enthusiasm. Of middle stature, square-built, well-knit frame, lithe and stalwart, his figure always reminded me of the *Miles Romanus*. He was dressed in a close-fitting brown coat and high hat; his beard was long and thick; his fair golden hair flowing over his shoulders; his profile was that of a Greek statue; the eyes small and piercing; the whole face lionlike. He was just forty years of age—in the flower of manhood and beauty.

He was accompanied by a band of officers who had fought under his command at Monte Video, and had followed him throughout all successive cam-

paings. Among them were Sacchi, Medici—now generals in the royal army—Leggero, Rodi, Bueno, and others; all of unrivalled courage, who looked upon him as the god of war, obeyed him with the blindest enthusiasm, and imbued the volunteers with those sentiments of devotion, admiration and confidence which time and fresh victories generalized in Italy and in the world.

The Lombard campaign he finished on his own account; then after the defence of Rome and a year's banishment in America and Asia, he returned in 1856, as captain in the merchant service, to Genoa.

On the 9th April, 1860, at Lugano, where I was living in exile, I received the following letter:

"MY DEAR MARIO,—The news from Sicily is good. Pay in the money you have collected to Dr. Agostino Bertani, of Genoa. Assuredly I shall do all I can for our unhappy Nice; if we cannot wrest it from the felon of the 2d September, we shall at least protest. Write to Bisceio at New York, and tell him also to send his 250 dollars to Bertani.

"Affectionately yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

In 1860 we landed with Medici at Castellamare, and arrived at Alcamo. Garibaldi came to meet us on horseback, delighted at the sight of this first expedition sent to him from the continent, and headed by his favorite friend and officer. I had never yet been personally presented to him, but he at once held out his hand saying, "You are Alberto Mario; I am glad to have you here; you did well to come." He had guessed who I was, because I was accompanied by my wife, who for many years had known him, he having spent some time in her father's house at Portsmouth. He placed a carriage at our service, and we returned with him to Palermo; where, on the morrow, he received me in his little bedroom at the splendid palace of the Normans, and attached me to his staff. He was seated on his bed, overlooking the wondrous view of the Golden Shell and of Monreale—assuredly one of the most enchanting landscapes in the world. Offering me a cigar, he said:

"Do you know this morning I had a visit from Admiral Persano, who is here in the bay with two frigates? Guess why he came. He was sent by Cavour to beg me to arrest you and your wife—to consign you to him on board the *Maria Adelaide*, to be sent back to Genoa. I looked at him with astonishment, and answered, indignantly, 'Signor Ammiraglio, reply to Count Cavour that I am not his police agent, like his lieutenants—Ricasoli, Farini, Lionetto or Cipriani—in Central Italy; that I do not arrest tried and honored patriots who have come to our assistance, and that I feel much offended by the demand. Signor Ammiraglio, let us speak of other things.' Quoth the Admiral, visibly disconcerted, 'They are Republicans!' and I, 'Republicans? Their Republic at present is the unity of Italy, which we intend to found, and for which we are willing to spend our lives!' And instead of sending you two on board the *Maria Adelaide*, I despatched La Farina, sent here by Cavour to create embarrassments, and to prevent me from completing the liberation of Naples by promoting the immediate annexation of Sicily, when even the island is not yet entirely freed from the Bourbon."

Rarely have I seen the General so excited, for he usually preserved an Olympic calm in the midst of tempests and agitation. I thanked him, and told him that Cavour had sent the same orders to Colonel Medici, detaining the expedition at Cagliari. Medici, out of delicacy, did not inform us of the fact, otherwise we never should have allowed such an important affair to be suspended for our unimportant selves. I shall never forget Medici's courtesy, especially as he owed much to Cavour and the Cavourians for the success of his undertaking.

During that month we made frequent excursions on horseback in the city of Palermo and its neighborhood. Palermo is populated with convents, and Garibaldi set his mind on penetrating their mysteries. The state in which we found the penitentiaries and foundling hospitals filled him with grief and indignation. He ordered rigid inquiries into the administration, had the food tested, and took steps for the amelioration of the

health of the inmates. It was curious to note how, even into their jealously guarded prisons, Garibaldi's fame had penetrated; how nuns and little children clustered round him with enthusiasm and trust, hailing him at once as liberator and saviour; and how, after the first burst of welcome, one by one, and interrupting each other continually, the nuns in their convents, and the orphans in their squalid habitations, would narrate the cruelties, the privations, the tortures to which they were subject—their emaciated faces and attenuated frames attesting the truth of their affirmations. More than once have I seen tears standing in the General's eyes as he ordered us to take notes of the declarations, and draw up reports that should serve as bases for future reform.

One morning he rode out to the fort of Castellamare, which the populace were demolishing with hearty good-will. This fort had been erected to keep the city in order, and to serve as a prison for patriotic rebels; and many of the best and purest Neapolitan citizens had languished there for years.

"It is the consciousness of their right," said Garibaldi, "which inspires these slaves of yesterday, which strengthens those arms, to shiver, like glass, this stronghold of infamy."

From the fortress we proceeded to Monte Pellegrino, where three or four thousand children, belonging to the very poorest classes of Palermo, were undergoing drill. Garibaldi had ordered Major Rodi, one of his officers of Monte Video, who had lost an arm on the battle-field, to collect these children, give them military training, and pay their parents three tari (a shilling) a day; thus relieving poverty, and keeping the children out of mischief.

"What beautiful lads!" he exclaimed. "We shall make brave soldiers of them; whereas the Bourbons were already training them for thieves and criminals." And regularly every morning he renewed his visits.

On one of these occasions he said to me:

"Will you organize a regular military school for these children?"

"Willingly, General."

"Good; draw up your project."

On the same day I presented him with the regulations drawn up in due form.

"So soon!" he exclaimed.

"There is no time to lose. If one cannot improvise under a dictatorship, what is the use of a dictatorship?"

It was settled that the new school should be entitled "Garibaldi's Military Institute," and should be adapted for three thousand pupils. The General very soon increased the number to six thousand; endowing it with the patrimony of several foundling hospitals and other institutions, whose inmates were transformed into soldiers. I accepted the direction of the college, on the understanding that the post was to be gratuitous, and that I should be free to return to active service as soon as hostilities recommenced. A laconic order, placing the building and necessary funds at my disposal, enabled me, within a month, to organize the institution thoroughly. Officers, non-commissioned officers, schoolmasters, were all in train; two battalions lodged and boarded at Santa Sabina. For the remainder I had already provided in a convent inhabited by some Palermitan nuns, when one day I received a sudden summons from the General to his pavilion.

"I am displeased with you," he said, half seriously, half in joke; "you have emptied a convent of nuns, among whom is the sister of Rosalino Pilo, the pioneer of the Sicilian expedition, who died on the battle-field. She has been here repeatedly to express her indignation against you, and to entreat that justice may be done. Dislodge immediately from the convent, and give it back to Pilo's sister and her companions."

"But, General, you gave me *carte blanche*, and I have found a much better convent for them."

"No matter—keep it for the lads."

"But, General, excuse me, I have spent three thousand francs in adapting the convent for a military school. Another thousand would be needed to restore it to its former state."

On this Garibaldi made a gesture of impatience; but, reflecting on the financial condition of the island, and on the fact that his generals only received two francs a day, he relented.

"But you must never forget," he said, "how much priests and friars here in Sicily assisted in the liberation of the island. True, they are enemies to the modern ideas of progress, but, above all, they are enemies to the Bourbons. Try to pacify Pilo's sister, and henceforth leave my nuns in peace."

Garibaldi visited the institution every morning and took the most intense interest in its daily progress. Nothing escaped him. On some days he would be present at the class lessons, on others at the manoeuvres, listen to the band, direct the target shooting, taste the food, question the doctor as to the health of the children, himself give them short lessons in patriotism and morals. One morning he arrived at the institution with his felt hat pulled down over his eyebrows—a sure sign of vexation with him. After passing the two battalions in review, he walked away from where his staff stood, bidding me follow him.

"I am molested with persistent appeals for annexation," he said; "and the annexionists are setting these good Palermitans by the ears. I am weary of the implacable war waged against me by Count Cavour, though the island is not yet entirely free. Let them annex it. With four hundred men we can cross the straits, march up Calabria, and free Naples."

"General, allow me to observe that if you permit Sicily to be annexed now to Piedmont you will not be able to secure the four hundred men for the passage of the straits. Those who agitate for immediate annexation do so in order to impede your further progress. Deprived of Sicily as your basis of operations, what could you do with four hundred men? And in case of repulse, whence could help come? where could you take refuge?"

"There is much in what you say," he answered. "What think you of the constitution given by the King of Naples? Will it content the Neapolitans?"

"Not for a moment, General—not for a moment. It comes too late. The young king should have given it when he ascended the throne; no one now would believe in his sincerity. The Bourbons are a race of traitors."

"The young king is innocent of his father's crimes."

"But he has not washed his hands of them. And, besides, the Neapolitans are bent on Italian unity. No reconciliation is possible between them and the reigning dynasty."

"True, we must profit by a fair wind."

King Victor Emmanuel's Government had, ever since January, 1860, commenced negotiations for an alliance with the kingdom of Sicily, and even after Garibaldi's expedition to the island Cavour continued these negotiations, pledging the throne of Sicily to the Prince of Syracuse. Hence his anxiety for the annexation of the island to Piedmont, in favor of which a popular demonstration was organized. This irritated Garibaldi beyond bounds, and prompted his famous speech, ending with the words—"Fight first, and vote afterwards."

Towards the end of June, as we were assembled on the terrace of the pavilion, where all the *élite* of Palermo used to gather in the evening in hopes of seeing the General, seven haggard and emaciated youths asked for me, bringing a letter of presentation from my wife. They were the surviving companions of Pisacane, who had perished with three hundred of his followers in the expedition of Sapri (June, 1857), and Garibaldi's victories had liberated them from the dungeons of Farignana, where they had been confined for three years. They were so changed that I did not recognize any one of them. All they asked was to be allowed to thank their liberator. Garibaldi was, at the moment, conversing with the Commodore of the United States, his eyes caressing Enrico Cairoli, then a youth, who had received a bullet through his head at Calatafimi, and was killed on the Monte Parioli in 1867. The conversation was often interrupted by presentations, by officers of the staff, of Palermitan ladies, hovering round for a smile or for a word from the Dictator. Profiting by one of these intervals, I announced—"The galley-slaves of Farignana!"

"Where are they? Bring them to me."

As they entered he took the hand of each, and they silently, and many of them in tears, embraced him. The American Commodore gazed in amaze-

ment at their wan faces and tattered vestments. At last Garibaldi broke the silence :

"Bravo ! bravo ! I am indeed happy to see you. Tell me of Pisacane's glorious end. If my soldiers sleep in this palace, on the carpets of kings, the merit belongs in great part to Pisacane and his followers, who were our pioneers."

This justice rendered by Garibaldi to their beloved chief, increased the emotion of the brave lads. Seeing them become paler and paler, Garibaldi concluded, and rightly, that they were hungry, and bade me see to their wants. They were soon seated at the dinner-table of the staff in the pavilion, and finished off a hearty meal with the confitures and sweetmeats with which Garibaldi's nuns kept them constantly supplied.

Garibaldi then distributed some pias-
tres to the men, who immediately asked him to enroll them in his ranks.

"The undertaking which you say was commenced by us in 1857 we wish to finish with you in 1860. We are trained sharpshooters ; will you not enroll us in the corps of the Carabinieri Genovesi ?"

This was Garibaldi's crack corps, but he immediately summoned the Colonel, Mosto, who, however, could scarcely be persuaded to accept the poor fellows, so weak and helpless did they look. But, of course, to Garibaldi's demand he answered "Yes."

Out of the seven, five fell, dead or wounded, on the battle-field of Milazzo.

After the battle of Milazzo, to my involuntary reproach for the manner in which he had exposed his life in a hand-to-hand duel with a cavalry officer, he answered :

"Don't worry yourself ! our cause would triumph all the same even if I fell in action, but I know that I shall live to see its triumph."

On the evening after the battle, entering with my wife the hall where he was dining with the staff, he called us to his side, and with most punctilious courtesy to her, he said :

"Allow me to present to you the Admiral Persano ;" and to the Admiral he added, "The Marios."

The Admiral, as though he had never

received any instructions concerning us, talked cordially on the subjects of the day, till Garibaldi interrupted the conversation by ordering me to go immediately to Palermo with instructions to General Sirtori and with the nomination of a vice-director of the military college, refusing meanwhile to accept my resignation.

Persano, hearing the orders, said quickly : "I am going to Palermo at once, and shall be most happy to give you a berth on board the *Maria Adelaide*."

"Thanks, Admiral, but the General expects his orders promptly obeyed, and would scarcely approve of my going round by Genoa."

Persano, with a look of perfect unconsciousness, said : "Why should we touch at Genoa ?"

But Garibaldi laughed heartily, and invited the Admiral and ourselves to visit the castle of Milazzo, which the vanquished Bourbons were then evacuating, embarking their troops on board French ships. In the court-yard were numerous abandoned and frightened horses, and Garibaldi amused himself by dexterously catching them with a lasso as he used to catch the wild horses in the Pampas. When the sport was over I presented Colonel Mussolino, now deputy in the Italian Parliament, who brought the General congratulations from the French Liberals. Mussolino proposed to the General to land by surprise in Calabria at Cavallo, in front of the Faro. "Go at once yourself," answered the General ; "examine the spot, and return to report to me at Messina."

On my return from Palermo it was precisely at Messina that I found Garibaldi, and there accompanied him every day to the Faro, he climbing even to the top in order to study the manœuvres of the Bourbon ships and the Calabrian shore. His whole soul was so concentrated on the idea of crossing over to the continent, that he often spoke no word either going or returning. It was a difficult problem to solve. The straits were possessed by the Bourbon fleet—whereas Garibaldi had no men-of-war—the coast bristled with fortresses, the enemy was on the alert.

One day he said to me : "I have chosen you for a dangerous enterprise.

You will go as aide-de-camp to Colonel Mussolino to examine the land in Calabria for us."

An hour later he bade me enter his boat with General Medici and Guastalla. It was followed by a little fleet of boats, each manned by six volunteers. The shore was crowded with soldiers, the drums were sounding the retreat. Night fell; perfect silence was maintained as the arms were distributed. Mussolino said: "General, the cartridges don't fit the revolvers." "Use your fists," was the laconic reply. Then ordering me to enter Mussolino's boat, at the head of seventy-two others, parallel with the shore, and reaching to the Faro, he steered his own boat to the middle of the straits, and the tiny fleet rowed past him, one after the other, at distances assigned by him, and with orders to glide along the shore and make for the light-house.

"I have intrusted you with a difficult and dangerous enterprise. I know your courage; I am sure of you. Go, I shall join you soon."

Towards the end of July, 1867, I visited the General in company with Deputy Acerbi at Vinci, intending to try and dissuade him from his intended expedition to Rome. I did my best to demonstrate that in the present state of Italy Rome could not be entered without coming to a compromise with the Church, and he would, while dethroning the king, strengthen the power of the pontiff.

"We will settle with the pontiff when we have dethroned the Pope-king," was the only reply vouchsafed. Acerbi had undertaken to point out the embarrassment in which the Government would be placed were Italian troops to cross the frontier before the Roman had risen, but without giving him time to speak, Garibaldi said: "You, General Acerbi, will command the volunteers; Viterbo will be our rallying place; you can treat with Rattazzi, and tell my friends who now oppose my scheme that I give them a month longer for preparation." In war time or during the preparation for war it was very difficult to discuss with Garibaldi. As he had neither soldiers, nor officers, nor treasury nor armory, but had to trust to the omnipotence of his name to create

them, he was always prepared by long meditation for all the objections that friends or foes offered; and when on the field itself his acts seemed most spontaneous, you might be sure that he had weighed all the *pros* and *cons*, conjectured what the enemy could or would do in a given circumstance, and decided how best to baffle or defeat him. Hence at the sound of that quietly authoritative voice all Acerbi's courage vanished, and he only said, "General, I thank you for the confidence you repose in me." So thoroughly was I convinced of the unwisdom of the scheme that I declined accompanying the General on his preliminary tour, nor even after his escape from Caprera did I join him at once, but after a few days the fever of anxiety and uncertainty prevailed, and I joined him at Monterotondo, where he at once named me vice-chief of his staff, the venerable General Fabrizi being the chief.

On the 30th October we marched from Castle Giubileo along the Anio towards Ponte Nomentano with Rome in sight. Ten thousand volunteers formed his little army. Garibaldi made a reconnaissance in person towards the bridge, halting at Casal dei Pazzi; here were already a number of Zouave scouts; our advanced guides signalled their presence, and one of them fell wounded through the lungs. We formed round the General, who ordered me to go in haste to Villa Cecchini for a battalion, with which I soon returned; then we mounted one of the turrets of the castle, and saw a battalion of Zouaves cross the bridge and advance towards the castle. "Here," said the General to Fabrizi and myself, "we can defend ourselves until the rest of the troops come up." I told him that the exit of the castle was free, as I had placed one battalion at the entrance, leaving another at Villa Cecchini. The enemy now attacked us in front and flank, but the General gave orders that our troops were not to reply, as he did not consider it a fit place for a decisive battle. In the evening he gave the orders for returning to Monterotondo, and at once his 10,000 volunteers were reduced to 6000. Many of them had read the King's proclamation; others knew that with Menabrea instead of

Rattazzi at the head of the Government all further attempts on Rome were impossible. Already the new ministry had forbidden that provisions, ammunition, or clothes should cross the frontier for our use, and we were in fact blockaded between the Papal and Piedmontese armies. Meanwhile we had persuaded the General to form a provisional Government. On the 2d of November, in one of the halls of the Piombino palace, we met to consult Fabrizi, Bertani, Misori, Menotti, Canzio, Bezzi, Guerzoni, Adamoli, Bellisomi, and others. Garibaldi came to the meeting and sat apart, with his elbow on his stick, which in that campaign had served instead of a sword, and his chin leaning on his hand. He listened in silence to the ideas expounded; the articles of the new constitution were duly condensed for his benefit, the resolutions drawn up were read. On this he rose, and we all rose also. "*Bene, bene,*" he said; "*bravi! farò poi a modo mio.*" "Good, good; well done! now I shall act in my own way." On the night of the 2d November he summoned me to his room and gave me orders to march before dawn on Tivoli, saying: "We shall thus be protected by the Apennines, and be masters of both banks of the Anio; we can hold out a hand to Nicotera, and Acerbi will soon join us; we encamp in a country which has not been exhausted of its supplies, and the volunteers will no longer be so near *Passo Corese* as to escape easily."

The plan was excellent, and indeed was the only one feasible under the circumstances.

But meanwhile came Menotti, and obtained a delay, as the troops were waiting for shoes and other necessities, and we only set out at eleven on the following morning. The General was not in his usual good-humor; his hat was pulled down over his brows, and he hummed an old war-song of Monte Video as he came down the staircase of Palazzo Piombini and silently mounted his horse. Once on horseback we galloped along all the line in march, and towards midday entered Mentano. A guide came back from the outposts to say that we were attacked. "Go and take up positions," said the General to me. I obeyed, taking our men to the

heights and the right and left of the road, while the General himself posted our only two small pieces on another height, thus for a time keeping the assailants in check.

When once the troops recovered from the momentary panic of the sudden and unexpected attack, Garibaldi ordered them to charge with the bayonet along all the front; the order was valorously obeyed, and the Papalini retreated in confusion.

Indeed there was a moment when Guerzoni exclaimed, "General, the day is ours." But soon an unknown and as it then seemed an unearthly sound assailed our ears, like the hissing of tribes of rattlesnakes. The "*chassepôts*" had commenced their "*miracles*," the French had taken the place of the Papalini! There was nothing for it now but to return to Monterotondo. Arrived at the foot of the hill leading to the town, Garibaldi ordered me to defend the height to the left, and sent Colonel Cantone to occupy the convent of the *Cappucini*, to the right, which he did at the cost of his life.

The position of Monterotondo without ammunition or cannon being untenable, General Fabrizi ordered the retreat on *Passo Corese*. Garibaldi never quitted his horse. Perfect silence reigned, save for the sound of the troops marching; it was a mournful spectacle.

After succeeding in removing a huge barricade, I asked the General if he would enter his carriage. "Thanks, no!" The night was passed in a hut at *Passo Corese*; he still hoped for the arrival of Acerbi, but on the morrow allowed the arms to be consigned to Colonel Carava of the Italian army, saying as he gave the order for dissolving the corps, "Colonel, tell our brave army that the honor of the Italian arms is safe."

Once in the railway for Florence, it was the General's intention to return to Caprera. But Menebrea sent troops to arrest him. He refused to yield save to force, at the same time forbidding us to make any resistance, and after a short imprisonment was sent under escort to Caprera, and there considered a prisoner until after the entry of the Italians into Rome, when he departed without

saying "by your leave," to offer what remained of him to struggling and defeated France!

From the 4th November, 1867, until January, 1876, I did not see the General, as my Christian charity was not sufficiently broad to sustain me in a war for France against Prussia, who had given us Venice in 1866, and enabled the Italian troops to enter Rome in 1870. In 1876 I found the General in Villa Casalini, outside Porta Pia, intent on his schemes for the prevention of the inundation of Rome by the Tiber, and for the improvement of the Roman Campagna. The eight intervening years had left no sensible alteration on his face or form; the lines of the face were unchanged, the eyes gleamed with their old fire—only the hair and beard were considerably thinner and whiter. The teeth, still perfect, maintained his speech and smile intact. He received me affectionately, saying:

"We are changed indeed since last we met; I have lost both hands and feet."

And indeed he gave his left hand as the least crippled of the two. As we were talking, a boy of six rushed into the room, accompanied by some English ladies and a person who, coming up to the General, said:

"Look at Manlio; how well the sailor's costume suits him! He is quite proud of himself. Miss—made it for him without taking his measure."

The General, taking the child between his knees, thanked the English lady, and turning to me and pointing to the speaker, said:

"This is my wife, and this is our little son; call Clelia."

Clelia, about two years older, appeared, and thus the new family group was completed, and the General's eyes beamed with pleasure. Presently, addressing himself to the English ladies, he said:

"You have lost your mother, I understand; it is a great trial, but a natural one. The idea of death does not weigh on my mind; I am prepared for it; only I would fain not suffer more, I have already suffered so much. One ought to look on death as on a friend. Priests have terrified the imagination with their pictures of hell and purga-

tory, in which I do not believe at all. See here, I have been invited to go to London, to assist at a conference of evangelical people. Are you Protestants?" he asked, looking at the ladies above his spectacles.

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen to my reply." And he read a letter in which he said that he belonged to a religion without priests, because priests are the greatest scourgers of mankind. "Is it not so?"

As the ladies did not reply, he turned to me and said:

"I see, the navigation is difficult."

At last, one of the ladies took courage, and said:

"General, don't you believe in God, and in a future life?"

"I like to imagine," he answered, "a superior intelligence which regulates the universe in its movements, and in its laws, and that my intelligence is a particle of the same as that of every human being, and that all return to the great origin after death; and this belief raises man to a high sense of his dignity, whereas the priests and their paradise and their hell debase mankind. Do you know your God? Have you seen Him? To whom has He revealed Himself?"

Miss M. No one can discuss a faith!

Miss N. The Bible is a revealed book, and traces of the Deluge are still extant.

Garibaldi. How can you expect me to believe that in those days Noah built a boat large enough to hold his own family and all the species of animals besides? That is absurd!

Miss N. With God nothing is impossible.

"I beg your pardon," said the General, "for having led you on to this discussion, where we shall never agree. The only persons who have revealed anything to the world are men of genius; the priests have brought nothing but evil!"

"But there have been good priests."

"Very rarely. Ugo Bassi was a good priest, and now and then I have met with others, but in general they are baneful, owing to the doctrines they profess—and I speak of priests of all religions."

The English ladies seemed rather inclined than not to continue the conversation.

"All the wars, for instance, in Spain, and many elsewhere," I observed, "have been brought about by the priests."

"Bravo! that is true," said Garibaldi; and the conversation turned on war in general, until Manlio and Clelia, also dressed sailor fashion, returned, and their boisterous glee and their father's delight in their fun put an end to all conversation. The ladies left, and I returned to the Tiber schemes.

"We shall do nothing," he said, impatiently; "let us come to our own affairs. From the camp of the insurgents (the Herzegovina) I have been requested to send them a chief of the staff, and I took the liberty of promising that you would go."

I looked at the General stupefied. I had not joined him in the French campaign, not feeling general knight-errantry to be my mission—and certainly had now no intention of joining the insurgents.

"The Turk in Europe," he went on, "is a disgrace to civilization, but in order to be rid of him, all the nationalities in the Greek and Slavonic provinces must rise. It would be difficult for the Slavs to found a republic, but they might form a confederation of states. What do you say?"

"That I am grateful for the honor you have offered me; but do not feel myself equal to the mission."

Accustomed to absolute obedience on the part of his friends and subordinates, Garibaldi looked at me as one who had not heard aright, but only said in his quiet fashion:

"You can take time to decide. I do not know what part Italy will take in the Eastern question. If she chose, before Austria could appear on the field, she might, from the ports of Ancona and Brindisi, send an army to the rescue. The insurgents entreat me to go to their aid, but I am, as you see, no longer able to march across country at the head of insurgent bands. If I am to command an army, it must henceforth be from behind the horses!"

Once more I tried to bring him back to the Tiber question.

"*Che Tevere! che Tevere!*" he said,

impatiently. "They have befooled me; they will do nothing. The President of the Council and the Minister of Public Works name commissions, these name sub-commissions, and so we go on from day to day, and the works are sent to the Greek Kalends. If they would only begin to fill up the marshes of Ostia and Maccarese, that would do much to purify the air. My idea would be to see the Tiber deviated from its present course, carried round Rome, re-entering its bed below San Paolo fuori le Mura. Another canal passing directly through Rome and running parallel to the sea. The deposits brought down would fill up the marshes, and thus the city would be saved from inundations, and the neighborhood between Rome and the sea rendered fertile and salubrious. But these are dreams that we shall never see realized."

I could not help reflecting that they had been dreams ever since the earliest days of Rome, and that Father Tiber had outwitted and defied Popes and Emperors, the heads of the Republic and the minions of despotism; and I quite agreed with the General that little or nothing was to be expected from the ministry in the present state, especially, of national finance.

In the May of the same year I accompanied Garibaldi to Viterbo. At Orte we left the train for carriages, and went through districts that seemed deserts—not a village to be seen, nor even a farm-house; yet Garibaldi's presence was known, and crowds of herdsmen and peasants, children and women, cheered him as he passed. They were a wild-looking set, clad in goat and sheep-skins; but the women held the children aloft to get a sight of the General, as they would have lifted them to kiss the images of the Madonna by the roadside. It was a sort of triumphal march, and from the balcony of the communal palace of Viterbo, Garibaldi took for this theme the community of interest and affection that ought to reign between the army and the people. "The soldiers come from the people, and the time will come when they will serve the cause of the people and no longer that of tyrants. The Italian soldiers and people together conquered the tyrants."

This speech was much applauded, especially by the soldiers present among the spectators, and even the royal carabinieri cheered. As the Liberals had just come to power, there were also cries of "*Viva la Sinistra!*"

"I like that cry," said Garibaldi. "I hope my friends will govern better than their predecessors; but we must wait and see before we praise them. We want facts, we are all tired of promises."

After a long sojourn at Caprera, Garibaldi returned to Rome on the 4th of April, 1879.

We had not been warned that he was suffering severely from one of his rheumatic attacks, so that on finding him stretched and apparently motionless in the waiting-room of the station we received a shock never to be forgotten. His voice alone rang clear and clarion-like as he recognized us, and alluding to a biography of him which I had just published in Italian, he thanked me, and spoke very cordially of his satisfaction. Then, as some one kissed him on the forehead from behind, he said, "*Che diavolo!* Who is it that takes me in the rear?" Then recognizing old Ripari, his volunteer surgeon both in 1860 and 1849, he welcomed him, and then directed us to have him carried to his carriage by a private door. He was suffering intensely, and could not bear the noisy welcome of the crowd, and, to say the truth, those who caught sight of him returned in silence, and many in tears, from the heart-rending spectacle.

I spent much time with him every day during his sojourn in Rome, where he soon rallied from his attack, and busied himself to summon all the leaders and chief men of the Democratic party to unite in some given work on which they could be all agreed. This agreement was found in the question of universal suffrage, and it may be said that all the survivors of the old revolutionary battles, from Sicily as from Turin, answered to the roll-call. The Government was much alarmed, but so far from there being any cause, this act of Garibaldi's, giving the Democrats a feasible object to work for, enabling them to keep strictly within legal means, was sufficient to stem the torrent of useless demonstrations, of flag bearings,

and noisy appeals to the worst passions of the multitude.

One day old Avezzana, who began his political life in 1821, when he was condemned to death as a *carbonaro*, visited him. "Ah!" said the General, in a real voice of vexation, "I do envy you, for you can still mount on horseback."

The Democratic Congress was held in Rome, and went off satisfactorily. The General's object, however, in coming to Rome was to obtain the divorce from Signora Raimondi, married and rejected on the same day in 1859, and to marry the mother of Clelia and Manlio. The children, two handsome young savages, were constantly with him, Manlio evidently the apple of his eye, and as turbulent and disobedient a young imp as ever fell to my lot to see. But his noise and restlessness never seemed to disturb his father, whose eyes and voice caressed him even in reproof. After a short sojourn in Rome, he went to a beautiful villa near Albano, where, going with a Roman friend, we were warmly welcomed. He was looking well in comparison with when he left Rome, and was in fact free from pain, which was all that he could hope for henceforward, feet and hands being hopelessly crippled. We talked long over olden times, but his thoughts reverted constantly to Greece, and the abandonment by Europe of the Greeks. "There is yet *our* war," he said, "against Austria, to take from her Trent and Trieste, which are our own. If we are silent for the nonce, it is not that we have at all abandoned the idea. If the war be possible in our time, you will have to carry me into the field." "That I will do," said the friend who accompanied me, and, glancing at his herculean frame, Garibaldi seemed satisfied, until I said, "No, no, General! the next time you must command the fleet, and in twenty-four hours we shall be in the port of Trieste." "Ah, if that could be! if that could be!" he said.

From Albano Garibaldi went to Civita Vecchia, more to gratify the wish of the children for sea-bathing, than because he hoped for any benefit from the baths himself.

Toward the close of 1880, the workmen of Milan who, indignant at the

Moderates for erecting a statue to the ex-Emperor of the French, had contributed their hard-earned pence to the monument "for the martyrs of Mentana," sent a deputation to Caprera to entreat the General to be present at the inaugural ceremony. The members of the deputation were themselves convinced of the almost impossibility of his compliance with their request, so utterly broken up did he appear, so sad were the accounts of his sufferings as narrated by his family and attendants. But he answered, "I will come," and toward the end of October he landed at Genoa, where his first thought was to visit Mazzini's Court at Staglieno, but the weather and a fresh attack of pain preventing, he wrote a letter to Saffi, promising to do so on his return, and adding meanwhile, *invio in ispirito il mio saluto alla salma del precursore.*

After a few days' rest at S. Damiani d'Asti, the house of the mother of his young children, to whom his divorce from *la Raimondi* had enabled him to give his name, he arrived at Milan, where the promoters of the monument announced their triple intent to commemorate the victims of the temporal power of the Papacy—to protest against all foreign intervention and interference in Italian affairs—to assert the bond of union between French and Italian democracy; hence the significance of the special invitation to Blanqui, to Rochefort, as the men who had done much to efface the insolent *jamais* of *Rouher*.

It was a programme after Garibaldi's own heart, a fresh protest against *Papal and Imperial tyranny*, a fresh assertion of the "alliance of the peoples." "All Milan" clustered to the station, or lined the streets, balconies, and roofs, to bid welcome and catch a glimpse of the hero.

The "Thousand," the "Veterans," the "Survivors of the revolutionary battles," the working men's societies, with their three hundred banners and bands, had undertaken to keep the station and streets clear for the general's carriage. *Che!* the people took the station by storm, and even the engine (it was the *Niobe*) was seized on as a vantage point before it had fairly stopped.

"It is he! It is he!" was the one exultant cry, but when that *lui* pale, motionless, a shadow of his former self,

was lifted from the railway carriage, a hush fell on the multitude; those who had not seen him since 1862 stood aghast with fear; even I, who had parted with him so lately, was not prepared for the ravages that disease and pain had wrought in the eighteen intervening months. The bands still played, the people shouted welcome, but a change had come over the spirit of their dream, that welcome seemed instead a last adieu. The General, with evident effort, held up two fingers and smiled his thanks upon the multitude, but a tear coursed down his pallid cheeks as he said, "Milan always Milan!"

"The Milan of the people, my General," said Carlo Antongini, one of his veterans.

"Yes, and that is why it is so grand."

Then the French deputation arrived, and the air rang with cries of "Viva France! Viva the French Republic! Viva Blanqui and Rochefort!" The former, a bowed, bent, white-haired veteran, thirty years of whose span of life had been spent in prison for his faith, formed a striking contrast to the latter, a hale and vigorous man, with a thicket of tawny tangled hair surrounding his vivacious countenance. He seemed much impressed by the sight of Garibaldi, and presenting him with a magnificent album containing letters, signatures, poems, and addresses, he said: "The representatives of the people, and the representatives of the powers that be, who throng to see you, are the living proofs of your universal popularity."

Garibaldi's welcome to each of us, his old officers of Mentana, was heartfelt. "I cannot embrace you, my arms are infirm; give me a kiss instead."

At the moment of the unveiling of the monument Garibaldi's carriage, from which the horses had been detached, was wheeled on to the platform; he was looking less fatigued, and smiled as he saw the old familiar faces—Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Bezzi, and others—who had been with him on the day of the *miracles des chassépôts*, the 3rd November, 1867.

The speech, which he had written himself for the occasion, was read by his son-in-law, Canzio. He alluded to Legnago and the five days of Milan: "The alliance between the Moderates

and the priests against universal suffrage, which they know will prove a purifying wave over the soil of Italy, the inexorable judge of their iniquities. He who gives his blood and sweat for Italy has a better right to a vote than the few well-to-do ones (*abbiente*) who have hitherto monopolized that sovereignty which is only legitimate when exercised for the welfare and benefit of all, instead of for the interests of a single class."

The day after the ceremony Garibaldi quitted Milan. On the 7th November, 1880, I listened for the last time to the vibrating music of his voice, and looked my last on his beautiful, beloved face.

Several letters I received later referring to our agitation for universal suffrage, and when in August, 1881, we were holding our great meeting for the abolition of the laws on papal guarantees came his characteristic telegram :

" *Voto l'abolizione delle garanzie e del garantito.*"

" I vote the abolition of the guarantees and of the guaranteed (the Pope) "

The closing scenes of his noble life have been too minutely described, and are too fresh in the recollection of all readers to need any description here.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

FROM FISH TO REPTILE.

UNDER my eyes here, in the muddy pond on Hole Common, a miracle is this moment taking place in the open air, without any dark-room *séance* or mystical hocus-pocus, compared with which Mr. Home's levitation or Dr. Slade's spirit-writing is mere clumsy conjuring and inconclusive sleight of hand. Why people will refuse to believe in the possibility of evolution, when they can see it thus taking place any day in broad daylight before their own faces, surpasses my poor limited comprehension. Is it so incredible that a lizard should by long ages of change have grown at last into a bird, when we ourselves can watch a crawling caterpillar growing in less than three weeks into a beautiful feathery-winged butterfly? Is it so incredible that an ancestral donkey should gradually develop by slow increments into a modern horse, when we ourselves can watch a fixed and rooted polyp throwing off buds from its own body to form a free and locomotive jelly-fish? Or is it so incredible that some primeval mammal should be ultimately descended from a fish-like progenitor, when we ourselves can watch, here on Hole Common, a gill-breathing, limbless aquatic tadpole, developing by rapid steps into so different a creature as a four-legged, air-breathing, terrestrial frog? How can we deny that these other things may well have been, when we know that these active little jumping frogs on the bank here have each positively grown out of

the small, shapeless, darting mud fish we see swimming about in the pond below? Look at it how we will, a miracle it is in all sobriety of speech; and if the creature which exhibited it had just been brought for the first time from Central Africa or the Australian Bush, we should all be rushing off excitedly to the Brighton Aquarium to see this strange animal which positively changes from a perfect fish to a perfect terrestrial quadruped before our very faces. What a triumph for the evolutionists we should all consider it! and what a sensation its arrival would produce! We should be as much astonished as if a lizard were discovered in South America which gradually put forth a crop of feathers, developed a beak and a pair of pinions, and finally turned into a full-fledged pigeon. But as it is nothing more than a common English amphibian, we turn away from the familiar miracle wholly unconcerned, and say with a yawn to one another, "Why, it's only a tadpole."

Scientific writers generally know so very much themselves that they have clean forgotten what are the sort of difficulties that beset the likes of you and me in our endeavors to comprehend the process of things in the organic world. They are so accustomed to look at plants and animals from the point of view of structure and classification, that they quite overlook the obvious and external differences of shape and appearance and color, which form the only ob-

jects of interest in the plant or the animal to ninety-nine out of a hundred among their human fellow-creatures. They are so absorbed in the homologies of the skeleton that they forget to say anything about the flesh and blood; they are so deeply interested in the monocotyledonous seed that they forget to mention the leaves and the flower. Now of course for any real scientific reconstruction of the past history of any organism, these purely structural points are of the highest importance. Without them, it is impossible to arrive at any true or useful conclusion. The real underlying difficulty about the evolution of birds, for example, does not lie in any question about their feathers, or their wings, or their bills, but in certain unsolved internal problems of bones and vital organs. The real underlying difficulty about the evolution of the elephant does not lie in his trunk, his tusks, or his gigantic size, but in certain small points of his bony structure. Accordingly, scientific expositions of the evolution theory usually give us a great many pretty pictures and diagrams of sternums, and coracoids, and upper epibranchials, and other nice things with nice names to correspond; while they seldom give us a single word about the bird's feathers, or the elephant's trunk, or the horse's mane, which are the objects that strike everybody's eye, and that everybody wants to have explained to him. In short, the ordinary scientific writer cannot be made to understand that we don't want bones and organs, but real live birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles. The scientific man is clearly right, of course, and we are just as clearly wrong; but such is the perversity of human nature that we shall probably always continue in our evil courses, and never take that lively personal interest in orbitosphenoids which is properly expected of us—no, not if we live to be as old as Methuselah.

Suppose, accordingly, we sit down quietly here by the side of Hole Pond, and, with the living tadpoles before us for a text, we just try to reconstruct ideally so much of the pedigree which links reptiles with fish as we can arrive at without once cutting up an unfortunate tadpole, even mentally. For the most curious part of it all is this, that

the great gulfs which appall the ordinary mind are to the scientific thinker no gulfs at all; while the bones and the internal organs which we so carelessly disregard are the real crux of the whole discussion. The origin of the elephant's trunk, a man of science will tell you, is obviously a mere bit of functional adaptation; so is the origin of bright petals in flowers, of pulpy fruits, of beautiful plumage, of tall antlers. All these things are so simple that he never troubles his head for a moment about them. And consequently the poor outsider looks upon them usually as insoluble problems, which all the resources of science are powerless to attack. Whereas in reality the very questions which interest every one of us on the first blush are also the ones to which evolutionism offers the simplest, easiest, and most satisfactory answers.

It is well to begin at the beginning; and indeed, in order to trace the development of reptiles from fish, it is necessary first to look at the very earliest form of fish known to us. Many people imagine that if evolution be true the highest fish will resemble the lowest reptile; the highest reptile the lowest bird; and the highest bird the lowest mammal. But this is really a most mistaken idea. For as a rule each great class branches off from the classes beneath it at a very low point indeed. It is while a group of animals is still young and plastic that it buds out on every side into new and diversified forms. Each specialization in any one direction naturally hinders specialization in other directions; and so the true arrangement of animals is not linear, but rather divides and subdivides like the branches and twigs of a great and spreading tree. The lowest types of each class most closely resemble one another; while the highest types present the greatest diversities from one another. Hence, in order to get at the real relationship between any two groups of animals, it is almost always necessary to go back to the very earliest common ancestor whom we can discover. And in the case of fishes and reptiles, this earliest common ancestor is best represented among modern animals by that very primitive little vertebrate, the lancelet, or amphioxus.

It is usual to describe amphioxus as a

vertebrate, because it remotely resembles other vertebrates in the most important points of general structure; but as far as the fitness of language goes, the name is rather a misnomer, for amphioxus is really a vertebrate without any vertebræ—a boneless and heartless insignificant little sand-worm. Nobody but a naturalist would ever describe it as a fish at all, for it has no apparent head, no eyes, no mouth to speak of, no teeth, no backbone, and no shape worth mentioning. It is a small transparent worm-like creature, about three inches long, quite cosmopolitan in its habits, and found in all countries, from England to Tasmania, from China to Peru, and from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. Though not uncommon on the coasts of Britain, it is seldom noticed, partly because of its transparency, and partly because of the rapidity with which it can bury itself in the sand when disturbed. Unlike all other vertebrates, the lancelet is pointed at both ends, after the fashion of a shuttle, so that it seems to have no head and two tails. It does not possess a true skeleton, but in its place a cartilaginous pipe or notochord runs from one end of the little creature to the other, partially protecting the spinal chord. There are no ribs, no limbs, and, what is strangest of all, no skull or brain; both cartilaginous shell and spinal cord end at the head, as at the tail, in a tapering point. Indeed, the senses and organs of amphioxus, this earliest ancestor of the highest animals, are far inferior to those of most insects, or even of slugs and jelly-fish. The mouth consists of a simple ring surrounded by little waving arms or tentacles, which sweep in the food and water together; the first rudiments of eyes are represented by two tiny black spots of pigment, faintly sensitive to light or darkness; a primitive organ of smell exists, almost invisible, where the nostrils ought to be; and there is no organ of hearing whatsoever. As to locomotion, that is performed partly by wriggling, and partly by a sort of slightly expanded and undeveloped fin at the tail end. At the imminent risk of growing too obviously physiological, like the men of science whom I have been treating so harshly, I shall add that its blood is colorless, and that it has only a pulsat-

ing fold of its chief artery in place of a heart. A simpler little sand-worm one could hardly find; and yet from some such form as this all the highest vertebrates are most probably developed. No wonder that Haeckel should separate it entirely from the remainder of the vertebrate classes in a distinct order of brainless animals.

Why such a very primitive little creature as this should have survived unaltered to the present day it is not difficult to understand. Early forms are always found in hole-and-corner situations, where a higher type of life would be unsuccessful; just as a civilized man would starve or freeze to death where a Bushman or an Eskimo would manage to pick up a very tolerable livelihood. Thus the lowest mammals are burrowing or nocturnal creatures in isolated Australia, like the echidna and the ornithorhynchus; while our own lowest forms are underground worm-hunting moles, night-prowling insectivorous hedgehogs, and little diving, water-haunting shrews. In just the same way, the amphioxus has lived on almost unchanged from an unimaginable antiquity to our own time, because in its simple habitat any higher senses or limbs are unnecessary, and competition from more developed forms need not be feared. The little transparent lancelet can hardly be seen at all on the shallow bottom; it can bury itself at a moment's notice; and its structure is perfectly adapted to its own primitive habits and manners. Even when you know where to look for it, and are quite sure that it is to be found in abundance, you can seldom discover one without a great deal of trouble. Eyes would be useless to the poor thing in the sand where it usually lurks, and a brain would be an unnecessary luxury for an animal that has no limbs to move, no senses to co-ordinate, and nothing on earth to think about. Somebody once asked the Veddahs of Ceylon why they never laughed. "Because," answered the guileless savages, "we never see anything to laugh at." The case is much the same with amphioxus; he has no brain, because he would have no use for it even if he had one.

Just above the lancelet, in the direct line toward amphibians and reptiles,

come the ugly class of suctorial cartilaginous fishes to which the hags and lampreys belong. These uncanny eel-like creatures are parasitic on other fish, which objectionable habit has preserved them in comparative simplicity of type to our own day; for parasitism is just one of those special shady walks of life in which humbly organized forms usually have the advantage over higher and better types. In all probability the hags are a very ancient family indeed; for the oldest vertebrate remains which we possess are a lot of little horny tooth-plates from the lower Silurian rocks, extremely like the small hooked denticles of our modern hag-fish. Of course, the ancestors of amphioxus could never leave any fossil remains at all, seeing that their bodies were all soft and cartilaginous; while even in the hag family, the only part hard enough for preservation is the dental plates. The whole tribe resembles the lancelet in many points of organization, though it rises decidedly higher in the scale as regards senses and intelligence. The skeleton of the fish belonging to this class is soft and gristly; the notochord, or rudimentary backbone, has no ribs, and the animals are without limbs of any sort. But they have a skull, though a very soft one, and a brain inside it; and they have also an extremely simple and clumsy sort of heart. The suctorial fish fall into two main divisions, the hags and the lampreys, each of which has some importance of its own as a link in the chain of development toward the higher vertebrates.

The hags are unpleasant-looking oily marine fishes, with long, thin, snake-like bodies, popularly and well described by fishermen as about half-way between a worm and an eel. They admirably illustrate the portmanteau word "slithy," in the Jabberwocky poem, explained by the White Queen as a compound of "lithe" and "slimy;" for they are squirming, wriggling, sinuous things, and they secrete an incredible quantity of a disagreeable glutinous mucus, with an ancient and a fish-like smell, which makes them very unpleasant animals to handle experimentally. They are known to fishermen as "borers," from their habit of burying themselves inside the body of other fish,

chiefly cod, and then devouring their unfortunate host piecemeal, till nothing is left of him but the skin and bones. The hags have a rudimentary eye, buried in the skin, and quite useless, which shows that they are descended from a slightly more advanced free swimming form, with a real external organ of vision. This hypothetical honest ancestor is now no doubt long extinct, having been killed off ages ago by the open competition of better-developed types; and as to the hags themselves, which have survived by virtue of their low parasitical ways, they have ceased to have any further need for an eye, which could not aid them much in the inside of another fish. On the other hand, they have a fully developed organ of smell, single, as in the lancelet, instead of being double as in the nostrils of higher fishes and other vertebrates; and this smell organ largely aids them, of course, in scenting out their victims, as soon as they have eaten out one cod, and are on the look-out for another eligible residence. Indeed, all hunting animals and carnivores, whatever their grade, always depend largely upon smell, and have very big olfactory lobes in their brains to direct their actions accordingly. Hags are not nice-looking creatures externally, with their naked bodies, apparently eyeless heads, and round sucking mouths; nor are their habits such as to endear them either to fish or fishermen. They do great damage to the cod, and have no redeeming feature whatsoever. As to the mucus, I suppose that may serve to render them indigestible to the other fish whose bodies they feloniously enter, with intent to do them grievous bodily harm. At any rate, they never are so digested, and they must have some effectual protection to prevent it.

The lampreys are hardly a nicer family to deal with than the hags; but they are still interesting as a distinct link in the pedigree which leads us gradually up from amphioxus to the reptiles, and so indirectly to the birds and mammals. In external shape they are a good deal like the hags; but they undergo a metamorphosis from a larval to a full-grown form, exactly as our tadpoles here do from their fish-like stage to the adult and terrestrial frog. Now, a metamor-

phosis is always biologically valuable and suggestive, because it recapitulates for us, in part at least, the ancestral development, showing us the actual stages by which the animal has reached its present grade of evolution. The larvæ of the lampreys are inferior in organization even to the hags, and very little superior to amphioxus itself. They have a round suctorial mouth without teeth; and their very small rudimentary eyes are hidden in a fold of the skin. In this condition the young lamprey lives in rivers, and apparently fastens himself on to other creatures, whose blood he sucks as best he may. But after three or four years of such an aimless existence, carried up and down on the sides of his unwilling host, he begins to develop a set of rasping teeth; acquires a pair of fairly serviceable eyes, and turns out a mature locomotive fish, with respectable fins, and a moderately decent tail. Still, however, he keeps to his parasitic habits, using his teeth to rasp a hole in his victim's side, and never letting him go till he has killed him.

Observe that in all these cases the fish we now possess is not the exact original fish who formed an historical link in the pedigree of reptiles and mammals, but only something like him. The hags and lampreys are parasitical on higher types than themselves, which of course the ancestral fish could not have been; he could not have lived by feeding off the bodies of his own remote and more advanced descendants. Nevertheless, if we omit the functional features which belong to these low types in virtue of their parasitism, and consider only those underlying points which are general and structural, we have probably a fair picture of what the original common ancestor was really like. When the mass of the race developed to something higher, or became extinct in the competition, the forefathers of these particular creatures took to a parasitical life on the new types, and so, while specially modifying certain of their organs in adaptation to their new habits, preserved for us in the main the general peculiarities of the primitive form. That is almost always the case with such transitional links; where we have them at all, it is just in some such way, because they have accommodated themselves to some

exceptional and neglected situation in the hierarchy of nature. At the same time, this fact explains the occasional existence of such transitional forms, which would otherwise naturally have become extinct. We can thus see both why transitional forms are so often wanting, and also why in a few out-of-the-way places they still occasionally survive.

From an ancestor something like the larval lamprey, the various tribes of fishes have branched out variously in many directions, some of them toward the sharks and rays, some of them toward the cod, sole, and salmon, and some of them toward sundry other less familiar types. At the present moment, however, we are only concerned with those fish which lie as directly as possible (after this collateral fashion) in the line of descent which finally culminated in birds and mammals. For this purpose we may leave entirely on one side the vast majority of our existing species, which belong to the immense sub-class of the teleostei, or hard-boned fishes. Among these may be reckoned almost every sort of fish familiarly known to us at table or elsewhere, such as the perch, bass, mullet, bream, mackerel, herring, trout, salmon, whitebait, gurnard, cod, stickleback, sole, plaice, turbot, brill, dab, flounder, and cat-fish; in short, every one that any respectable person (except a professor of ichthyology) would ever wish to know anything about. All these we may lawfully eat without scruple—they are certainly no ancestors of ours. The fact is, these teleosteans, with their hard sharp bones, are comparatively new-comers in marine circles, having nothing to do with the pedigree of old families like the frogs, lizards, birds, mammals, and human beings. An ardent evolutionary housewife has been known to express a hope that in time, with the progress of science, Professor Huxley (now that he has turned his attention to fisheries) might succeed in evolving for us a boneless whiting. Alas! the actual course of evolution has run all the other way. Good old-fashioned palæozoic fish had cartilaginous bones, like those that we still know so well in crimped skate (a cannibal dish, for skate is one of the other class, collaterally related, I must candidly con-

fess, to our own line of ancestry); but as time went on, the old families got outstripped in the race by a younger and less illustrious branch of cadets, with hard bones, who have now taken possession of all the seas and rivers of the world, almost completely ousting the original cartilaginous inhabitants. To say the truth, it is the hard bones that have given them the victory in the struggle for existence, and the cartilaginous kinds are becoming extinct in the water, much as the great saurians have become extinct on the land, through the parallel evolution of far higher and better-adapted forms. If anything, the tendency must be for whiting to get bonier, instead of less bony; and we can only hope, for the sake of our remote descendants, that their bones will at last get so big that there will be no further danger of choking oneself with them.

Put simply, the facts are these. The oldest order of true fishes, above the lampreys, is that of Palæichthyæ, a cartilaginous race whose very name of course indicates their venerable position as the real old piscine stock. They stand to the ordinary hard-boned fish in somewhat the same relation as the marsupials of Australia stand to the higher mammals. It is from them that the amphibians and reptiles are probably descended: and it is among them that the few remaining transitional links are still to be found. From them, too, but in another direction, the bony fish are also derived: and the geological relation of the two classes is just in accordance with this view. It would have been impossible for amphibians or reptiles to be developed from such highly specialized aquatic forms as the perch, the cod, or the turbot; they could only be developed from a simpler and less specially adapted type like some of the Palæichthyan fishes. It is with these alone, therefore, that we have here to deal, leaving aside all the better-known families whose connection with the main line of descent is merely collateral.

The sharks and rays (including our friend the skate) are the best-known modern instances of the older cartilaginous fishes; but these too stand a little apart from the central pedigree of the higher animals. It is rather in the very ancient order of Ganoids, once domi-

nant in Devonian and carboniferous seas, but now verging rapidly to extinction, that we must look for surviving relatives of the primitive amphibian forms. Most of the connecting links are here long since dead; but we have still a few very important types surviving. The Ganoids in question have a cartilaginous skeleton, and a continuous notochord in place of a true backbone, thus diverging but very slightly from the primitive model. Such plasticity of the internal framework, indeed, is an absolutely necessary precedent of the changes whereby limbless creatures were to develop bony, five-toed limbs. Most of these transitional Ganoids have elongated, eel-like bodies, and fins of much the same character as those of the lampreys.

The Australian barramunda may be regarded as the lowest of the connecting links on the road towards the reptilian form. Its history is a very curious one. For several years a great many peculiar fossil teeth of fishes were known from the Triassic and Oolitic formations of Europe and America, and were referred to a supposed extinct genus, *Ceratodus*. But no naturalist expected to meet with a living *Ceratodus* any more than he expected to meet with a living mammoth or a living pterodactyl. In 1870, however, it was reported that there lived in the rivers of Queensland a certain curious native fish commonly known as Dawson salmon—the classificatory powers of the British settler are not of a high order—and possessing the faculty of leaving the water, and walking about casually upon the mud-flats. By-and-by, specimens of the supposed salmon arrived in England, and were duly cut up and examined by ichthyological authorities. To the surprise of everybody, they turned out to be modern survivors of the supposed extinct genus *Ceratodus*, with teeth of just the same character as the familiar fossils. Australia, as everybody knows, is a wonderful place for the discovery of such antiquated and elsewhere obsolete creatures. It has not been joined to the mainland of Asia (as Mr. Wallace has shown), at least since the cretaceous period; and hence it has never been invaded by any of the higher types developed meanwhile in the keener competition of the great continents. This has enabled it to keep to the

present day a native fauna belonging practically to the secondary period, though a good deal specialized in certain particular directions. Thus its indigenous mammals are all marsupials; its mud-banks are burrowed by still more archaic ornithorhynchi; its fields are inhabited by the primitive echidna; and its fresh waters are tenanted by such a simple Ganoid type as the barramunda.

What made the discovery of this living fossil all the more interesting, however, was the fact that it exactly supplied a missing link between the ordinary Ganoids and a certain abnormal group whose relation with them has been hitherto unsuspected. The barramunda is a large, awkward-looking fish, about six feet long, with a small pointed head, and a very little-developed brain, as is always the case with ancient types. But the two most important points for us to notice in the present connection are these: first, that it has four limb-like fins, occupying about the same relative position as the legs of a newt; and, secondly, that its swim-bladder has been developed into a sort of rude lung, which assists it to breathe under certain special circumstances. "The barramunda," says Dr. Günther, whose book I have brought out with me by way of light reading—for I hope you don't suppose I am making this all up, as the children say, out of my own head—"the barramunda is said to be in the habit of going on land, or at least on mud-flats; and this assertion appears to be borne out by the fact that it is provided with a lung. However, it is much more probable that it rises now and then to the surface of the water in order to fill its lung with air, and then descends again until the air is so much deoxygenized as to render a renewal of it necessary. It is also said to make a grunting noise, which may be heard at night for some distance. As the barramunda has perfectly developed gills, besides the lung, we can hardly doubt that when it is in water of normal composition, and sufficiently pure to yield the necessary supply of oxygen, these organs are sufficient for the purpose of breathing, and that the respiratory function rests with them alone. But when the fish is compelled to sojourn in thick muddy water charged with gases, which are the products of

decomposing organic matter (and this must be the case very frequently during the droughts which annually exhaust the creeks of tropical Australia), it commences to breathe air with its lung in the way indicated above. If the medium in which it happens to be is perfectly unfit for breathing, the gills cease to have any function; if only in a less degree, the gills may still continue to assist in respiration. The barramunda, in fact, can breathe by either gills or lungs alone, or by both simultaneously. It is not probable that it lives freely out of the water, its limbs being much too flexible for supporting the heavy and unwieldy body, and too feeble generally to be of much use in locomotion on land."

Here, then, we have a creature which is in all essential particulars a fish, and a Ganoid fish, but which approaches the amphibians in two important respects—the possession of fins that closely resemble limbs, and the modification of the swim-bladder into true lungs. As compared with the lampreys, too, it shows another mark of advance in the same direction in the fact that it has two pairs of nostrils, instead of a single one; and these nostrils are directly related to the breathing organs, as in higher animals, instead of forming a totally separate organ, as in the lampreys. At the same time we must remember that many intermediate links have now probably perished, though their place can be partially supplied from the analogy of other Ganoids, out of the direct line.

The African lepidosiren, which is also a Ganoid closely allied to the barramunda, though far less like a fish, supplies us with another interesting link in the evolutionary chain. It is a scaly, eel-shaped creature from the Gambia (notice how this early eel shape persists right up to the level of newts and salamanders), with much smaller and slenderer leg-like limbs than the barramunda's, but with the same arrangement of the nostrils, and the same double breathing apparatus of lungs and gills. Moreover, its lung, instead of being single, is divided into two, and has a cellular structure approaching that of a reptile. Lepidosiren lives in the tropical pools of the west coast rivers; and when these dry up in summer, it forms a sort of hollow nest in the mud, lines it

inside with mucus, and there lies by coiled up in a torpid state till the rains refill the pools and melt it out again. The clay-balls or cocoons can be dug out and sent to Europe unbroken with the live fish inside ; which makes lepidosiren a cheap and favorite object in large aquariums. The limbs are used more like legs than fins, and by their aid the fish crawls along the bottom of its tank, though it also swims at times by the paddle-like action of its flexible tail. Clearly such a creature only needs a few toes to its legs to make it at once a very tolerable amphibian.

So far, the animals we have been considering are all classed as fish ; they have no true limbs with feet ; they possess gills during their whole lives ; they normally live in the water ; and if they sometimes venture on dry land, it is for a few minutes only, in search of special food. But there are some small ponds which dry up for a large part of each year, and which are usually full in the spring only ; and these, being unfitted for fish of any sort, have become the habitat of that special class of animals that we call amphibians—among them, our little frogs and tadpoles on Hole Common here. Every amphibian begins life absolutely as a fish ; and in varying degrees, according to their relative development, they end it for the most part as more or less terrestrial animals.

The intermediate stage between fishes and higher amphibians like the frog is best seen in the small class of animals known as perennibranchiates, that is to say, efts which permanently retain their gills throughout life, instead of dropping them as soon as the lungs are developed, like the frogs. Such creatures are of course in the most genuine sense amphibians : they can live entirely on land or entirely in the water, at the same time, just as they please. The line which separates them from the lepidosiren is certainly a very slight one. The siren of the South Carolina rice marshes—so called, I suppose, a *non canendo*—makes an excellent typical example of these early surviving forms. In shape and movements it is still eel-like, but it has distinct and decided legs, the feet being each provided with four toes. This is what makes it, so far as externals are

concerned, a true amphibian. On the other hand, the end of the body is flattened fish-fashion, and ringed round by a marked obtuse fin. Our modern siren does not love the rocks, like its Greek namesakes, but rather delights in mud ; and indeed the mud-haunting habits of almost all stranded ancestral vertebrates are very noticeable. It grows to about three feet long. One which was kept in the Zoo used to live in a tank of pond-water, with a deep muddy bottom, and was generally buried an inch or two in the slush whenever a scientific observer wanted to see it. If ever it did condescend to appear, it wriggled about gracefully like an eel, and rarely ventured out of the water. Nevertheless, the siren has true lungs, as well as gills, the latter being external, and forming pretty, lace-like fringes outside the head. In its native State, it goes ashore now and then in search of worms ; but it evidently distrusted English institutions, or else was too well fed in the tank. Several other species are found elsewhere.

We have, however, one still simpler connecting link. The Grotto of the Maddalena in Carniola is probably the largest cave in Europe ; and, like most other large caves, it has a special blind fauna of its own. Such blind subterranean creatures have usually been much modified in special points to suit their very peculiar habitat ; but in their general type they are, as a rule, representatives of extremely ancient forms. They got in there a long time ago, and have been left behind by the rest of the world. In the Carniolan cavern a curious perennibranchiate is still found, by name the proteus ; for somehow a quaintly inappropriate classicalism seems to have pervaded the minds of all the nomenclators who fixed the scientific names of these intermediate creatures. The peculiarity of this particular proteus, indeed, consists in the fact that he doesn't change his form, but always remains much the same as he began ; whereas the higher amphibians all undergo a complete metamorphosis before reaching the adult shape. Strictly speaking, the animal does not belong to the open cave itself so much as to some subterranean reservoir in communication with it ; for it is only now and then that a few are caught by accident in a small

pool there. Indeed, all the limestones of Illyria, Dalmatia, and Carniola are honeycombed for hundreds of miles with underground lakes and rivers. Proteus has an eel-like body, a foot long; it is flesh-colored, with pretty pink tufts of external gills; and it has rudimentary eyes in the shape of pigment dots beneath the skin; for, like the hags, it has nearly got rid of organs for which it has clearly no further use. Here, too, the tail is compressed, and the little feeble limbs are in a most rudimentary condition. The fore feet have three toes; the hind feet have two only. Thus this castaway of the Adelsburg caverns has preserved for us some very early features of the primitive amphibian ancestor.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum"—everybody has not been to Carinthia to see a proteus. But everybody has been to the Brighton Aquarium, of course, and everybody has noticed there, in a glass case in the vestibule, those prettily little dappled creatures, the Mexican axolotls. Though of less importance in the genealogical scale than the proteus, the axolotl is yet very interesting in its own way as marking another manner in which early types may be more or less preserved for us under exceptional circumstances. It comes from the great lake which surrounds the City of Mexico, and it is much relished as a table delicacy by the connoisseurs of the most volcanic capital even in Spanish America. For my own part, I can manage frogs (at the Café Jollineau), but I draw a line at tadpoles. Now, for a long time, the axolotl was only known in its larval or perennibranchiate form, as an aquatic animal; but suddenly some specimens kept in a tank at the Jardin des Plantes astonished their keepers by developing one summer into a distinct form of American salamander, known as Amblystoma. Dr. Weismann, most learned and patient of ponderous German biologists, thereupon began to study the creatures closely, after his microscopic fashion; and he has finally succeeded in proving (at very great length, *more Teutonico*) that the axolotl is descended from a terrestrial Amblystoma, but that, in the great saline lake of Mexico, it has reverted in many respects to an ancestral form which is not quite the larval

condition, but is an intermediate stage between the two. He attributes this retrogression to the dryness of the high Mexican plateau, which will not permit the axolotls to take to the shore in their full Amblystoma stage; for all amphibians, even when terrestrial, require a good deal of moisture in the air to keep their skins damp. Living in such a climate, with a lake which does not dry up in summer, they have naturally reverted to an earlier condition; and though they still preserve some salamandrine peculiarities in their structure, they have practically become a simple type of perennibranchiates once more. On the other hand, when brought to the damp climate of Europe, and forced to live in shallow water for a certain length of time, they can be made to lose their gills and artificially to resume their lost salamander shape. This is one of the most curious practical illustrations of what is called atavism, or "throwing back," that has yet been recorded, because it is really double-barrelled. We must suppose, first, that a water-animal something like the axolotl gradually took to undergoing a metamorphosis, which made it into an Amblystoma; and the Amblystomas of the United States still continue to undergo that metamorphosis, exactly as our own frogs do. Then, the Amblystomas of Mexico, living under circumstances unfavorable to metamorphosis, must have reverted once more to the axolotl form, and passed a sort of larval life throughout all their existence. And finally, some such axolotls, brought to Europe, are found again to revert under special conditions to the Amblystoma form, and to undergo metamorphosis in the same way as their northern relations.

Our own English newts represent the next stage in ascending order. They live, as everybody knows, in shallow ponds or ditches, and lay their eggs in May or June. From these eggs, little tadpoles are produced, with fringed external gills, and very fish-like forms. Toward autumn the gills begin to drop off, and the tadpoles acquire their perfect lizard-like shape. But though they are now lung-breathing creatures, they do not take kindly to terrestrial life. They still pass almost all their time in the water, coming up to the surface every now and then to breathe, but sel-

dom venturing out on to the dangerous shore beside the pond. The lungs are so large that one pull lasts a long time. In their adult form they have four legs, with weak, sprawling toes, which they use almost entirely for groping about in the mud at the bottom : their real organ of locomotion, however, is still the paddle-like tail, by whose aid they propel themselves through the water after the fashion of screw steamers. But indeed the newts at the best of times are sluggish little creatures, like all mud-haunters, and seldom bestir themselves unless they see a boy with a minnow-net looming ominously on the brink somewhere above them. Very occasionally you may catch one crawling about with a weak-kneed, shambling gait beside the water. Amphibians of this higher class are said to be caducibranchiate. It is easy to understand how such a stage could have been reached from that represented for us by the proteus and the sirens.

Just above the newts come the Central European salamanders, those mysterious creatures whose name is best known to us for their mythical fiery propensities. They are in reality very harmless and ordinary little amphibians of a most interesting sort. The spotted salamander begins life as a tadpole, just like the newt : but as it reaches weeks of discretion it loses its gills, acquires serviceable legs, and walks out upon dry land, exactly as the frog does. Unlike the frog, however, it retains its tail throughout life. It thus differs from a lizard (setting aside internal structural peculiarities) mainly in the fact that it starts with gills, whereas the lizard is hatched out of the egg with lungs direct. However, there is one species of salamander in the dry mountains of the south which does not visibly pass through the tadpole stage at all : it is produced alive as a full-formed lung-breathing salamander. Yet even here the embryo has useless gills, thus showing its kinship to the other members of the family.

From such an amphibian as this, the step to the lizards is not a difficult one. The differences (though relatively great to the anatomist) are a mere nothing as regards external form ; and even anatomically they are anything but insuperable. The great points of distinction are in the bones. Now, even as far up as

the salamanders, ossification is still very imperfect ; there is plenty of plasticity yet in the skeleton, plenty of room for further improvements and modifications. The ribs are still very rudimentary—mere knobs on the backbone ; the breast-bone is still cartilaginous ; the various parts of the skeleton are still often loosely bound together by ligaments, instead of being mortised into one another by cunning joints. But all these things have comparatively little interest for you and me, who are not anatomical ; when we have got from a lancelet to a salamander, which looks exactly like a lizard in shape, lives like the lizard on dry land, and produces its young as lung-breathing creatures like the lizard itself, we need not quarrel about the single condyle or the quadrate bone, of whose very existence we never knew anything till we were triumphantly requested to account for their evolution. It is enough for us that the lizards have a more perfectly ossified skeleton than the salamanders, that they live on dry land, and that they are hatched from the egg as perfect animals, without undergoing a metamorphosis. Nothing to stagger us anywhere in all that. Only just notice in passing that the lizards, too, the lowest of true reptiles, still keep very much to the original eel-like form. Their limbs, indeed, are of comparatively little use to them, and they wriggle about over the ground with their long tails much as the lampreys, lepidosiren, and proteus wriggle about in the water. Among the closely related snakes, this wriggling habit is even more conspicuous ; but if I were to diverge in that direction, I should never get this long screed finished at all. I must content myself with observing that throughout, in the direct line of ascent from the lancelet to the reptiles, the general shape of the body alters singularly little in any surviving type from its original elongated form.

And now, where in this direct line does the frog stand ? Why, nowhere. He is a divergent higher type among the amphibians, just as the trout and perch group are divergent higher types among the fish ; and he shows by analogy many of the same peculiarities. For, as we saw already, the highest groups in each great class do not form part of the main

genealogical stem toward the classes above them : they are specialized in particular directions, and have left the early genealogical forms quite behind them in the race. The frog starts in life as one of these very minute hammer-headed tadpoles, with external gills ; and in that form it is simply a very low type of fish. If it never went any further, we should unhesitatingly class it next to the lancelet. It loves to bury itself in the mud, and otherwise disport itself like a true mud-fish. After a while, however, a pair of hind legs bud out from its side, and then a pair of fore legs ; but the tail and gills still remain ; and in that form it closely resembles the perenni-branchiates. If it never went any further, we should unhesitatingly class it next to the proteus. Then the gills drop off, and the tadpole breathes by lungs alone ; in this state, it is essentially a newt. But soon it gets off the line altogether, by losing its tail, which no well-conducted salamander or lizard ever dreams of doing (except upon compulsion, in which case he soon grows it again) ; and this marks its place as a higher though still thoroughly amphibian type. The tail does not drop off, but is absorbed by the body. In its perfect form, the frog shows a great adaptation to its special mode of life. It has firm solid bones ; a well-knit skeleton ; and powerful legs for swimming or jumping, which contrast strongly with the feeble sprawling limbs of the newt or even of the lizard. It has specialized itself in the direction of very muscular legs, and has therefore lost its tail, which of course would only impede it in hopping, and be of no particular use even in swimming. At the same time, this very specialization has precluded it from becoming the ancestor of still more developed types. While the hardened frogs have all remained frogs alone, the plastic salamanders and lizards have slowly widened out into birds and mammals, ending at last with the very highest types of all.

The pipa, or Guiana toad, shows us another way in which the transformation from aquatic to terrestrial animals may take place. Its case is not very different from that of the black salamander, which produces its young alive. The pipa lives in a dry climate, and can-

not easily find pools in which to hatch its spawn. Accordingly, as soon as the eggs are laid, the attentive father plasters them all over the mother's back. There they raise small pustules, into each of which an egg is absorbed, and in the cell thus formed the young tadpole is hatched. It passes through its metamorphosis in this queer living honeycomb, and hops out at last a perfect toad. There is hardly any more wonderful instance in nature of cunning adaptation to adverse circumstances. It must have taken a great many generations and a great deal of natural selection to produce such a quaint result as that.

There is another side relationship of the frog, however, which is too full of genealogical interest to be passed by without a word. Do me the justice to admit that, so far, I have spared you the ascidian larva. You knew, however, that before we got to the end of the subject the ascidian larva would certainly be dragged in, tail foremost ; and you were quite right. Now, it is perfectly true that you have been quite familiar with that celebrated larva's name and fame any time these last ten years ; but do you really know what he is like ? I am prepared to stake the best specimen in my case that you don't. An ascidian is one of those queer, sack-like marine animals that one sometimes sees in aquariums, all inflated and distended with salt-water, and looking much like the thumb of a glove turned half inside out. In its adult stage, it is a sessile, semi-transparent creature, sticking firmly to a rock, without head, tail, eyes, or limbs, and so soft that it used always till very lately to be reckoned as an inferior kind of mollusk. But in the larval form, the young ascidian closely resembles the frog's tadpole, and has an exactly similar internal economy. It begins its existence as a translucent glassy little thing, with an eye inside its head (for being as clear as crystal, an eye inside is just as good for it as an eye outside), and it has a notochord and a tail, and an arrangement of the mouth and gills, much like that of these tadpoles here. The Russian naturalist Kowalewsky has shown that the ascidian is in fact a very degenerate descendant of the same primitive ancestor as the

fishes, amphibians, and reptiles: only, while they have gone up in the scale, the ascidian has gone down. In some respects the ascidian larva probably better represents this primitive ancestor than any other among its descendants. It shares with the tadpole and the lancelet the honor of being the most characteristically antique vertebrate now known. As it grows up, however, it runs its head against a rock, and there sticks: its tail drops off, its eye atrophies; and it turns at last into a mere living digestive sac—a blind, motionless, degenerate thing. Such are the bad effects of heedlessly rejecting the theory of progressive development. Had the ascidian only directed its energies into the proper channel, it might have risen at length to be a Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Nor shall divine *Cecilia* pass unsung:" only, regard for scientific accuracy should have made the poet spell it *Cæcilia*. That last unpleasant example among the amphibians deserves a word of recognition before we part. The *cæcilia* of science can only be called divine on a very liberal interpretation of a much-abused word. It is a nasty, ugly, worm-like creature, without legs or feet, and unpleasantly cold and slimy to the touch. Like the frogs and newts, it entirely loses its gills as it approaches maturity; but, unlike them, it never acquires legs or toes. Living in moist mud, where it buries itself deeply, it still keeps up in great perfection the eel-like or snake-like form. For the same reason the eyes are quite rudimentary. Whether *cæcilia* is or is not "the father of all snakes" it would be hard to say. Perhaps we may consider it quite as likely that the snakes are derived from a different line as descendants of some primeval lizard. But whether the real pedigree runs one way or the other, *cæcilia* at least gives us a general idea of the way it might have run; and such analogies are often just as valuable as real links in the biological chain. For example, our own common English blind-worm, or slow-worm, also looks externally very much like a snake; but scientifically it is only a lizard which has lost its legs. It has a scapular arch (whatever that may be), which no respectable snake ought ever to have, and it has also a pair of eyelids, whereas in snakes the skin continues

over the eye, merely becoming transparent in that part. Nevertheless, the analogical value of the blind-worm is very great, because it is a lizard which has reached much the same point as the snakes by a different route. It shows us how snakes might have been developed, if they hadn't been developed another way. Similarly, whether *cæcilia* stands in the direct line toward snakes or not, it at least shows us how a snake-like creature might easily be evolved from an amphibian of the salamandrine type, by simple suppression of the weak little legs. Certainly, what eyes it has (minute in some kinds, wanting in others) are in the right place for a forefather of serpents, beneath the skin. If ever such an amphibian took to living on shore and suppressing its tadpole stage, it would become a snake indeed—that is to say, as soon as it had acquired the proper complement of ribs, for of course it is ribless. But what are ribs to an evolutionist? It is a significant fact, once more, that the chief species of *cæcilia* come from just the same sort of tropical rivers as the lepidosiren, the barramunda, and almost all our other antiquated types. They are found in Brazil, Cayenne, Malabar, Ceylon, Java, and other moist equatorial countries. The warm muds of the tropics must most closely keep up the average circumstances of life to which our ancestors were subjected during the damp hot period of the great carboniferous flora. Wherever we try to investigate our pedigree, we always get back at last to the dust of the earth, if not precisely in the dry state, at least in its moistened condition as mud. That idea I present gratis as a valuable suggestion to the framers of harmonies and old-fashioned cosmologists.

It is a wonderful pedigree, truly, and difficult to trace in places; but every day now we are getting to know of lost links, and learning to piece it together with greater and greater approach to rough completeness. Nowhere are the links more numerous or more continuous than in the bit of ground we have just gone over together. Chance has preserved the pieces for us very curiously—here in a buried sand-fish; there in an internal parasite; yonder, again, in an Australian mud-haunter, a dweller

in African pools, a blind subterranean troglodyte, or an abortive Mexican tadpole. But somehow, by some lucky combination of circumstances, almost every important link *has* been preserved for us somewhere or other; and men of science, with wonderful patience and long co-operation, have dovetailed the fragments of evidence together on our behalf, till at last you and I, sitting here together lazily by the pond on Hole Common, can reconstruct the whole history ideally for ourselves, and see the entire genealogical table unrolled in detail before our mind's eye. And though I spoke just now in jesting disrespect of these same men of science, with their long dry names for small dry bones, we must never forget that only their vast and ceaseless care for petty minutiae could ever have enabled us to get at last at

those fundamental truths of organic nature. Months of microscopic toil at the embryological development of the ascidian larva, at the eggs and tadpoles of the frog, at the metamorphosis of the axolotl, at the anatomy and physiology of the lancelet and lepidosiren, were necessary before we could obtain those few brief and technical summaries of results that lead up in the fulness of time to the great generalizations of the evolutionists. Let us reverently thank the painstaking and watchful men who find out these things for us, and let us not even pretend to laugh at their big words for very little objects. After all, I end where I began: it is the very vastness of their knowledge that sets such a gulf between them and us.—
Cornhill Magazine.

DR. JOHN BROWN.

BY WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

A FINE stock of Scottish preachers, beginning with a Perthshire shepherd-boy, found its perfect flower in the dainty and delicate humorist who, on the 11th of May last, passed into the world where their sun goes no more down. The first of the race, John Brown of Haddington, taught himself Latin and Greek when watching his flock among the green hills that look down on the Firth of Tay, and afterwards fought his way—first as a packman, then a village schoolmaster—to be at last a minister and professor of theology. He was never exactly a popular preacher, yet his earnestness was such that it impressed even so cool a sceptic as David Hume. In him, too, we seem to find a trace of the quiet humor which distinguished his great-grandson, if the story be true, that he used to tell the students in his parting counsels to them: "If ye want grace, ye may get it by praying for it; and if ye want learning, ye may get that, too, by working for it; but if ye want common sense, I dinna ken where ye are to get it." His son, John Brown, of Whitburn, was a divine highly esteemed in his day, author of several books of theology, but without the fresh pith which marked the writer of "The Self-Inter-

preting Bible." Still continuing the tradition of John Browns, the Whitburn John was followed by another who was first minister at Biggar in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and afterwards in Edinburgh, where he attracted many of the more thoughtful and educated classes by his honest efforts rather to explain the Scriptures than to preach dogmas. A comparatively liberal-minded man, as liberal as, in those years, it was possible for a "secession minister" to be, and still retain his pulpit, he did a good deal to break down hard doctrines of "limited atonement," and such-like extreme outworks of Calvinism, and was altogether a man of some mark in his day.

It was while he was minister of sleepy little Biggar that to him was born another John, our John, on the 22d of September, 1810, by his first wife, Jane Nimmo. She died early, and his father married again, yet not till many years after, and his experience of stepmothers led him to have a kindly feeling for those who had to fill that delicate post. His father's second wife, a Miss Crum of Thornliebank, shared her love equally between him and her own children, and they, in their turn, were not less fond of their wise and witty elder brother.

I remember, one day last summer, that some girls were talking to him in a girlish way against stepmothers, when he gently stopped them, saying: "You must not speak so, my dears. For if I had not had a stepmother, I should never have had Alexander" (his brother), "and what would I have done without *him*?" It was in Edinburgh, whither he went when he was ten years old, that he received all his education. Dr. Carson, then at the head of the High School, was something of a pedant, hardly a fit successor for Dr. Adam, yet a good Latin scholar, and no bad Grecian for a Scotchman of those years. John Brown learned there, at least, to have a real love for classical literature, and a sufficient perception of its excellence, if he was not familiar with its niceties. There, too, he had for companions such men as Lords Inglis and Moncrieff, besides that "Bob Ainslie" of whom he speaks in "Rab and his Friends," and Sir Theodore Martin, who was somewhat younger, and to the last looked up to him with a kind of reverent affection "as an upper-form boy." Departing from the clerical tradition of the family, this fourth John Brown took to medicine, and was apprenticed to Syme, of whom, alike as teacher and friend, he has given so pleasant a notice in his last published volume. When he was some eighteen years old—for in those days university education began with boys of twelve or thirteen—he went up to Chatham as assistant to a surgeon or physician there, and remained a year, brightening, I daresay, many a sick-bed by his sweet boyish face and his gayety and sympathy, and, it is to be hoped, without avenging Flodden by much administration of "calomy and lodamy." In 1833 he graduated M.D., and at once began to practise in Edinburgh, where his father's name and connection ere long secured him a fair practice. It was never large, for, after all, his heart was not exactly in it. He was too sensitive for the surgical branch of the profession, and, like most thoughtful physicians, had not much faith in medicine, though he was recognized in the profession to be a great doctor too. Indeed, we have heard such accounts of his professional skill, and especially of his

fine "diagnosis," that we can only explain his very moderate success on the assumption that his heart lay more to art and literature than to feeling pulses and drawing fees. Certain it is that at its best his practice did no more than provide him with a very modest living. But with that he was quite content, caring chiefly to lay up the better riches of thought and wisdom and the love of all men.

Among his earlier literary efforts were some papers on art, notices of the Academy's annual exhibition in the *Witness* newspaper. John Brown had a fine feeling for art, and, like Norman MacLeod too, was fond of making rapid pen-and-ink sketches which hit off a character almost as nicely as his words could. When he was in good trim, one hardly got a hasty note from him without some scratch of this kind, brimming over with fun. His reviews at once showed that a new kind of art-criticism was rising among us, and that Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was already bearing fruit. One noted that there was an eye here able to see the artist's thought, if he had one, and to discover the genius of a Noel Paton or a David Scott, even when it was still only struggling for expression which, alas! in the latter case it never fully attained. Brown soon became an authority among painters, for he had a rare insight into what is true both in form and color, and I doubt not that his influence helped not a little the progress which our Scottish art has made of late years. Harvey and Paton, and Duncan and D. O. Hill and Scott were close friends of his, and profited, all of them, by his appreciative criticism.

But, after all, this was not the field where his real honors were to be won. He was essentially an essayist of the type of Addison and Charles Lamb, blending humor and pathos and quiet thoughtfulness, not inferior to theirs, with a power of picturesque description which neither of them had. For though city-bred, like Lamb, his delight was not "in the habitable parts of the earth," but in its lonely glens and by its quiet lakes, on Minchmoor, or in the Enterkin, or where Queen Mary's "baby garden" shows its box-wood border grown into trees among the grand

Spanish chestnuts in the Lake of Menteth. How it was that he came to find his right vein, I cannot tell; but its first "lode" produced the touching story of Rab and Ailie and Bob Ainslie, which at once gave him a foremost rank among our English humorists. One can hardly say whether it is more pathetic or humorous, for the smiles and the tears fight with each other all through; only in the end the cheerful feeling comes uppermost. Having opened such a vein, and opened so many hearts by means of it, whose purses also would have cheerfully opened for as much more of the same article as he chose to give them, one is rather astonished, in these days, to find that he did not work it to death. But Brown was afflicted with a profound self-distrust. He could not be persuaded that he was, in any sense, a great writer, or that he could do anything people would care to read. No amount of favorable reviews could change his idea permanently on that head. It might be pleasant for a moment to read them; it was kind, of course, in people to write them; but they gave him no encouragement to try his hand again. Not even Thackeray's letter, which he has published, or that of Wendell Holmes which appeared lately in the *Scotsman*, could make him at all believe that it was his clear duty to go on. Therefore his friends had very hard work to get him to take up his pen again. He would talk, and tell the most delightful stories, and make the gayest-hearted fun at pleasant social gatherings; and one longed to have a short-hand writer hid in some cupboard near by to take down the wise, quaint, odd, and tender words which then so naturally flowed from him. But to sit down and write, and still more to correct proofs, the very thought of it seemed to freeze him.

When Dr. Hanna* became editor of the *North British Review*, he managed to get from his friend the article on Locke and Sydenham. The late Norman MacLeod also obtained for *Good Words* some popular lectures on Health, for he had more faith in hygiene than in medicine. But had not his publish-

er, Mr. David Douglas, kept most lovingly "pestering him," we should never have had even the very imperfect fragments that remain to tell what a rich and beautiful nature his was.

In a brief notice like this, we cannot, of course, attempt to do anything like critical justice to his work. That, we trust, will yet be done by some more fitting hand with ample time to do it. But "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie" and "Mystifications," "Jeemes" and "Our Dogs," "John Leech," and "William Makepeace Thackeray," "The Child Garden," and the "Enterkin," will never cease to delight and to profit those who read them, whether they understand, or do not understand, the subtle cause of the pleasure they feel. Jeemes the Beadle's family worship, when he himself was all the family, with its fixed tune for each day of the week, whatever the psalm happened to be; Pet Marjorie's struggling thoughts, wrestling with limited ideas of spelling, and of what was proper language for a little miss to use, and the tender hand that touches her weaknesses so lovingly; the various dogs who become almost human as this most human spirit draws out their several characters; the old Aberdeenshire Jacobite family, and Miss Grahame of Duntrune, and indeed every bright picture he has painted for us, will they not all hang in our mind's gallery among our choicest treasures of art, which the more familiar they are, the more we shall love to look on? There is one spirit in them all, and yet there is no sameness. Everywhere we find the same pathetic humor and humorous pathos, whether he is dealing with man or dog, and he seems to enter into the mind of both alike, with tender sympathy that gives him clear understanding. For he had that fine reverence which looks with a kind of awe both up to the Creator and down to all his creatures.

Religious he was in the truest sense of the word. If a good many of the formulas of the four pious John Browns who preceded him had fallen away from, or, at least, sat loosely on him, yet was he the true heir of all their faith and virtues. A more beautiful soul never looked out from a more beautiful face, and saw God, and lived in the light of his

* Since this paper was written he also has followed his friend to the world of spirits. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided."

countenance. Of course, his piety was the reverse of sour—was as sweet, and gentle, and loving as a pure spirit could be. It was not exactly the old Scottish piety, but it was still less the English kind; and, indeed, I know not that it belonged to any age, or to any Church, but just to John Brown; and to him it was perfectly natural and real. Always serious, he was often even sad; and yet what an amount of playful, tricky, wayward nonsense he would perpetrate, and even carry on for whole weeks on end! Some odd fancy would strike him, and being with those he could trust, it was uttered with the utmost gravity, and the fun was kept up as long as they could toss the light shuttlecock back. Nor did it stop there. Little notes would come for days after—daily little notes, with illustrations of the joke, pen-and-ink illustrations of the quaint absurdity, enlarging and unfolding the original germ, till it grew to be really a part of one's life, which one talked of at breakfast, wondering what its next development would be. The fancy seemed to take hold of him, and grow from day to day, with fresh outcomes of fun and fresh lights of humor, almost as if he studied it, and yet it was only the veriest play of a spirit that tried to make its world as merry-hearted as it could. For underneath that crisp froth of gayety there lay a great deep of solemn thought, which he tried to sound, and often found no bottom to it; and in the midst of his "quips and cranks" there were many wistful sighs to know the hidden mystery. And over all there still rose, and abided steadfast in his faith, laugh and jest as he might, the face of the Crucified, the ever-beloved, ever-trusted Image and Glory of the Father.

Our somewhat formal and commonplace piety, therefore, did not find many points of contact with his mind, and rather held aloof from him, as he did also from it, not because he doubted its reality, but because it was narrow and strait-laced, which he could not be. Strait-laced folk never could comprehend him; thought him strangely loose, irreverent, unprofitable, though nothing would have profited them so much as to get really for once close to his mind. It would have done them no end of good

to learn how much true divine reverence could be under forms of speech quite alien to theirs, and how much yearning Christian love could express itself in ways wildly foreign to their lips. I wish I could remember half the quaint touching stories I have heard from him in illustration of this. He was an exquisite story-teller, quiet, simple, with a look in his face half-pawky, half-pathetic, which never failed to catch and keep the interest of the hearer. Other *raconteurs*, like Sir Daniel Macnee, had no particular point in their stories, or rather they were prickly all over with points, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," which in the end is all one as if they had no point at all. But John Brown's stories never failed to come to a distinct point, and leave a definite impression, so that, minus a great deal that belonged to him personally, they could still be tolerably well told by another. Those who could not pierce beneath the surface, and get at the deeper thought which they often oddly draped, were apt to be staggered by them, or, at any rate, they lost their real meaning. But most of his stories would bear twice thinking over; and the more you thought, the more you found in them, wondrous things often being wrapped up in their quaint dress. Consider, for instance, how much this implies. I forget now, for it is many years since I heard him tell it at Craigcrook, what exactly were the circumstances giving rise to it—peril of a boat in a storm, or danger of a gig whose horse had madly run off, and become unmanageable: but whatever the risk was, it was enough to make one of the parties suggest to his neighbor that, if he had a prayer he could pray, it was high time to say it. And the answer was: "I don't remember anything but the Lord's Prayer, and *what is the good of that?*" Was it that there was no express petition there suitable for their circumstances; or that he had been from childhood so accustomed to it that he had got to think of it as only a "bairn's prayer," of no use to grown men; or that our Scotch habits of thought have tended to evacuate that prayer of its meaning and power? You may ponder over it for a long while, and fail to get to the bottom of it; but rest assured there was strange deep import to John

Brown in that question, "What's the good of that?" I remember, not many months ago now, and yet what has happened since makes it look to me like years, for I have to gaze across "the valley of the shadow of death," and its bleak silence feels ever so vast—I remember, as he paid me one of his frequent morning visits which broke with such a bright gleam of natural sunshine on the daily task of sermon-writing, that something led me to speak of the various motives which brought people to church, which were not always so noble as a desire to hear of the way of salvation, nor always so flattering to the preacher as he might fancy. And I adduced as an illustration a circumstance that had come under my notice long ago. One country clown was heard calling to his fellow on the Sunday morning: "Are ye gaun to the kirk to-day, Jock?" To which the reply was, "Na, I dinna think it. I hae naething to tak' me. I hev tobacco." He had been wont to get his weekly supply of that weed at "the kirk town" on Sunday, and as he was now provided for, he saw no occasion to go up to the house of the Lord. Brown enjoyed the story very much, but seemed to be set a-musing by it on yet deeper matters, for after a little he said: "There is no connection exactly between them, but yet it reminds me of a story my old friend Coventry used to tell me. The minister was catechising, one day, over in Kinross, and asked a raw ploughman lad, 'Who made you?' which he answered correctly enough. Then another question was put, 'How do you know that God made you?' to which, after some pause and head-scratching, the reply was, 'Weel, sir, it's the common clash o' the country.'" "Ay," Brown added, "I am afraid that a deal of our belief is just founded on the good 'common clash o' the country';" and therewith he wrung my hand and went his way, having thoughts clearly in his head that he could not then utter. Nearly all his stories—and you hardly ever met him at a street-corner but one

at least would quietly drop from him—had this pregnant character. They had a meaning beneath the surface; they were not wit but humor; and they were full of human kindness.

All the more are those who knew him and loved him, and no one knew him but loved him, filled this day with a great sadness that the sweetest, purest, brightest of Scotland's sons has passed away, and will gladden us with his presence no more. A truer, tenderer heart never beat; and now it has ceased to beat for ever, and we are left to mourn. Yet there was, and we willingly acknowledge it, not a little in his end to assuage our grief. In his latter years he was often subject to mysterious clouds, overshadowings of great darkness, when his self-depreciation became something almost like despair. It was unspeakably painful to hear him cry, as he did sometimes, out of the depths, and to feel how little even the warmest love could do to comfort him. For no words of good cheer seemed to reach his darkened soul, as he felt like one forsaken, and had the bitter fellowship of his Lord's darkest hours. He understood Cowper and loved him, but I think he did not write about him for that very reason, because he understood him only too well. Happily during the whole of last winter these desponding fits never, almost, visited him—"Towards evening it was light." For the last dozen years, he had not spent on the whole so bright a time. Friends were made glad by frequent visits. He did not shrink from little dinner parties of choice old familiars, and was as happy at them as he made others. Nor were his last days burdened with long suffering or saddened with any disquietude of heart. The end came somewhat suddenly and very sweetly, surrounded by the fondest love, and endured in a patient hope, and perfect peace, and, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible and full of glory.—*Good Words.*

THE GREAT AFRICAN MYSTERY.

WHEN I say that I am a newspaper correspondent, the public has all the guarantee which it could reasonably require of the accuracy of the information which I am about to impart to it in regard to the great African mystery. When I add that the editor of the great journal to which I was attached—or rather with which I was connected, for I always secretly despised it—has dispensed with my services on the ground that he could neither make head nor tail of the remarkably clear narrative with which I furnished him, I do not shrink on that account from forwarding it to "Maga" for publication, as I have every confidence in the superior intelligence of its readers. At the same time I must remind them that if they now and then lose the thread of the story, it is the story's fault, not mine. It is an eastern story—a story of wild intrigue and harem conspiracy; of oriental ingenuity and occidental blundering; of vaulting ambition and international jealousy; of mines and countermines; of odalisques and diplomats; of despatches and red-tape; of naval heroism and cipher telegrams; of fraud and folly, of sagacity and simplicity; of meddling interference and of lofty reserve; of dethroned monarchs and military adventurers; of black slaves and exalted potentates—in fact, it is no end of a story, or rather a story of which it is difficult to foresee the end, or to understand the beginning, without having first thoroughly grasped it by the middle. It is because her Majesty's Government have failed in accomplishing this feat, that they find themselves plunged in all the perplexities of the Ethiopian question. I have every confidence in being able so to present the middle to my readers that they will feel no perplexity about either end; and I would therefore earnestly suggest its careful perusal to every member of the present cabinet.

I will commence, in order to give my readers a clear idea of the various "factors" with which I shall have to deal, to present them with a list of *dramatis persone*, after the manner of a play, because, as they will almost immediately become inextricably mixed up

with each other, it is very important that a clear idea of them should be presented to start with.

ETHIOP,	<i>A Military Adventurer.</i>
THE MOGUL OF SELJUKIA,	<i>Suzerain of Ethiopia.</i>
TOOTHPIK,	<i>Prince of Ethiopia.</i>
SCHAMYL,	<i>Ex-Prince of Ethiopia.</i>
KIATIB,	<i>An Agent of Schamyl.</i>
HOWLIM,	<i>Aspirant to the throne of Ethiopia.</i>
MR. SADSTONE,	<i>Prime Minister of Albinia.</i>
M. D'EFFRAYCINAY,	<i>President of the Council in Gallinia.</i>
PRINCE QUIZMARCK,	<i>Chancellor of Teutonia.</i>
FATIMA,	<i>A Seljukian Lady.</i>
SELIMA,	<i>A Circassian Odalisque.</i>
SIR EDGAR HAMMERET,	<i>Albinian Diplomatic Agent in Ethiopia.</i>
MR. SINKHISWITS,	<i>Gallinian Diplomatic Agent in Ethiopia.</i>
MAHMOUD,	<i>A chief Eunuch.</i>
SHEIK ABBASSAAD,	<i>The Veiled Prophet of Arabistan.</i>
M. DE GALEOWITS,	<i>An eminent Correspondent.</i>
SIR BECHEM SEMUR,	<i>The Albinian Admiral.</i>
WILFUL GRUNT,	<i>An Albinian Gentleman with Pan-Ethiopian sympathies.</i>
OMER STIFFKI,	<i>A Seljukian General.</i>
SOLDAN PASHA,	<i>President of the Chamber of Notables.</i>

*The Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control.
Circassian Conspirators—Ethiopian Princesses—
Newspaper Correspondents—Ambassadors—
Eunuchs—Cabinet Ministers—Slaves—Ule-
mas—Dragomans, etc.*

If I am able to take my readers behind the scenes and initiate them into the mysteries of those intrigues which the combined diplomatic talent of all the great Powers of Europe is now endeavoring to unravel, it is due to the latest mechanical contrivance of the age. I need scarcely say that I allude to the "Journalists' Telephone," or "patent American eavesdropper,"—that wonderful instrument which has been recently

invented by a celebrated electrician of the United States of Columbia, by means of which the enterprising correspondent is enabled to overhear the most private and confidential conversations, irrespective of distance, and which, by a curious polyglot contrivance, interprets any unknown tongue into his own. If I have headed my list of *dramatis personæ* with Ethiop, it is because he first set the ball rolling, and, like an acrobat, seems inclined to balance himself on the top of it. The first public performance of this remarkable individual was suggested to him by personal and professional pique, into the particulars of which it is not necessary now to enter, but the result was a successful military demonstration which took place about eighteen months ago: until then he was an unknown and obscure colonel in the army. The ostensible object of this *pronunciamento* was to secure for native Ethiopian officers the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by Seljuks and Circassians in the service of the Prince of Ethiopia. He was especially careful to assure the Prince on this occasion that the movement was in no way directed against the foreign or Albinio-Gallinian predominance in the administration of Ethiopian affairs—a fact which instantly aroused my suspicions. "If," thought I, with the ordinary acumen of a newspaper correspondent, "he says this, it is because he means exactly the opposite. I will keep my eye, or rather my ear, upon him." Curiously enough, I afterwards found out that exactly the same idea had occurred to the Mogul at precisely the same moment, only, unfortunately for his Majesty, he was not provided with a patent eavesdropper. Being an acute man, with a mind largely gifted with the oriental faculty for intrigue, Ethiop was at the same time in the advantageous position of having everything to gain and very little to lose by a display of audacity—so he bethought him of whom to consult in this emergency, and he went to his friend Wilful Grunt, and he said, "To you, my friend, though a Feringhee, I can unburden myself in this great crisis, for have you not the blood of the Ethiopian in your veins, or, at all events, have you not consummated the holy ceremony of blood relationship with innumerable sheiks in

the desert, by which you signified that you regretted that you had not their blood in your veins, and would willingly transfuse yourself if you could? Therefore to you I can open my heart freely in this matter. For you will see that the political interests of Albinia and of a free and republican Ethiopia are identical—are not the aspirations of the young and rising Pan-Ethiopian party to abolish slavery, to purify our religion from the abuses which have crept into it, to overthrow the Mogul who unjustly tyrannizes not merely over Ethiopia, but endeavors to do so over the free, high-spirited tribes of the deserts in which you love to wander. Explain, dear friend, to Mr. Sadstone, that we desire to form a new nationality, to throw off the oppressor's yoke, to emancipate ourselves from religious superstition, to abolish slavery, to advance rapidly on the road to political liberty. Tell him secretly, but be very discreet, oh my friend, that I am even prepared to confiscate the vast property of Soldan Pasha, and all the lands belonging to rich proprietors in Ethiopia, and partition them among the Fellahin. In fact, tell him anything you think will win his sympathies, and is calculated to captivate that grand soul, and induce him to regard favorably my projects for independence. Let him co-operate with me in getting rid of this Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control. Tell him that if he will consent to this, as soon as both the comptrollers have been kicked out, I will make arrangements for the English one to come back by himself. We will exchange the suzerainty of the Mogul for that of the Empress of Albinia and Hind; and henceforth the way to Hind will be secured to Albinia forever. Sadstone and Ethiop may then defy the world."

Then Wilful Grunt shook his head mournfully. "Ah, my friend," he said, "little do you know the complex motives which inspire the policy of that incomprehensible individual. If you were Christians of the pure and ancient Greek Church, desiring to attain freedom and independence under the benign auspices of Moscovia, or indeed a Copht, leading a Pan-Cophtic crusade, the case would be different. But what are you? You are Moslems whose existence as an

independent nation under the Protectorate of Albinia (which you say would be thankfully accepted) would be invaluable to us as guaranteeing to us our Eastern possessions, and you expect him, against his most cherished religious convictions, to be influenced by so trifling a consideration. You expect him for this to endanger an alliance which has been so carefully connected by Sir Charles Bilk between Albinia and Gallinia, in order to enable the latter Power to carry out the more securely her great African policy. Moscovia and Gallinia are the only two Continental Powers possessing oriental interests which conflict with those of Albinia, and you expect him to sacrifice the great altruistic idea which prompts him to advance those interests at the expense of those of Albinia, by promising to abolish slavery, to establish a republic, or even to confiscate the property of the landed aristocracy of the country. Ah, friend Ethiop, how little do you understand that grand old man; but go and consult your friend the ex-Governor of Taprobane, who knows him better than I do, and who may perhaps help you in the matter. Meantime I will agitate the public mind in Albinia on the subject by a series of letters in the newspapers, and call upon my friend Edgar Hammeret."

So Wilful Grunt went to the diplomatic representative of Albinia in Ethiopia, and explained to him Ethiop's programme, and told him how he would abolish slavery and introduce purity everywhere; and Sir Edgar shook his head with diplomatic reserve and remarked—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" and he added, "Whatever may be my own opinion upon the subject, I am bound to carry out the instructions of my Government; and I must venture to say that I think that when an irresponsible individual like yourself interferes in a manner to cause serious embarrassment to the foreign policy of his Government, even though he may not approve of it, he is not acting in a patriotic spirit."

To which Wilful replied, that in taking this course he was only following the example of Mr. Sadstone himself, who, when he was out of office, considered it to be his duty to thwart in

his public utterances, and the assurances of his sympathies with rival nations, the foreign policy of the Government, in the hope that by so doing he might himself attain to power—a hope which had been fully justified by events. "Therefore," said Wilful Grunt, "although I have no such lofty object of personal ambition involved, I shall not shrink from following that conspicuous example, and pursuing any course which may be in my private opinion the most moral; upon the purely abstract grounds which animated Mr. Sadstone, irrespective of the interests of his own country—of Pannationalism."

While this conversation was taking place, Ethiop had betaken himself to his old friend Soldan Pasha, and found that fine old type of the Ethiopian grandee smoking his nargilleh in his stately palace.

"My much venerated friend, whom I have known as a second parent from my boyhood," he began, "I come to you at a moment pregnant with great consequences to both of us. Bear with me patiently while I explain to you the present situation as it presents itself to my understanding. Allah has placed in my hand—not to speak irreverently—a great political card, and this card is the creation of a national party. Before the world my cry will be, 'Ethiopia for the Ethiopians!' This is a grand popular principle recognized by all the civilized world, strongly insisted upon in principle in the case of other nationalities by Mr. Sadstone, warmly advocated by my chum, Wilful Grunt, who represents the more intelligent section of the Albinian nation, and eminently popular, not only with the soldiery, whose suffrages I control, but with the native inhabitants of my own country, of whom you, my excellent old friend, are the most influential and powerful representative. I am, moreover, providentially assisted by the extraordinary diversity of personal interests and international jealousies of which our country is the focus, and some of which, by dexterous manipulation, I shall always be able to enlist in my favor. First, there are Gallinia and Albinia, who are jealous of each other's interests in this country, and between whom, sooner or later, I may contrive to throw an apple of discord. Second-

ly, there is my Imperial suzerain, the Mogul of Seljukia, who is indignant with both, and who certainly will take advantage of a national movement to intrigue against them. Thirdly, there is Prince Quizmarck, who, if I can lay a trap for Gallinia, will not fail to push her into it; and so much the worse for Albinia if she falls into it with her. Fourthly, there are the other great Continental Powers, who are all jealous of the Western Powers, and will surely interfere if the latter are so unwise as to endeavor to coerce me by an armed intervention. Fifthly, there is the ex-Prince Schamyl, whose extraordinary powers of intrigue and great wealth I may rely upon if I find the Mogul getting too much for me. Sixthly, there is Howlim, the rightful heir to the throne, whom I may play off against Schamyl when the time comes to betray the latter. Lastly, there is the boy Toothpik, whom I may demoralize and intimidate to such an extent that he may ultimately see it is his interest to abandon his European backers, and place himself in my hands. Tell me, good old friend—excuse my using the Ethiopian vernacular—what you think of my little game?"

Then Soldan replied: "Friend Ethiop, I am old in years and experience. No man has passed through greater perils, or more trying political vicissitudes, than I have; and for the first time I see day breaking. My son, your conception is a grand one; go on and prosper, and keep me in the background until the right time comes. Be not too impetuous, and come to me for assistance when the skein gets too entangled for you to unravel. You will have need of all your wits. Now go, and may Allah protect you."

So Ethiop went his way, cheered and comforted; and he sent a secret emissary to the city of the Golden Crescent, where the Mogul holds his court. And his message to the Mogul was as follows. After compliments—"It may have appeared to you, Father of the Faithful, that recent events in Ethiopia have been directed against the authority of your Majesty—whom God preserve!—and that in the endeavor to assert Ethiopian nationality I have seemed to attack the principle of Seljukian author-

ity in the Principality, and unduly to urge the claims of the Ethiopian soldiery against those of Seljukian origin; but this was a mere blind to avert suspicion from my real object, which is to free the country from Ghiaours, and the accursed interference in our internal affairs of the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control—which may Allah confound! There is no subject more submissive to your Majesty than is your slave, as I shall speedily prove, if your Majesty will exert your potent influence in my favor with Prince Quizmarck and the other Powers of Europe, and cause them to understand the insult which is being offered to your Majesty by the interference of the foreigner in one of the possessions of your Majesty. Let not the cry of 'Ethiopia for Ethiopians' disturb your Majesty; it is a mere catchword to rally the people against the foreigner, and has no significance as against the Seljuk. I have explained this to that distinguished Seljukian general Omer Stiffki, but his mind is poisoned with suspicions against your unworthy slave; therefore I have taken the liberty of addressing your Majesty directly, by means of a trusty emissary, and place my life in the hands of your Majesty."

When the Mogul received this, he called to his side the trusty Mahmoud, who presides over the lives and destinies of countless houri, and he said to him, "Read this, O Mahmoud, and tell me what the dog of an Ethiopian is really up to."

And Mahmoud, after respectfully alluding to the shadow of his imperial master, and so forth, replied, "The cur—may Allah give his carcase to the vultures!—is up to no good. But in the meantime, and until that desirable event occurs, it appears to your slave that your Majesty may make use of him, as he suggests, against the foreigner; and then, before he becomes dangerous, there are many ways of disposing of him,"—and Mahmoud gave a suggestive leer. "So long as the faithful Omer Stiffki is there, he cannot do much harm without our knowing it."

Meantime Ethiop had scarcely despatched his emissary to the City of the Golden Crescent, when he went off to Toothpik, who was always horribly nervous during his visits, and he explained

to Toothpik why certain changes in the government should be made, and warned him against ignoring the popular sentiment in favor of Ethiopian nationality, and told him, in Oriental phraseology, that both Hammeret and Sinkhiswits, the Albinian and Gallinian diplomatic agents, would prove broken reeds to trust to when it came to a pinch; and that the national party, as represented by himself and Soldan Pasha, were his real friends. Hardly had he left, when Soldan himself came and told poor Toothpik to be cautious, and not to believe everything that Ethiop said, as he was apt to take a sanguine view of things; but that it would be best to coquette a little, as he was doing himself, with both parties; and that though, of course, it was not pleasant to be dictated to by foreigners, it was sometimes better to bear the ills one had than fly to others that one knows not of. At the same time he reminded Toothpik that Ethiop was becoming a power in the country, and must be conciliated, with a good deal to the same effect, which left poor Toothpik in a more utterly perplexed and bewildered condition than ever.

While this was going on, Ethiop had private audiences with Hammeret and Sinkhiswits. He told them both that the national movement was directed solely against military interference on the part of Seljukia, and that he had the warmest regard for both Albinia and Gallinia, and considered the Board of Control the financial salvation of the country, though he admitted that some of the foreigners were paid salaries out of proportion to the amount of work they did. It is unnecessary to allude to the confidential insinuations which he made with reference to Gallinia, when discoursing privately with Hammeret, or the covert sneers at the expense of Albinia in which he indulged when discoursing about Albinia to Sinkhiswits, as I should not like to be the cause of ill-feeling between either the two countries or their representatives.

There was no more seductive beauty under Mahmoud's charge than Fatima, and when the chief eunuch had withdrawn from the imperial presence, it was not unfrequently his habit to seek relaxation in the company of this lovely

creature, whose wit and intelligence often inspired those political reflections which found such favor in the eyes of the Mogul. On the occasion to which I have just alluded, when Mahmoud had done discussing concerning Ethiop's letter with his Majesty, he sought as usual the society of that charmer. And she, with the skill and dexterity for which the sex is celebrated, where pumping processes are concerned, speedily extracted from him the details of the conversation which had just passed. And the beautiful Fatima was the better able to do this, because she seemed to be provided with some mysterious source of affluence; and being of a generous nature, she enjoyed many friends.

Meantime, the national party in Ethiopia continued to prosper, and Ethiop rose in rank and power, the boy Toothpik becoming more and more afraid of him, because he had reason to believe that the upstart had influential friends in the City of the Golden Crescent. And Soldan Pasha, seeing that things were going well, became President of the Chamber of Notables, and the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control became much disturbed in its collective mind, because they feared that if events continued to progress in this fashion, they would soon appear in the eyes of the Ethiopians in a position rather more ridiculous than honorable, having the mere shadow of authority without its substance. And the Mogul himself thought things looking so serious, that he consulted his friend Prince Quizmarck on the matter, for the latter had cemented a cordial alliance with the Mogul, and had sent him financiers and advisers, thinking the day might come when the Mogul might be useful to him; and the Mogul, who had not many friends at the time, had thankfully accepted this offer of service and amity. If each party desired to make use of the other without sacrificing itself, this was only natural, and is the way of most friendships in this world; and hence it happened that sometimes the Mogul would exceedingly desire the assistance and support of Quizmarck, and the latter would take refuge in compliments, and leave him to his own devices.

So the Mogul, not getting the support on this occasion that he desired, and

which might encourage him to interfere directly, and with force, in the affairs of Ethiopia, became much perplexed and mortified, and continued to revolve in his mind, and to discuss with his Ministers, plans for bringing this independent and rebellious Ethiop to his senses.

Now just about this time there appeared in the public papers a manifesto, which was of a defiant tone, in so far as the authority of the Mogul was concerned over Ethiopia; and as it emanated from Ethiopia, and had an official character, the Mogul thought that the boy Toothpik had issued it, and that he had gone over to the party of Ethiop, which aggravated him exceedingly. So he bethought him that he would exercise his sovereign right by deposing the youth who ruled in Ethiopia, and appoint a new prince in his stead.

Now there dwelt by the shores of the waters of the Golden Crescent a certain Howlim, who was, indeed, according to the strict laws of succession of the Ethiopian dynasty, the rightful heir to the throne, being the granduncle of the present prince; and he had spent his life in languishing in exile and brooding over his rights, and occasionally fishing, for he was a man not without a taste for sport. And when it was confidentially communicated to him one day that he might hope to regain the throne of his father, his heart leapt into his mouth, and he rejoiced greatly, and at once sent privy messengers to the Gallinian Ambassador in the City of the Golden Crescent, because he is a friend of the Gallinians, and would become their willing tool in Ethiopia if he ever succeeded to the Principality, and he had often assured them of this; and now he begged the Ambassador to exercise his influence in his behalf, because, if the Mogul agreed, and M d'Effraycinay agreed, it was not likely that Mr. Sadstone, who never objected to anything that Gallinia proposed, would offer any difficulty, and the thing might be considered settled. But poor Howlim was doomed to disappointment, for the boy Toothpik denied strenuously that he had ever written the obnoxious document, and said that he was not responsible for it. So the Mogul was very glad to take him back into favor, for he never liked

Howlim, and Howlim that time lost his chance.

Now, the true history of the document which caused all this commotion was as follows: There arrived one day in Kahira, the chief city of Ethiopia, a Circassian slave, and she was conducted to the residence of Ethiop by her swarthy attendant, unknown even to Wilful Grunt, or the diplomatic agents of the Powers. And she prostrated herself before Ethiop, and kissed his feet—and she handed to him a paper, and upon the paper was written these words: "From Howlim to Ethiop, Selima, a gift and a token of amity."

And Ethiop raised Selima to her feet and caressed her, for she was very agreeable to look upon, and he said, "Worthy messenger, what news have you from the rightful heir to the throne of Ethiopia,—whom God preserve?"

And she replied, "My late master bids me to warn you, O light of my eyes, that you are mistrusted by the Mogul, and that he seeks your downfall, and he even contemplates sending hither a Seljukian army. He fears your power, and is even now making communications of a confidential character to the boy Toothpik through Omer Stiffki. See, I have it from the fair Fatima, with whom I have maintained friendly relations, and who dwells in a kiosk by the lovely waters on which stands the City of the Golden Crescent. For it was necessary that my master Howlim should be kept well informed."

And while Ethiop pondered over this disagreeable intelligence with gloomy brow, she played to him upon a tambourine—an accomplishment with which she was wont to cheer the sad hours of Howlim, while he languished in the palace of his exile.

"By the beard of the Prophet," shouted Ethiop at last, in tones so loud that they drowned even the notes of the musical instrument, "if he dares to attempt such a thing I will oppose his beggarly Seljukians with my whole army."

Then Selima whispered in soft tones, "My master bids you remember that you have allies over whom he has influence among the sons of the desert of Ethiopia, and that a word from him will be more powerful than one even from Wilful Grunt;" and she laughed with a

low silvery laugh, which sounded so pleasant, as I heard it through the telephone, that from that moment I have conceived an antipathy for Ethiop.

Then that worthy girded on his sword, and strode angrily to the Palace of Soldan, and communicated to him the intelligence we had just heard, and they decided that the moment was too critical to dispense with support, from whatever quarter it might come; and as Howlim had certain adherents in Kahira, they assembled them together secretly, and consulted with them, and it was decided that the boy Toothpik must be deposed, and Howlim placed upon the throne in his stead; and that a manifesto of a defiant character should be written, which should appear to come from Toothpik, and so enrage the Mogul against him, and also force his Majesty to show how far he was really supported by Quizmarck; for the wily Ethiop had also maintained secret relations with the great Chancellor, through the Teutonic diplomatic agent at Kahira, and he knew full well that the Mogul was reckoning upon a support that he would not receive. But Ethiop's real idea has only been to scramble upon the throne of Ethiopia himself; and what between Toothpik's being weak and shaky, and Schamyl being really impossible, and Howlim being much disliked by the Mogul, I am not sure that he has not just as good a chance as anybody else.

And here it should be remarked that I have so many conversations to report, and so many different threads to weave into one narrative, that I am often puzzled which one to take up next. I have heard, for instance, many curious dialogues between Ethiop and Baron Schutz, the sporting representative of Teutonia, and Codger, the agent of Oster-Magyaria, from which I gathered that it was not displeasing to them to see Ethiop exciting discontent against the Albinio-Gallinian assumptions of "preponderating influence;" and in this policy they were ably seconded by their Latinian colleague. In fact, it seemed to me that the object of all these gentlemen was to stir up all the trouble possible in Ethiopia, without in any way compromising themselves or their Governments; but I feel that this

is a very delicate matter to which to allude, and even with a "patent eavesdropper," I must draw the line somewhere.

Certain it is that Ethiop would never have displayed the audacity he has, had he not been secretly stimulated and encouraged in certain quarters. And I think it not impossible that, as the great African mystery unfolds, it will be found that it will chiefly develop to the advantage of those Powers about whose participation in this remarkable concatenation of events the least has been heard. Indeed the minds of onlookers not so well informed as I was at this time were much puzzled as to the influences under which Ethiop was acting. Whether he was working in the interest of Howlim, or whether he was secretly inspired by the Mogul, or whether, after all, he might not have a private understanding with Toothpik, who occasionally showed symptoms of wavering, or whether Schamyl and he had not as yet some undiscovered relations, or whether he was relying upon encouragement insidiously imparted to him by the agents of Teutonia, Oster-Magyaria, and Latinia, or whether he was only trying to perplex people by mysterious allusions to support derived from all these various directions, and was trusting solely in Soldan, or whether, in fact, Soldan was to be trusted, and had not a thorough understanding with the diplomatic agents of Albinia and Gallinia, as was to be suspected from an apparent coolness which was springing up between the military national party headed by Ethiop and the civil national party represented by Soldan.

All these hypotheses, I say, furnished much matter for curious speculation to the world, and combined to render the great African mystery more mysterious than ever. Indeed I often wondered whether some of the actors in this great drama did not sometimes themselves get confused as to the part they were playing. Even I myself, though, as one may say, more behind the scenes than any one else, was becoming puzzled, when a certain Kiatib appeared upon the scene. To him I instantly applied my telephone, for I knew he was a devoted adherent and confidential friend of Schamyl, and that being in Kahira at

such a crisis he must be up to some mischief, and I found he had many powerful friends in Kahira, who mourned over the days when Schamyl had ruled the country, when money flowed like water, and they never lacked opportunities for lining their pockets; and I discovered that they were secretly plotting together, and that one of them was in Ethiop's confidence, and another, an Ethiopian princess who pushed her fortunes there as women can, who have influence with other women. And when all was prepared Kiatib presented himself to Ethiop, and Ethiop said, "Peace be with you! what news have you of that great man whose absence Ethiop has never ceased to deplore?"

And Kiatib replied, "My master is indeed a man of greater intelligence and loftier views than any prince in Islam, and from his palace near the Latinian city by the sea, where he dwells 'neath the smoke of the burning mountains, he watches events with a keen eye, and is never idle; indeed his operations are secret and far-reaching, and the centre of them is the sacred City of the Prophet in the midst of the desert. For his ambitions have only been stimulated by his downfall, and he now aspires to nothing less than the Imaumat; and his pretensions are recognized by many, and his influence is growing, and his wealth, as Ethiopia has good reason to know, is considerable; and, if you will enter into his combinations, he will assist you with the powerful party which still adheres to him in Ethiopia, and if together you succeed against his great enemy the Mogul, he will name you Prince of Ethiopia, and extend his spiritual protection over you when he has attained the exalted summit of his ambitions."

And they had much discussion over this matter, and went thoroughly into Schamyl's plans, which I may not now divulge; but when Ethiop afterward consulted with Soldan upon the subject, they did not think them feasible. Still Ethiop did not say this to Kiatib, but rather held out encouraging hopes to him; so Kiatib wrote to his master that all was going well for his cause in Kahira, and Schamyl was much rejoiced thereat.

Now just about this time there came to Kahira a man who had lived much in

the sacred city in the desert, and was possessed of great influence there, for he had the reputation of being a gifted and a holy man, and his name was Sheik Abbassaad, and he was a servant of the Mogul, and liked by him, and he had not long since arrived from the sacred city in the desert. And one day, as I was walking in the bazaar, I saw a woman followed by a slave, and I recognized the slave as one of Ethiop's, and I surmised that the woman could be none other than Selima; so I followed her, and she entered by the harem door into the house of Abbassaad; so my suspicions were aroused, and I applied my telephone, and I overheard a singular conversation; and I found that Abbassaad and Selima had known each other in the City of the Golden Crescent. And Abbassaad said, "Fair Selima, how come you in Kahira, and what news do you bring of my good friend Howlim?" And Selima replied, "My master is well, and he bids me tell you that his star is rising, and, with the help of your gracious influence, it may yet shine brightly in the Eastern firmament; but the horizon is, nevertheless, overcast in certain directions, and I have come to warn you of a peril which threatens not merely my Lord Howlim, but our Imperial master himself, for there is a dangerous man in Kahira."

Then Abbassaad pricked up his ears, and Selima confided to him all she had discovered in regard to Kiatib. And Abbassaad was much troubled, for he hated Schamyl with a hatred which was only equalled by that of his Imperial master; and he said to Selima, "Do you think that Ethiop really believes in Kiatib's stories of the great influence and vast designs of Schamyl, or that he is only playing with him?" And she replied, "My Lord, for the present he is playing with him, but any day that he thought it for his advantage he would use him." Then Abbassaad said, "Come back to me in three days." And he dismissed her. So she came back to him in three days, and he said, "I have found out that Kiatib is plotting against the life of Ethiop; tell him that I have told you this. Let him arrest Kiatib, and he will save his own life, and gain great favor from the Mogul, whom God preserve."

So Selima told Ethiop this, and Ethiop set spies upon Kiatib, and behold it was discovered that Kiatib, who was a man of desperate character, had determined, in the event of Ethiop not consenting to be his tool, to take his life secretly, and raise up another popular Ethiopian officer to be the head of the national military party; and he had also made friends with Circassian officers, who hated Ethiop because he had reduced their pay and promoted Ethiopians over their heads; and the whole plan was arranged, but it was not to be put into operation unless Ethiop refused to do what Kiatib told him.

So when Ethiop discovered the treachery of Kiatib, he made arrangements for arresting him and all his accomplices. But Kiatib, who was as clever as he was daring, escaped in time to the Latinian city where Schamyl dwells; but the other conspirators were arrested, and among them no less a personage than Omer Stiffki, whom Ethiop had long wanted to get rid of, because he was the head of the Seljukian military party in Ethiopia. The result was that, instead of pleasing the Mogul by the arrest of Kiatib, he incensed him mightily by the arrest of Omer. So the Mogul commanded the boy Toothpik to annul the sentence.

How Ethiop resisted this order, and how Hammeret and Sinkhiswits were constantly at Toothpik's palace keeping his courage up, and how they kept it up, and how he insisted upon the Ministry resigning, and how they wouldn't resign, and how eventually they did resign, and how Ethiop first did and then didn't resign, and how Lord Grannyville and M. d'Effraycinay began writing dispatches to each other in the most frantic way, and how they could not agree at first how Ethiop was to be dealt with and order be restored, and how the Ulemas and Notables came and said if he was not dealt with somehow, and order restored, there would be murder and bloodshed in Kahira, and how Ethiop convoked the Chamber of Notables, and how the Chamber of Notables wouldn't be convoked, and how a split thereupon occurred between the Civil National party and the Military National party, and how Wilful Grunt telegraphed to Soldan Pasha to hold on to

the Military party, or M. Sadstone would annex Egypt, and how Mr. Sadstone had not the remotest intention of annexing Egypt—all these are matters of history.

I only wish I had time and space to narrate all the conversations between them. There was one, for instance, between Mr. Sadstone and Mr. Clamberalong, as to the probable *moral* effect upon Ethiop's mind of six Albinio-Gallinian ironclads demonstrating in the bay of the great Ethiopian city of commerce, which made old Soldan Pasha, with whom I was sitting at the time, and who overheard it through my telephone, split his sides with laughter, because, as he said ironically, "it showed such a knowledge of the Eastern character."

The discussion which took place in the Albinian Cabinet the same day was also most amusing. I invited three or four friends in Kahira to come and listen to it; and I must do Sir Historicus the justice to say that he made a most gallant stand in favor of treaties, and the necessity of complying with international law in a matter where the rights of the suzerain power were concerned; for, said he, "Look at the fearful precedent we should create in case the Mogul decided to send ships to the Cape of Bad Hope for the purpose of reducing the Cisvaal to order, having previously notified us through his ambassador that we should not be allowed to send any, in defiance of all international obligations and rights of suzerainty." And Clamberalong replied, "Rights of suzerainty be blowed! We shouldn't mind it at all—in fact, we should rather like it; but they couldn't get there, because there is no port in the Cisvaal." Sir Historicus maintained that didn't matter where naval demonstrations were involved; but he said, waiving that point, "Supposing Ethiop does not care for the naval demonstration, then what would you do?" and Lord Grannyville said, "Something else;" and Sir Historicus asked, "What else?" and Lord Grannyville said, "Oh, anything else—call a conference of the Powers, for instance." "But," said Sir Historicus, "suppose Ethiop does not mind the conference, and the Mogul declines?" "I opine," said Mr. Sadstone, in tones which came vibrating

through the telephone, "that would not concern us, but would be the affair of the Powers."

Next day I happened to apply my instrument to the Cabinet of M d'Effraycinay, in the City of Pleasure, just at the moment when M. de Galeowits, on the part of the Albinian leading organ, suggested to him the employment of Seljukian gendarmes in Ethiopia. But M. d'Effraycinay only seemed disposed to entertain this idea in order not to hurt M. de Galeowits's feelings, and said that he thought the despatch of ironclads would do for the present, and that his place was to let the morrow take care of itself, which had been the method so successfully tried in Carthage.

A few days afterward the ironclads arrived off the coast of Ethiopia, and Sir Bechem Semur went to call on the Gallinian admiral. "*Ah, mon cher collègue,*" he remarked, striking an attitude, "as the clown says in the pantomime, '*ici nous sommes encore*'—here we are again! '*Quod erat demonstrandum,*' as we used to say at Dulcigno." Sir Bechem dearly loves his little joke.

"I think we are very much like clowns in a pantomime," responded the Gallinian admiral, "and I don't know anybody that plays the part better than you do."

"Let us give Ethiop a few threatening evolutions," said Sir Bechem, who did not quite seem to like this last remark. "Suppose we man yards; I have got a man on board who can stand on one leg on the truck of the main royal—that ought to frighten him."

As there is not water enough for us to go and demonstrate inside the bay, you can't do it here," said the French admiral. "No man could stand on the truck on one leg in such a swell of the ocean as this" (this was a playful allusion). "We must get into harbor somewhere—we're looking more foolish than usual out here."

"Suppose we run on to Aboukir," said Sir Bechem; and he began singing in a fine mellow voice, "'Twas in Aboukir Bay," and then stopped suddenly, finding he could not go very far without wounding the French admiral's susceptibilities, and became pensive as he thought what a very different kind of demonstration the Albinian and Gallin-

ian fleets were making the last time they were together, and wondered how the great Albinian admiral who commanded on that occasion would like the kind of work Albinian admirals were called upon to do nowadays. So they took the ironclads to the bay of the great battle. Whether it was owing to the yards being manned, or what, I don't know, but sure enough the next day Ethiop resigned, and Soldan and the national party seemed thoroughly demoralized; but, most singular to relate, the day afterward Sheik Abbassaad, who had gone to the City of the Golden Crescent to report to the Mogul how matters had been progressing in Ethiopia, immediately after he had discovered Kiatib's conspiracy, returned to Kahira, and he went straight to the house of Ethiop, whom he found in a very disturbed state of mind, and he said to him, "I come to you from my master the Mogul, who bids you cheer up and be of good courage, and not be alarmed at the Ghiaour who is standing on one leg on the top of the mast of the ship of that dog of an Albinian admiral, nor can the Gallinian son of a sea-cook do you any hurt. Now that the Ghiaours have combined together to insult the dignity of the head of our Religion, it behooves all followers of the Prophet to forget their little differences or postpone them to a more convenient season. The admirals and diplomatic agents may talk about exiling you, but it is an empty threat, my friend. My Imperial master has become so accustomed to Albinio-Gallinian bluster that he has long since ceased to pay any attention to it, and he recommends you to do the same. So go straight to the youth Toothpick, and tell him that you are more determined to govern this country than ever. Tell him that he is a traitor to his suzerain, for he has thrown himself into the arms of Hammeret and Sinkhiswits at the moment when he should have defied them, and depended for support only upon his Imperial master. And he should have refused to take his orders from any Albinio-Gallinian admirals, or from anybody except the Mogul. His Majesty was very angry when he found you had arrested Omer Stiffki, and you would not have been forgiven had not Sadstone and d'Effraycinay—praise be to Allah

for their stupidity!—grossly insulted our Lord and Master, and thus restored you to the Imperial favor.”

And Ethiop replied, curtly, “Well, I’ve got rid of him, that’s one good thing. Now what do you, who know the secrets of the mind of our Lord, and possess his confidence, advise me to do to prove my devotion and loyalty to his Majesty, whom God protect?”

And the Sheik answered, “Though I am a man more used to the sacred precincts of the holy places than to the tented field, yet as you are a military man, I will address you in the language of strategy, which you understand, and I tell you that the key of the position is Carthagia, of which province our Imperial master has been foully and fraudulently robbed by the Gallinians. Help him to recover that, and he will make you prince of Carthagia, or perhaps of even Ethiopia itself; but for the present you must forward for this latter position my old friend Howlim. In the meantime, in order to make these Albinians and Gallinians eat dirt, you must insist upon the deposition of the boy Toothpik, who is ready to accept any written instructions which he may receive from the Ghiaours without first asking the pleasure of his Lord and Master; and upon the departure of the fleets, which are a standing insult to the dignity of his Majesty; and upon the recall of Hammeret and Sinkhiswits, because it is always wise to have something to yield gracefully, upon your own restitution to office. Then if commissioners are sent from the City of the Golden Crescent to arrange the matter, you must entertain them sumptuously, and trifle delicately with them, remembering that they come only to scatter dust in the eyes of the Powers, and gain time; and you must employ yourself in the meantime in working up the religious feelings of the people; and you must compel old Soldan Pasha, who has behaved timidly in this crisis, and has very nearly fallen between two stools, to use his influence to excite fanatical discontent against the Ghiaours. In fact, you must produce such a state of things as to make it necessary for his Majesty to send a Seljukian army. Do not fear that it will overthrow your national aspirations. It will be direct-

ed not against you, but against the Gallinians in Carthagia. You will take part, thus, in a great rising against these miserable Ghiaours, and your Ethiopian soldiery will fraternize with the Seljukian soldiery; and with a skilful commander like you—for you will be the leading military spirit in this matter—there is no saying how far along the western deserts, even to the borders of the great sea, this movement may not extend, undermining the power of Galinia all through the north of the Continent. And your enterprise will be well-pleasing to Teutonia and Oster-Magyararia, who will take this opportunity of falling upon Moscovia; and Albinia will not interfere, partly because she has as much as she can manage with Erinia, and partly because she will secretly rejoice to see the Gallinians driven out of Ethiopia and Carthagia and Barbaria generally; and be sure that Latinia will rub her hands and look on well pleased. The reward of the happy soldier, who has successfully engaged in such operations, will indeed be great; and our Lord and Master will establish his dynasty in these lands, and he will rule over them.”

So Sheik Abbassaad skilfully inflamed the imagination of Ethiop with this brilliant prospect; and he plucked up courage, with what results all the world knows. And Abbassaad said: “Now that I have given you the cue, and you thoroughly understand the situation, I will return to the City of the Golden Crescent, and before long you will see me again; perhaps with the Imperial Commissioners—who knows?—for you are somewhat impetuous and indiscreet, like your friend, Wilful Grunt, and require me to be constantly by your side. Forgive my frankness; I will not say peace, but rather war be with you,” added the holy man, smiling sweetly, as with a dignified gesture he untucked his legs from under him, and gliding his feet into his slippers, shuffled softly away.

A few day after this interesting conversation, I turned my telephone into the study of the great Chancellor whose will exercises so powerful an influence over the destinies of nations. I did this somewhat nervously, for the poor man had been suffering a good deal of pain

of late from rheumatism, and would occasionally send an oath and a roar through the instrument that nearly split my tympanum. Woe to the unlucky secretary who entered at such a moment. To-day, however, he was evidently a good deal easier, and received Count Felthat, who entered just then, with great affability. "See here, my dear Count," he said, pushing him a despatch, "run your eye over that." "Ah!" said the latter, as he glanced at it rapidly, "a polite invitation to a conference in the City of the Golden Crescent. I suppose your Highness accepts." "Did you ever know me refuse to do the civil thing?" replied the Prince, with a smile of some significance. "Gallinia begs Teutonia to advise with Seljukia as to the best means of restoring order in Ethiopia—that's better than a *guerre de revanche*, I think. How furious it will make Trombetta; his only consolation will be that d'Effraycinay has made a mess which he may profit by—not but what he is much the bigger bungler of the two. How neatly he walked into that trap I laid for him and dear old Bottlemey Hilarius in Carthage."

"And what, if I may venture to ask, does your Highness propose to advise the Mogul to do?" said Felthat.

"I am surprised," responded the Prince, "that a man of your Seljukian experience should put such a question. I will advise him to make himself as thoroughly disagreeable both to Gallinia and Albinia as his natural instincts would suggest, and assure him of my heartiest support should he wish to send an army to Ethiopia."

"In fact," said Felthat, "your Highness intends to keep the Eastern pot still simmering."

"I intend," shouted the Chancellor, "to make it boil over as soon as possible. The way the poor Teutonians are being treated in Moscovia has become unbearable; they could not be more abused if they were Jews."

His voice rose to such a pitch as he made this remark, that I involuntarily withdrew my ear from my telephone, fearing an explosion, and when I ventured to apply it again, I found Count Felthat had gone. I followed him, thinking I might pick up something

more, but he already had taken his coat off and was playing lawn tennis.

Three or four days later I was lounging with my telephone in the neighborhood of M. d'Effraycinay, when M. de Galeowits entered his room. "Ah, mon cher," said the Minister, "you are just the man I wanted to see: you who keep your finger always on the pulse of the Albinian nation—do you see any symptoms of backing out?"

"Backing out of what?" asked M. de Galeowits.

"Do you think Mr. Sadstone capable of deserting us and leaving us in the lurch in this Ethiopian difficulty, I mean?"

"Mr. Sadstone is too great a man not to be capable of anything," replied M. de G.

"But Sir Bilk! surely he would not be guilty of such a base act of treachery toward Gallinia."

"You forget that Sir Charles has disagreeable questions to answer in the House, and the interests of his party to consider. After all, he is mortal—besides, he is not the Cabinet, nor even in it."

"But you, my friend, who exercise such a controlling influence in Albinia, surely you will stand by me in this crisis, and do what you can to direct public opinion, and point out to it the path of honor?"

"I do not wish to depreciate my own influence," responded M. de Galeowits, "but you must remember that the leading organ represents the Albinian nation, and I represent the leading organ—we all three go together. I cannot sever myself from this great combination, even to serve Gallinia. The great advantage of a free country with popular institutions is, that it can never do anything dishonorable, and you never can tell what it will do next. And that is exactly my own case. Prince Quismarck found that out long ago—hence our coolness. But in your case, I trust, whatever happens, we shall always remain friends."

"Friends!" said the President of the Council, bitterly; "where am I to look for them? I live by the antagonism of my political opponents among themselves." And he sighed deeply; and M. de Galeowits, who is possessed

of much tenderness of feeling, in order not to be too deeply affected by his friend's sorrow, took his leave hurriedly, and wended his way to the Oster-Magyar Embassy, where he acquired much interesting information.

As Sheik Abbassaad had predicted, in due course of time Seljukian commissioners arrived at Kahira, and he with them; and he went immediately to the house of Ethiop, to have a private interview with him, in order to give him the news from the City of the Golden Crescent, and tell him what the Commissioners were going to say to him, and what he should reply to them, and what was the programme generally. And Ethiop, who had been very particular in carrying out his instructions, and in manifesting great loyalty to his Majesty the Mogul during the previous few weeks, received him with great effusiveness, and, after compliments, asked him how the project of a conference was getting on; and Abbassaad replied: "Well for our Imperial master, who is determined that it shall not take place if it can be avoided; and this, friend Ethiop, largely depends upon you. But the Gallinians are impatient and angry because they are being humiliated in the eyes of Europe, and are afraid of being abandoned by Albinia, and press hotly for the conference; and Albinia is nervous and uncomfortable because she is tired of being dragged at the heels of Gallinia, and being made ridiculous, and she is seeking an opportunity of getting out of the partnership with Gallinia, and does not much care about the conference, notwithstanding that Sir Bilk talks boldly in the House about having a conference elsewhere if his Majesty refuses to have a conference in the City of the Golden Crescent; and Prince Quizmarck is laughing in his sleeve, and I doubt very much if he would agree to a conference in which Seljukia was not represented, and Gallinia wishes in that case to persuade Albinia to a joint military occupation of Ethiopia, but that Albinia will never agree to with Erinia on her hands, and because she fears it may only lead to further complications with Gallinia, and she has enough of them already; nor will the other Powers. So our Imperial master has all the trump-cards in his hands—if we only play ours here prop-

erly, to speak in the language of those gambling Ghiaours, whom Allah confound. And now, my friend, as you are about in a few hours to discuss the matter with the Commissioners, I will explain to you how we propose to restore order to Ethiopia, and at the same time satisfy the pretensions of that troublesome soldier called Ethiop." And the Sheik laughed slyly—for, being a holy man, he never indulged in uproarious demonstrations of mirth; but when Ethiop heard the plan, he laughed loudly—partly because he had got a little game of his own, unknown to Abbassaad, and partly because it was well conceived, and calculated to produce such a nice kettle of fish.

Of course I heard all that the Sheik said, and I also knew what Ethiop intended to do, and it requires a great effort of self-restraint on my part not to take my readers into my confidence; but I feel it would be an abuse of the privileges conferred by the patent eavesdropper upon its happy possessor, and quite unjustifiable from an international as well as from a private point of view. I only promised my readers the middle of the story, and this is getting too near the end for their good. They now know quite enough to give them matter for serious reflection; were they to know more, they might put embarrassing questions to poor "Sir Bilk" in the House, and he would be obliged to reply in his usual affable manner, "Mr. Speaker, I do not think that it would advance the interests of the public service, in the present stage of the negotiations in which her Majesty's Government are engaged, that I should answer the question of the honorable member;" and considering how little he would know about it in the absence of an eavesdropper, it certainly wouldn't. So as I hate placing anybody in a false position, I will receive my information until events have developed themselves more fully, and then perhaps, when subsequent occurrences justify further disclosures, I will let a little more light into the Great African mystery. Meantime my readers may rest assured that on every important occasion I shall not fail to apply that remarkable mechanical contrivance, to the perfect condition of which they owe so much already.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ORIENTAL PATRIOTISM.

WE know of no subject upon which the opinion of experts in Asiatic affairs is so hopelessly divided as that of Oriental patriotism. A great number of the keenest of them, and especially of the men whose experience is entitled to respect, say that such a feeling as patriotism does not exist in any Asiatic. He can and will die for his creed, or for his tribe, or caste, or for his dynasty; but of patriotism he has no conception. He very rarely or never has a word in his language to express the virtue, his public opinion does not require it as a condition of political life, and under temptation he never finds in it any source of strength. An Asiatic, such observers say, can be very loyal to a ruler, or to an ally, or to an idea, but his loyalty to what we term, his "country" is of the feeblest character. He may speak of patriotism in words, especially when talking to Europeans; but his impelling motive is always either ambition, or pride, or fanaticism, and not, especially under temptation, love of country. He will sell his country in order to rule it, and sometimes for mere lucre, especially when he is out of spirits, and thinks Destiny has declared against the Virtues. Those observers who think thus believe in their own view very firmly, point to the case of Tej Singh, who sold victory, as General Cunningham reports, for £220,000, and ridicule the notion that a man like Arabi Pasha can be governed by anything like "nationalist" feeling. He may be, they admit, a Mussulman fanatic, or a devotee of the Khalifate—which is not quite the same thing—or even an "Asiatic," that is, a man who loathes European ascendancy; but he cannot care enough for Egypt to make Egyptian interest, as he conceives it, the guiding-star of his policy—cannot, in fact, be in any sense a patriot.

We should say that, on the whole, this was the more general opinion, especially among those experts who have come much in contact with prominent Asiatic statesmen, the men, that is, who are not sovereigns, but have risen either by serving or by opposing sovereigns. At the same time, a minority of observers

equally experienced, and we think, as a rule, possessed of more sympathy and insight, though not of greater force, utterly reject this view. They say that Asiatics not only can feel, but do feel the sentiment of patriotism as strongly as Europeans; that the want of a word to express the idea is an accident, which, curiously enough, is reproduced in England, where, though every one understands "love of country," the only single word which expresses that sentiment is borrowed from the French; and that an Arab, a native of India, or a Chinaman, when a good man, is as strongly moved by the idea of "country," and all which it implies, as an Englishman or an American. He is more likely to be deficient in that virtue than a European, as he is more likely to be deficient in any other of the active virtues, his whole nature being feebler, and, so to speak, more feminine; yet he not only recognizes, but, unless overpowered by strong temptation, acts on it. He very often, for example, submits to invasion when a European would resist, but he never submits willingly, still less permanently. He never adopts the invader, never forgets that his own country is separate, and never ceases to hope that in God's good time the invader will be compelled to depart, or, if such extreme good fortune may be, will be slaughtered out. As to self-sacrifice for his country, he fills up the national army readily enough, and this in countries like Afghanistan, which have no conscription; he serves as a soldier, say, in Turkey, with wonderful self-suppression; and he will, and does constantly, risk his fortune, rather than give an advantage to the national enemy. No foreign government in an Asiatic State is ever able quite to trust the people, while it is a universal experience that if a rising occurs, the people enter into a silent conspiracy to give it aid. They may not rise, but the foreigner hears nothing of the plot till it explodes, finds no one to betray the leaders, and is conscious of living in an atmosphere of deadly hostility. In the exceptional case of small States separated by any cause from their neighbors, like that

of the Albanians, the Afghans, the Burmese, or the Druses, patriotism is a burning passion, to be as fully relied on as the same passion in any European country. Men who think thus declare that Arabi Pasha, though governed by mixed motives, still does feel the nationalist feeling; that his followers, though moved by many emotions, still do seek the independence of Egypt; and that a good many of those whom we consider dangerous fools, actuated by blood-thirsty race-hatred, honestly believe that in rioting they are risking life in order to be rid of enemies to their country.

We confess we agree with the second party, though it is needful to make a reserve. We do not believe that, as a rule, patriotism is as strong in Asia as in Europe. Its influence there has been superseded in part by other ideas; by the claims of religion—fervent Ultramontanes are, even in Europe, seldom patriots before all things—by the feeling of race, which is as strong almost everywhere in Asia as in Ireland; and by the passion of "loyalty" in the technical sense, which constantly leads Asiatics to postpone everything, even independence, to the interests of a dynasty; but it exists almost precisely in the degree and form in which it existed among Europeans in the Middle Ages. The people of an Asiatic State like their country, and are proud of it; are prepared to do something, though not very much, in its defence; and are passively, but implacably and permanently, hostile to the foreigner who invades it. They are not, outside some portions of Arabia, Democrats in any sense, but they are universally "Nationalist," and prefer, distinctly prefer, bad government by themselves and through themselves, to good government by the foreigner. They may prefer one foreigner to another, as the Bengalees undoubtedly prefer Englishmen to Sikhs and the Peguans prefer them to Burmese; but if they had the choice, they would prefer each other to anybody else. Nobody, we suppose, doubts this about Armenians, who, though white, are recognized throughout the continent, from Shanghai to the Bosphorus, as true Asiatics, and can go in safety where no European would be spared; or about Afghans, or about Arabs, or about

Chinese; and it is true of far feeblér races. There is not a Bengalee who is not proud of the old glories of Gour, or gratified when a European acknowledges the intellectual capacity of his countrymen, or sad when he admits that his *desh*—i.e. *patria*, as well as land—has constantly been conquered. There was not an Indian on the vast continent who did not consider the Sepoys Nationalists, and did not, even if he dreaded their success, feel proud of their few victories. / An old Hindoo scholar, definitely and openly on the English side, actually cried with rage and pain, in the writer's presence, over a report that Delhi was to be razed. He had never seen Delhi, but to him it was "*our* beautiful city, such a possession for *our* country." The Egyptians are not a strong people, but it is quite useless to tell an Egyptian that the Europeans bring him prosperity and light taxes, as useless as to tell a true Irish Nationalist the same thing about the English. He does not trouble himself to deny the facts, nay, very often believes them; but, all the same, he wants the intruders gone, if wealth and comfort go with them. It is true the feeling is not acute, and does not take the European form. The Asiatic's mind is full of bewildering cross-lights, of feeling about his creed, and his history, and his hates, and his personal interests, which, if they conflict with patriotism, often prove the stronger; but to say that is to say he is morally weak or intellectually crotchety, not to say he is unpatriotic. He knows what he is selling when he sells his country well enough, and if anybody else sells it will pour mental vitriol on his head. A "traitor," in the English sense, has not in Asia a pleasant time of it with posterity. Patriotism with him is not an overmastering idea. He has too many notions about destiny, and about the sanctity of power as granted by God, and about the necessity of obedience when extorted by adequate force, to be a Washington, or anything like a Washington; but his country has his sympathies, nevertheless, which, whenever there is a chance for their display, have to be reckoned with by politicians. The Egyptians have always obeyed foreigners, and, if the English conquered them, would be very

fair subjects ; but we have no doubt that the majority of them, though quiescent, would much rather that Egyptians succeeded in this struggle than that Europe did, and a little rather that Egyptians conquered than that Turks did. The Turk is a foreigner, but he is a Mussulman and an Asiatic. It may be said that the emotion is only one of hate, and, indeed, this is almost always said by the makers of telegrams, but it is not strictly true. The hatred exists, like the hatred for England in Ireland, but it is in great part the result of a feeling indistinguishable, at all events, from patriotism, a feeling compounded of

national pride, national exclusiveness, and desire for national independence. If the Egyptian were a fighting man, like the Afghan, we should all understand him, but the possibility of sentiments or virtues in a passive state is always more or less incredible to the Englishman. Such sentiments exist, nevertheless, as the Englishman would remember, if he ever bethought himself that he himself holds it part of his duty to turn his cheek to the smiter—honestly and sincerely holds it—though, when the hour comes, he turns his fist, instead. —*London Spectator.*

NIGHT.

THE earth is veiled in twilight gray,
 Day wings her flight ;
 The worshipped sun is borne away
 On blushing waves of amber light ;
 Come then, thou Maid, and be our Queen ;
 Nought shall disturb thy reign serene,
 O dark-eyed Night !

The weary earth mourns not the death
 Of busy day ;
 The sighing wind now holds her breath,
 To list to Philomela's lay ;
 And Night-wooded buds, asleep since morn,
 Awake, and hasten to adorn
 Thy regal way.

'Mid dusky spheres is raised for thee
 A throne on high ;
 The budding stars await to see,
 The crescent moon come gliding by.
 Then they'll entwine thy raven hair ;
 And Cynthia on thy bosom fair
 Will gently lie.

Love lights his lamp, then steals away
 To Psyche's bower ;
 And Hope, who twines her wreath by day,
 Now hides in heart of drowsy flower.
 Come, wave thy strange enchanted wand.
 In magic circles o'er the land,
 From thy dark tower.

I hear the tread of silver feet,
 O coming Night !
 Thou turnest like a vision sweet,
 The misty darkness into light.
 I see thee now, and at thy side
 Is gliding sleep—the dreamy-eyed—
 Thrice welcome Night !

Chambers's Journal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ELIANE. By Mme. Augustus Craven. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

Intentionally or otherwise, the story of "Eliane" is a prolonged argument against the prevailing conventionalities in France concerning love and marriage; and the force of the argument is none the less strong because of its expression in the form of fiction; for a fictitious representation of life is, proportionate to the author's skill, in itself of the nature of an argument from experience. To the English mind at least no method of reasoning could be more effective than this simple picture of the customs of French society against that part of the social code which provides for the marriage of children by an arrangement of the parents, made with regard only to social rank. It is the record of a few years in the lives of a titled family, written by one who is thoroughly familiar with French life in all its aspects and consequences. The plot of the story is so simple as to be of little importance, its consummation being foreseen almost from the beginning; but the interest of the reader is centred upon the moral problem which is being resolved in the lives of three of the principal characters. Madame de Liminge has provided a husband for her daughter Blanche, who accepts her destiny with implicit faith in her mother's superior judgment in such a matter, and she would now, in the same business-like manner, provide for her son and her niece Eliane. She has a supreme aversion for "sentimental nonsense," and when the son avows his love for Eliane, she answers his earnest pleading with a peremptory refusal because of the disparity of social position. He must overcome his foolish weakness and marry the lady whom she herself has chosen, the brilliant Mademoiselle de Longvilliers. Proud, cold, and imperious, she recognizes no law of the heart that can conflict with the demands of her social code. But Raynald will not "obey as a son," and departs into exile. Much misery follows for all the members of this family, but at last the proud heart of the Marquise is softened by suffering; the natural affections, so long and studiously suppressed, finally assert themselves, the son is recalled, and once more peace, love, and happiness are supreme.

The problem here presented is an old and simple one—the opposition of true sentiment to certain false notions of life which prevail in and, to a great extent, govern all so-called higher ranks of society, whether in France or America. Those readers who demand the stimulus of a rapid plot and frequent inci-

dents will, perhaps, not be interested by the quiet manner in which the results of this conflict are traced out in the story; but even such cannot fail to perceive the ease and gracefulness of the narrative and the frequent examples of excellent character drawing. The tone of the book is pure throughout, and not a false note is sounded, which too often cannot be said of the novels that are so rapidly and so indiscriminately done into English from the French.

NATURAL RELIGION. By the author of "Ecce Homo." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The author of this work is Mr. J. R. Seeley, of London, whose remarkable book entitled "Ecce Homo" created such a veritable sensation some few years ago, and whose weightier work, "The Life and Times of Stein," is or ought to be well known. He is, to use his own words, "one of those simpletons who believe that, alike in politics and religion, there are truths outside the region of party debate, and that these truths are more important than the contending parties will easily be induced to believe." It is the aim of this volume to point out some of those truths which may be accepted by each of the combatants in the war between science and religion, without the necessity of surrender or compromise on either side. And first is the truth of a "God in nature," which the scientist virtually believes in while denying the God of theology; for, says the author, "that man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness." The controversy over this point is mostly logomachy, for it does not matter whether the word used be Power, Will, Nature, Unity, or God. Science believes in Nature, or the sublime Unity of the Universe, and has for it a "prolonged admiration," which is worship, and reposes in it a faith which does not differ essentially from the faith exercised by Christianity. Thus both science and theology can accept this "natural religion," and so far come into agreement, since it is practically included in the creed of each. But it is not so easy to find a common truth in some of the theological attributes. The maxim of popular Christianity, that God is perfectly benevolent, is by no means consistently maintained in the Bible itself, and "is not necessary to theology or religion as such." So also with the current conception of the theological miracle. But much trouble arises

from a wrong interpretation of the term theology itself, for any one possesses a theology who possesses "a definite notion of God's dealings with us." Accordingly, the scientist who worships Nature as his God, and possesses a definite knowledge of Nature's laws, thereby possesses a theology, a sense of the word justified by its etymology if not by usage. It is a knowledge of the "relation of the universe to human ideals," and "is just as much a theology as Christianity." It deals with just the same questions and gives an answer to them, though a different answer. Both views, whatever may be professed, are views about God."

These brief extracts and definitions may indicate the author's line of thought, but very imperfectly suggest the ingenuity and frequent subtlety of his argument. His acute analyses and refinement upon words used in loose and conventional senses will furnish a wholesome stimulus to thought upon the topics discussed, without, however, endangering settled convictions. The analysis of Wordsworth's religious sentiments—which he assumes to be identical with natural religion—reveals his masterly critical faculty as well as a charming literary style.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS. Passages from the Works of William H. Prescott. Compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

When Professor Tyler announced his intention of writing a history of American literature, there were unquestionably many intelligent readers who were surprised to learn that there existed a body of literature, distinctively American, which was worthy of an extended history. Too many, it is to be feared, were inclined to accept the judgment of a few perverse English critics, one of whom recently declared that only Irving and Longfellow have attained really to classical eminence, and that of their works all that is best is indeed purely English. However all this may be, it is certain that until very recently makers of school text-books and teachers of literature have neglected American literature as a distinct subject of study. Pupils have long been required to learn the "outlines" of English literature with much thoroughness, and in more recent years have been furnished with excellent annotated selections for special study, ranging over the whole field from Chaucer to Tennyson; but all of this time they have received no hint of a native literature that needed to be outlined and studied in choice selections. Efforts are now being made in many ways to atone somewhat for this neglect, and not the least important of these is the issuing of the series of "Leaf-

lets," of which these selections from Prescott constitute the latest number. The text is neatly printed upon half sheets, intended for distribution among the members of a class or of the home circle, thus furnishing the means for obtaining the very best results of general discussion and criticism. It may be questioned whether historical works like Prescott's, which, possessing the connected interest of a romance, should only be read in their entirety, are adapted to this method of instruction. But in the hands of an efficient instructor the present selections, compiled with evident care and good judgment, cannot fail to introduce many pupils to the delights of a fascinating author, who perhaps would otherwise have long remained an unknown friend. If this can be accomplished with the "Leaflets" it is enough.

IN MEMORIAM: RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Recollections of his Visits to England in 1833, 1847-48, 1872-73, and Extracts from Unpublished Letters. By Alexander Ireland. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

No book could well be more unpretentious than Mr. Ireland's pleasant little monograph, which does not profess to be either a formal biography of Emerson or an adequate criticism of his work. It contains, however, much interesting biographical material that is not to be found in the larger volume lately written by Mr. G. W. Cooke; and it can hardly fail to be an aid to that criticism, alone final and satisfying, which surveys any notable literary product, not as standing alone and unrelated, but as the outcome of a certain personality with some peculiar quality of value or interest. For those admirers and disciples of Emerson who make large personal demands upon their literary hero there is clearly no such shock of disappointment in store as that which awaited enthusiastic worshippers of Carlyle in the pages of his own "Reminiscences" and of Mr. Froude's record of his earlier years. Everything that has so far been said or written concerning Emerson testifies to the beautiful graciousness and gentleness of his nature, to the utter absence from it of irritating roughnesses and humiliating affectations, to its harmonious exhibition of all "things lovely and of good report." This unanimous verdict is amply supported by Mr. Ireland's book, and the writer may claim to speak with the authority conferred by the close intimacy which grew out of a friendship extending over nearly half a century.

Mr. Ireland's acquaintance with Emerson dates from the year 1833; and though the latter had twelve months before resigned the charge of the Unitarian congregation in Boston to whom he had ministered, he was still

known as the Rev. R. W. Emerson—now a strange-sounding title—from whom persons of discernment in Boston and thereabouts expected great things. It fell to Mr. Ireland's lot to be the American visitor's cicerone in Edinburgh, whither Emerson had found his way; and in the course of conversation it transpired that there were two men with whom he was specially anxious to hold converse before he turned his steps homeward. One was well known and could be easily found—the poet Wordsworth; the other was the altogether unknown author of certain articles which had appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had been characterized by an individuality of treatment not very common in the pages of that respectable organ of Whig opinion. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was discovered—not without some enterprise of research—that the author in question was a Mr. Carlyle, then residing somewhere among the wilds of Dumfriesshire. This ascertained, Emerson made his way to Craigenputtock, and his account of the visit given in the "English Traits" is here supplemented by a letter written to Mr. Ireland shortly after his return to Boston. Emerson writes:

"I found him one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at once. We walked over several miles of hills, and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man of genius is that he speaks sincerely, that he feels himself to be so rich that he is above the meanness of pretending to knowledge which he has not; and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world. I asked him at what religious development the concluding passage in his piece in the *Edinburgh Review* upon German literature (say five years ago) and some passages in the piece called 'Characteristics' pointed? He replied that he was not competent to state it even to himself; he waited rather to see. My own feeling was that I had met with men of far less power who had got greater insight into religious truth."

This glimpse of Carlyle in his pre-ocular days, waiting for such knowledge of the mystery of things as might be vouchsafed to him, is decidedly interesting and much more edifying than that picture of his later years, drawn by himself in his "Life of Sterling," when "pantheism" and "pottheism" had become the Carlylean equivalents for "tweedledum" and "tweedledee." The friendship which had its beginning at Craigenputtock was destined to be long-lived and fruitful. The first American edition of "Sartor Resartus" was published at Emerson's risk, and the

preface to the first series of Emerson's "Essays" was written by Carlyle, whose name had then acquired a marketable value. Mr. Ireland gives several of the letters despatched from Concord to Chelsea between the years 1859 and 1864, which have an almost pathetic interest. Emerson's loyalty to his friend never wavered, but there is a tone of wistful sadness mingled with the large magnanimity of his protests against Carlyle's blind antagonism to a cause which Emerson knew to be the cause of liberty and progress; and it is more than possible that Carlyle's after-acknowledgment of his error may have resulted from doubts first suggested by his friend's searching remonstrances.

There is a singularly attractive unity in the impression stamped upon the mind by these letters from Emerson's pen, by the characteristic anecdotes with which Mr. Ireland brightens his pages, and by the testimonies concerning him given by those who knew him best—the impression of a soul of rare purity, transparency, and simplicity. One anecdote must be given. Emerson had been delivering an address to a literary society, and at its conclusion the president called upon a clergyman to pray. The prayer, delivered from the pulpit which the speaker had just vacated, was remarkable throughout, and among other curious utterances was this sentence: "We beseech, thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk." After the benediction Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, remarked with gentle simplicity, "He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man," and went on his peaceful way. I am inclined to think this little story is one of the most charming I have lately read. It has the quality of illumination, the *cachet* of character; and so long as men are men and not merely critics, Emerson's utterances will be all the more weighty for being known to have character behind them.—*The Academy*.

THE LAND OF THE BEY: BRING IMPRESSIONS OF TUNIS UNDER THE FRENCH. By T. Wemyss Reid. Sampson Low & Co.

Mr. Reid possesses the facile pen of the daily journalist. He sets out with the high spirits of a man entering on the enjoyment of a hard-won holiday, and he easily carries the reader along with him from Leeds to Folkestone, to Paris, to Marseilles, and to Tunis. It is pleasant to find one's self in the company of a gentleman of such cheerful humor. For "impressions of Tunis under the French" Mr. Reid gives particulars of the duties and the worries of the excellent English Consul-Gen-

eral, Mr. Reade; describes pleasant and sentimental visits to the ruined cisterns of Carthage and the English burial-ground; and regales his readers with a sufficiently lively account of how he set out for Kairwan, but got only as far as Susa, and how he returned to Tunis through a delightful Mediterranean storm to say farewell. But when he approaches any point touching on the curious state of Tunisian society during the Punic War of M. Roustan he either turns from it or skims over it with the vaguest word, and this while he makes us conscious he has much he could say which would be of interest and value. It is difficult to understand what considerations of propriety or expediency demand such silence as Mr. Reid has imposed on himself, or why in his final chapter (in which he alludes in a hurried, summary fashion to such things as his readers expected his whole record to be occupied with) he should mysteriously hint at Madame Elias under cover of the phrase "a fair and frail Helen," and at M. Roustan under the phrase "a very powerful person in Tunis," especially since he confesses incidentally in this very chapter that he was the "special correspondent" who wrote those letters on Tunisian affairs which appeared in the *Standard* newspaper last October and November, and as he must know that since he wrote his diary the exposure of "the truth about Tunis," which he expected would soon be made, has been made very thoroughly in the speeches of M. Camille Pelletan and in the Roustan-Rochefort trial. It is indeed possible that Mr. Reid anticipated these revelations would be so searching as to leave him not a word to say; but yet English people would have been glad to know for themselves whether the evidence in detail of an attentive and tolerably unbiassed Englishman tallied with that of Frenchmen suspected of being factious. Mr. Reid has, in fact, erred on the side of caution. There is no doubt that so experienced an observer formed a pretty clear conception of how matters stood at Tunis last November, but he has not taken his readers into his confidence.

—*The Academy.*

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE library of Mariette Bey has been bought by the French Government.

THE well-known Egyptologist, M. Chabas, is dead.

A COMPLETE edition of the prose works of the Italian poet Giosuè Carducci is announced.

WE regret to hear that the publication of Thackeray's suppressed preface to his "Irish Sketch Book" is indefinitely postponed.

BEFORE very long Capt. Burton will publish, in pursuance of his project of translating the whole works of Camoens, his version of the sonnets of the Portuguese poet. It is complete in manuscript.

DR. FORCHHAMMER, the son of the celebrated German Orientalist, has in the press at Rangoon a work on the old Talaing inscriptions. This work will be an important contribution to the history of the writings and spread of civilization in ultra-India.

THE discovery is announced (not, we believe, for the first time) of a daughter of Alfred de Musset. She styled herself Norma Tesuma—containing the anagram of Musset—Ouda, and died at St. Maurice, in Saintonge, in 1875, at the age of twenty-one. Many of her books contain De Musset's autograph, with the words "à ma fille."

AN exhibition is now open at Buda-Pesth, in the Academy of Science, of ancient Hungarian books and MSS. Here is to be seen the oldest known specimen of Hungarian writing, a "prayer for the dead," preserved in a Latin codex of the thirteenth century. Among the books are sixty-three from the celebrated library of Matthias Corvinus, including those restored by the late Sultan.

THE two most recent additions to the popular class of French novels that treat of "actualities" are "Défrouqué, by M. Ernest Daudet (Plon), and "Dinah Samuel," by M. Félicien Champsaur (Ollendorff). The former opens in the Tuileries under the Empire, and closes in a Sardinian monastery; the latter introduces several hundred people well known in the society of Paris.

THE New Shakespeare Society has, on Dr. P. Bayne's recommendation, resolved to give five of its nine nights next session to the discussion of the textual difficulties of five of Shakespeare's plays. The other meetings will be for more general subjects; and the first of the session, on October 13, will be given to Dr. Bayne's address on "The Supremacy of Shakespeare," and will be open to the public.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is engaged in writing a new serial story, the publication of which will begin next month. In this work the question of vivisection is placed in a new point of view by tracing the effect of the habitual practice of cruelty on human character. The story will be translated into the French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish languages, by special arrangement with the author.

CIRCULATING libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started at St. Petersburg. A society has been founded for the purpose of supplying the tramcars of that

city with supplies of daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies. Passengers who avail themselves of these literary stores are to drop into a box a copeck for each paper they read. No watch is to be kept over the box, the payment being left to the honor of the readers. The society trusts that it will be only occasionally defrauded.

CANON MACCLATCHIE, of Shanghai, who has resided some forty years in China, has brought home with him, ready for publication, the MS. of his translation into English of one of the five Chinese classics, the "Li-ki," or "Records of Rites." The learned Sinologist intends to publish together the Chinese and English texts with the illustrations. This will be the first complete and the first English translation. Callery published in 1853, at Turin, an abridgment, now very scarce, of the same work, Chinese text and French translation, but without illustrations or notes.

THE REV. HENRY LANSDALE, the author of "Through Siberia," is about to set out on a journey through Russian Central Asia. His route will lie across European Russia, which he has already traversed several times, and then by way of Tobolsk, Omsk, Semipalatinsk, Tashkent, and Samarcand, whence he proposes to proceed through Bokhara and Khiva to the Caspian. The record of his travels is likely to prove of considerable interest, especially if he will confine himself to his own personal experiences, and not trouble himself about "enriching" his narrative with those of previous travellers.

MR. WALTER HAMILTON, author of "The Poets Laureate of England" and other works, will soon have ready a volume entitled "The Æsthetic Movement in England," to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. The book will throw considerable light upon a curious chapter of nineteenth-century life and literature, and will include chapters on "The Pre-Raphaelites and the *Germ*," "John Ruskin and the Critics," "The Grosvenor Gallery and Æsthetic Culture," "Robert Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry," "'Patience,' by Gilbert and Sullivan, and 'The Colonel,'" "Mr. Oscar Wilde: his Poems and Lectures," "What the Æsthetic Movement has achieved in Art, Poetry, Music, and Decoration."

THE committee appointed in 1863, at Eisenach, for the revision of Luther's translation of the Bible, has held its last meeting at Halle; and there is every prospect that the revised version will soon appear. Out of the thirty original revisers, sixteen have died since the work began. No alteration of Luther's translation has been admitted unless sanctioned by two thirds of the committee. The next step will

be the publication of the text, as now revised, in order to submit it to the judgment of the theological faculties in the universities and to the criticisms of scholars. After their remarks have been received and considered, the new version will be recommended for adoption to all Protestant churches in Germany.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A WEATHER COMPASS.—It is well known that the barometer of itself makes a very poor weather glass, because of the fact that the humidity of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind have to be taken into account as well as the barometrical pressure. In the weather compass of Professor Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, an attempt is made to combine these observations in such a way that the instrument indicates the joint result to be deduced from them. The apparatus consists of an aneroid barometer, the needle of which is also controlled by a horse-hair hygrometer indicating the degree of moisture in the air. The influences of the aneroid and the hygrometer may be either concurrent or counter to each other as determining the position of the needle, and forewarning the probable weather within the next twelve or twenty-four hours. The direction of the wind is also made a factor in the problem by means of a disk marked with the prevailing directions in which it blows. The device is ingenious, and is stated to yield a high percentage of accurate warnings.—*Engineering*.

ART AND LITERATURE.—The connection between art and literature, though supposed to be somewhat close, is ill-defined, occasional, and irregular. With certain honorable exceptions our artists can hardly claim to be well read. They have a desultory way of looking over books of the day which pass through clubs and circulating libraries; but as for any deliberate or continuous study of literature, though not without inclination, they usually lack the needful leisure. Yet, with the lively sympathies inherent to artistic minds, they fix affection on one or two favorite authors; old volumes lie about the studio, to be caught up at spare moments, and thus the literary spirit is imbibed, and stray ideas on the pages are instinctively transferred to canvas. Inspiration thus taken naturally grows with what it feeds on; the pencil moves responsive to the pen, till perchance the artist at length becomes so possessed that he sits down advisedly to illustrate his attached English classic. And, indeed, among the bright signs of our times stands conspicuous the illustrated literature of the day; the artist grows greater than himself as he expands to

the amplitude of the written thought. And yet our English art still lags behind our English literature. Readers, as a rule, look from the printed page to the appended plate dissatisfied; they prefer the mental picture which the written language has wrought upon the brain. This disappointment no doubt in part arises from certain inevitable limitations; a pictorial illustration, for instance, cannot step beyond one moment of time; therefore, unlike the text, it has no before or after. But a main cause of the insufficiency of art born of literature is that literary men are more of artists than artists themselves. A painter apparently allows himself to go to sleep over his work. He may possibly, if his idea be not borrowed second hand, have sustained some throes in the conception of his theme, but afterward he plods on with mechanical ease four or five hours at a spell, throwing in just an occasional thought to save his picture from vacuity or going to the bad. The literary man, in contrast—the dramatist, for example—is under severe tension at every line. — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

TREELESS REGIONS.—The steppes of Asia are the grandest of all in extent, and perhaps the most varied in character; for not only are the vast areas of that nearly level and treeless country, which lie along the northern and north-western side of all the great central elevated mass of that continent, commonly designated as steppe, but a large part of that central region itself is described under that name by recent eminent geographical authorities, so that we may include in the various forms of steppe existing in Russia and Central Asia the grass-covered plains of the lower regions and the almost entirely barren valleys lying between the various mountain ranges which are piled up over so large a portion of High Asia. Absence of trees is the essential feature in both the "steppe" and the "high steppe," as these regions have been, and may perhaps with propriety be designated; but the lower regions are in large part well covered with grass, and suitable for occupation by a pastoral people, dependent chiefly for the means of sustenance on their flocks and herds, while the higher valleys are almost uninhabitable, very sparsely covered with a shrubby vegetation, and both too cold and too dry to offer any attractions except to the adventurous geographical explorer, who has still much to accomplish on the great central plateau of High Asia before its topography and natural history will have been anything like satisfactorily made out, even in their most general features. The vastness of the area which may be designated as steppe on the Asiatic continent is almost overwhelm-

ing. Nearly half of the 18,000,000 square miles which Asia covers is essentially a treeless region, and perhaps a half of that half belongs to the high steppe division, in which cold and dryness are the predominant characteristics. From the fact that the steppes of Russian Asia have been longer known and more written about than any others in the world, the term steppe has been most ordinarily applied to similar areas in other countries. This is especially the case because such a use of the word has been sanctioned by Humboldt, who was the first to draw popular attention to this variety of surface as a feature of importance in physical geography. In North America, where the treeless regions occupy so large an area, and where many of the physical conditions so closely resemble those prevailing on the Asiatic continent, the use of the term steppe has never been introduced among the people. Here, in fact, the character of the surface and distribution of vegetation over it, as well as its climatological peculiarities, have all been more satisfactorily and fully made out than in Asia, in spite of the fact that the latter country has been so much longer an object of scientific study. — *Science for All*.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1881.—In Herr Fuchs's report on this subject in *Der Naturforscher* it is stated that 244 earthquakes are at present known to have occurred, of which eighty-six were in winter, sixty-one in autumn, fifty-six in spring, and forty-one in summer. The earthquake period at Agram, beginning in November, 1880, extended into 1881; in which earth vibrations were observed on twenty-four days, many of the shocks being very violent (e.g. on February 1st, and at St. Ivan Zelina, from May 20th to June 1st). The neighboring regions, Dalmatia and Herzegovina, were frequently affected from this source, also by violent shocks, which occurred in the Croatian Mountains. Among the great earthquakes of 1881 that of Chios takes the first place. The tremendous first shock in the afternoon of April 3d laid most of the town of Castro in ruins. This earthquake, lasting six days in full strength (with thirty to forty very violent shocks), was felt most in the south part of the island. On the mainland, the port of Tchesme was half destroyed. In Chios 4181 persons were killed, and about 1000 injured. From April 10th the phenomena gradually abated; but strong shocks occurred on May 20th, June 10th, August 27th, and even in the end of November. The violent earthquake of Ischia (March 4th) caused the death of about 150 persons; it was quite local—confined to the district of Casamicciola and Lacco. A loud noise

about 1.05 P.M. was followed by the shock which, lasting seven seconds, wrought most of the ruin; the movement seemed undulatory and jerky, and threw down whole streets in the upper part of Casamicciola; in the lower part, and in Lacco, over the hill, only a few houses suffered. A second weaker shock occurred at 4 P.M. The fine seismographs at Vesuvius Observatory, and at Naples, gave no sign. Other notable earthquakes occurred at Osogna in Abruzzo on August 10th, ruining about 1000 houses; between Tabreez and Khoi, from August 28th to September 11th; and at the Azores, from the end of February extending into March; this last was connected with a submarine eruption, and in San Miguel destroyed 200 houses. Some interesting seismic phenomena occurred in Switzerland; the basin of the Lake of Geneva is indicated as a chief centre of vibration, whence principally Western Switzerland is affected. The more violent shocks extended into France or the Black Forest (*e. g.* on March 3d and July 22d); neither Alps nor Jura proved an obstacle. Another centre appeared on November 18th in East Switzerland, between Säntis and Glärnisch, and the effects reached to the Tyrol, the Southern Black Forest, the Jura, and the Ticino. Vorarlberg seems to have been the seat of independent earthquakes with the Aarberg as centre. On January 10th there was an earthquake on the eastern side, and on December 2d one on the western; and on November 5th a movement extended from Aarberg over the Bergezerwald, most of East Switzerland, and as far as Zürich. In the flat regions of the Danube three earthquakes were observed (February 5th and 11th, and April 3d). In Belgium there was a small earthquake on February 28th, in Beckrath and Wickrath; and a stronger one occurred on November 18th, affecting Belgium, the Rhine Province, and Westphalia, and having its centre about Charleroi. Saxony had earthquake motions on May 22d and September 24th. Herr Fuchs says little of volcanic phenomena, but notes those of San Miguel as the most remarkable.

MISCELLANY.

UNPUBLISHED BYRON PAPERS.—In the course of the next few weeks we hope to print a series of hitherto unpublished Byron papers. Beginning with a letter from John Byron, the poet's father, to his daughter Augusta, and letters from the poet's mother to her husband; to Mrs. Leigh, the wife of General Charles Leigh, colonel of the 20th Regiment of Infantry, and to her stepdaughter Augusta—the writings comprise: (1) a collection of poems by Lady Byron, written during her brief residence with her husband, some of

them containing emendations by his pen; (2) correspondence between Lady Byron and Augusta (the Hon. Mrs. Leigh) during the term of Lady Byron's engagement to the poet and the earlier months of their married life; (3) correspondence from the date of Lady Byron's withdrawal from London till the settlement of the terms of her separation from her husband; (4) letters from Lord Byron to his wife, Dr. Drury, Mr. Hoppner, and others, including his *last* letter to Lady Byron, written on the eve of his departure from England; (5) correspondence of Lady Byron and Augusta from the commencement of the quarrel between Lady Byron and her husband till the date of Lord Byron's death; (6) documents touching the destruction of the "Memoirs," including Augusta's narrative of the circumstance of the destruction of the famous MS.; (7) correspondence from the date of the poet's death till 1830, exhibiting the circumstances, hitherto undivulged, that caused Lady Byron's animosity against the woman whom she had held for fifteen years in the highest esteem; and (8) a group of letters having reference to Lady Byron's interview with her sister-in-law in 1851 in the presence of Mr. Robertson of Brighton. This large body of correspondence will be found to demonstrate the baselessness of the various statements made by Lady Byron in her later years to her sister-in-law's discredit, and more especially of the hideous imagination to which Mrs. Beecher Stowe gave such wide and lamentable publicity some thirteen years since.—*Athenaeum*.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.—There are still 2000 of the Choctaws living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, and, on the authority of Mr. H. S. Halbert, they retain in all their pristine vigor most of the usages of their ancestors. Among these the methods employed in conducting a courtship and performing a marriage are curious. When a young Choctaw of Kemper or Neshoba county sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then advances within a short distance and gently lets fall a pebble at her feet; he may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention, when, if this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain. Sometimes instead of throwing pebbles the suitor enters the maiden's cabin and lays his hat upon her bed. If the man's suit be acceptable the hat is permitted to remain, but if she be unwilling to be his bride it is instantly removed. Whichever method be employed the rejected suitor knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible. When

a marriage is agreed upon, the time and place are fixed for the ceremony. The relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom meet at their respective homes, and from thence march to the marriage ground, halting at a short distance from one another. The brothers of the bride go across to the opposite party and bring forward the bridegroom, who is then seated upon a blanket spread upon the ground. The sisters of the bridegroom then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the bride. She is expected to break loose and run, but, of course, is pursued, captured, and brought back to be seated by the side of the bridegroom. All the parties now cluster around the couple, the woman's relatives bring forward a bag of bread, a lingering symbol of the time when the woman had to raise the corn; the man's relatives a bag of meat, in memory of the days when the man should have provided the household with game. Next presents of various sorts are showered on the couple, who all this time sit still, not even speaking a word. When the last present has been given they arise, now man and wife, and, just as in civilized life, provisions are spread and the ceremony is rounded off with a feast.—*London Times*.

JAPANESE LITERATURE.—According to the statistics published by the Japanese Home Department, the works published in Japan in 1881 amount to 4910. In 1880 the number had only been 3792. Last year 545 works on some political subjects were printed by order of the Japanese Government, against 281 in 1880. Jurisprudence was represented by 255 works, against 207; political economy by 25, against 15 in 1880. The amount of geographical books fell from 170 to 164 in 1881, while in medicine it was from 229 to 267. There were 25 books on chemistry, 22 on natural history, in 1881; but in 1880 there were only 17 and 20. In mathematics we find respectively 116 and 107 works. There were also 9 astronomical books in 1880 and 7 in 1881. Works on morals have increased from 32 to 93; history, from 196 to 276; poetry, 127 to 339; architecture, from 8 to 28; commerce, from 70 to 113. School books give an amount of 707; general literature, tales, and novels amount to 193 volumes. Not fewer than 149 journals were founded in 1881, but 114 of them ceased their publications at the beginning of the present year. The laws against the press have not been carried out very rigorously, for only one paper has been stopped by the government. Beside the works mentioned above, dictionaries, cyclopedias, books on etiquette, book-keeping, military and naval art, have been published. Out of those 4910 books published in Japan a great many were transla-

tions or adaptations from European or American works.—*Journal des Débats*.

NAPOLEON III. AND HIS EXTRAVAGANCE.—The great Napoleon assumed state and encouraged luxury from calculation; his nephew both from policy and taste. Napoleon III. was fond of pomp and show, besides being a confirmed sensualist; and he derived a personal enjoyment from his entertainments. They were on a magnificent scale; but the only marked or lasting influence of the Imperial Court, as regards fashion or manners, was on female dress. The invitations to Compiègne and Fontainebleau were commonly for eight days; and a lady was expected to change her dress three or four times a day, and never to wear the same dress twice. The outfit for the visit was computed at not less than 12,000 francs. We have heard a Frenchwoman of the Imperial circle complain that she could not dress for less than £1000 a year. A milliner's bill, on which an action was brought, amounted to £15,000 for three years, and the fair defendant paid £12,000 into court. The case was reported in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. This spirit of extravagance proved catching, and extended to England, where traces of it are still discernible. It is not uncommon for a lady at a country house to come down in a morning dress, change it for lawn-tennis or a walk, put on a *négligé* trimmed with lace for the afternoon tea, and then dress for dinner or a ball. The only parallel in the male sex must be sought among the *jeunesse dorée* who indulge in fancy costumes for the smoking-room. Male dress errs on the side of negligence. The cut of a coat, the tie of a neckcloth, or the pattern of a waistcoat is no longer a title to fame, and a Brummel or a D'Orsay would be a social anomaly or impossibility. No indefensible fashion has taken so complete a hold on women of all classes as the fashion for false hair. Seventy-five tons of hair from the East paid duty at Marseilles alone in 1875, and M. Baudrillart computes that double that quantity is annually worked up in France. The exports, principally to England and the United States, are estimated at £75,000.—*Quarterly Review*.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

AGAIN I linger by the Langland shore,
And listen to the music of the Sea,
For some familiar voice to speak to me
Out of the deep, sweet, sad harmonious roar;
Whose murmuring cadences sound like a store
Of loving words, treasures of memory,
Once breathed into the ambient air, to be
Vibrated through the ages evermore.
The infinite tides environ us: no strain
That e'er awakened human smiles or tears
Is lost; nor shall we call it back in vain.
Beside the shore, amid the eternal spheres,
Hark, the beloved voices once again
Rise from the waves and winds to soothe mine ears.
October, 1881. HERBERT NEW.

